

MAGAZINE OF MUSIC

and

Journal of the Musical Reform Association.

For the Student and the Million.

VOL. 1.

DECEMBER, 1884.

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Magazine of Music

CONTAINS:—

"JESUS CHRIST IS BORN TO-DAY."

By Dr. RUSSELL.

"QUEEN OF THE FLOWERS."

MUSIC BY ROBERT FRANZ. WORDS BY J. SCHROER.

"SILVERDALE WALTZ."

MUSIC BY JOHN J. M. HARRISON.

"THY REMEMBRANCE."

MUSIC BY F. H. COWEN. WORDS BY H. W. LONGFELLOW.

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THE MAGAZINE OF MUSIC

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SUBSCRIPTION, PRICE 6s. 6d. PER ANNUM POST FREE, PAYABLE IN ADVANCE.

Subscriptions may commence at any time, but new subscribers should designate the month with which they want their subscriptions to begin. Remittances should be sent by cheque, P.O.O., or registered letter, and addressed—Business Manager, "Magazine of Music," 74, Finsbury-street, London, E.C. Subscribers wishing to change their address must give old as well as new address.

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ARTISTES' AND PROFESSORS' DIRECTORY.

We find many of our subscribers will be glad to have at hand a Directory in which would be found the names of artistes, composers, accompanists, and also professional teachers of singing, harmony, organ and piano, &c., residing both in London and their particular districts. We have, therefore, opened a Professional Card Directory on page facing "Questions and Answers." The Magazine circulates in every centre of population throughout the United Kingdom. Artistes will find it the best medium for bringing themselves before the public.

ARTISTES' ANNOUNCEMENTS.

Names and Addresses

..... Six Months, 5s. 6d.

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TO CONCERT GIVERS AND SECRETARIES OF CHORAL SOCIETIES.

We give this month in the Magazine a column of London and Provincial Concert Dates. This column will form a guide to the concert-room, and prove helpful alike to concert givers and to the public. We shall be glad to receive notices of forthcoming concerts, and below give form showing particulars that should be given. Communications should be posted not later than the 20th of each month.

TO ORGANISTS.

We shall be glad to receive Notices of forthcoming Organ Recitals.

Date.	Hour.	Distinguishing Title of Concert.	Town.

We call attention to PRIZE COMPETITION, announced on page 6.

We desire an active agent in every town.

The Keyboard Stave.

For explanation of this simplified System of Notation see page facing Music.



Wishing you every success
Julius Benedict

IT is undesirable that the successful performance of "Parsifal" at the Royal Albert Hall last month should be taken as a precedent. Many, indeed, will find cause to be thankful for its presentation in this shape, for the simple reason that there is no possible chance of its ever being presented with the proper stage action and accessories in this country, and therefore no choice is offered for the large number of British enthusiasts who are not able to undertake the pilgrimage to Bayreuth, but that of its performance as an oratorio, or no performance at all. But, making full allowance for the exceptional circumstances of the case, it may be questioned if artistically the experiment can be justified. Wagner rigidly suits the music to the words, and the words to the dramatic situation, and nothing he has written can be classed with those songs of Handel's, which, after doing service as gavottes or sarabands, were introduced in operas and oratorios as plaintive or sacred airs, without producing the slightest impression of incongruity. And though it may be pleaded that Wagner himself, in the hope of familiarising the public with his great "Nibelungen" Tetralogy, introduced excerpts from it in the concert-room at this same Royal Albert Hall a number of years ago, the parallel cannot be admitted. A detached scene may be presentable on the platform when a whole opera would be out of place there. We therefore contend that the only principle on which a "Parsifal" recital in the concert-room is defensible is that it is the only form in which this last and, in some respects, greatest work of the master can be presented in England at all, and, even then, so great is the injustice that must be done to the composer's conceptions, that his sincerest admirers have a right to protest against so maimed and imperfect a presentation. The idea of such adaptations is, of course, not a new one. Rossini's "Mosé in Egitto" has repeatedly been given as an oratorio by the Sacred Harmonic and other Societies; Gluck's "Alceste" and Mozart's "Così fan tutte" have also been heard in the concert-room. On the other hand, cantatas composed for the concert-room have found their way on to the stage. Thus, Handel's "Acis and Galatea" was produced by Macready at Drury Lane, in 1842, with shepherds and shepherdesses in costume and a one-eyed Polyphemus, and only recently Sir Julius Benedict's cantata "Graziella," first produced at the Birmingham Festival, was given as an opera at the Crystal Palace, proving however a complete failure in the latter shape. Our reason for protesting against such changes is that the composer's original intention in writing the music cannot be properly realised, and however pretty and effective some portions of the transplanted work may be, he will have a right to say, "C'est magnifique, mais ce n'est pas mon œuvre!" However, if ever extenuating circumstances could be pleaded, it is surely in the case of "Parsifal," and as Frau Wagner has intimated that henceforth this wonderful "Bühnenweihfestspiel" (Stage-Festival-Play) shall only be heard at Bayreuth; many in this country will be glad of having had this unique opportunity afforded them of hearing its weird, gloomy, but ever mystic and solemn strains.



"Staccato."

ONE man's joy is another's woe. Mozart composed an opera in a fortnight with a violinist above him, an oboe player beneath, and a pianoforte teacher next door producing a Babel. The composer declared the situation charming; it gave him ideas. But then he was only fifteen; and how perfectly lovely the human temper may be at that fortunate age!

IN the days immediately preceding those in which the mental malady from which the great composer, Schumann, suffered, developed into an acute form, he used to complain to his friends that he heard without intermission the note "A" sounding in his ears. Louis Lacombe, another musician, who died the other day at the age of sixty-seven, suffered from a somewhat similar hallucination. He believed that it was most urgently necessary for him to re-orchestrate at once the great "Benediction des Poignards" scene in "Les Huguenots," and in the last days of his life he was incessantly engaged upon vain efforts to accomplish this to his satisfaction. To none more than to the overwrought musician does that "rest among the quiet dead" come as a blessing at the last!

THE recent correspondence and article in the *Times* on the subject of winter orchestral concerts in London on Saturday evenings should do some good. It is evident that the only means of supplying what is a distinct want will be to form a syndicate of gentlemen prepared to guarantee against possible loss for two or three seasons. This is the suggestion made by Mr. Ganz, and supported by the writer of the leading article. Dear experience has proved that individual musicians, save in such exceptional cases as that of Herr Hans Richter, have no chance; public confidence takes too long to become established for conductors who are not rich as Dives to stand the continuous outlay that is involved. At the same time, the opening—we can hardly say the demand—for winter orchestral concerts, other than those given at Sydenham, is palpable enough to ensure an adequate return for those who possess the requisite capital and patience.

ITALIAN opera was already in too bad odour for the recent *fiasco* at Her Majesty's to do it much harm. No one supposed from the outset that the worthy person who undertook to re-popularise that form of entertainment had it in his power to carry into practice the bombastic theories contained in his prospectus. Now if Mr. Mapleson is ultimately enabled to give the season which he contemplates holding at Drury Lane next summer, here will be a genuine test of the question, viz., whether opera-goers are still inclined to pay the high prices that are inevitable when expensive companies (including *prima donna* at so many hundreds per night) have to be maintained.

MR. MAPLESON, who is now in New York, conducting his operatic enterprise at the Academy of Music there, has been disappointed in an interesting little anniversary performance that he was preparing for. Just twenty-five years before, Mme. Patti had made her *debut* as a girl of sixteen years old in the part of Lucia di Lammermoor, the singer who supported her as Edgardo being Signor Brignoli, who could not, however, at that time pretend to so tender an age as that of the *prima donna*. Signor Brignoli acquired a considerable reputation as a tenor in Europe, but for a number of years he has resided in America, where he was looked upon as a still useful and venerably respectable tenor. Mr. Mapleson had arranged for a performance of "Lucia di Lammermoor," with Mme. Patti and Signor Brignoli in the parts they had filled a quarter of a century before; but this has been prevented by the very sad and sudden death of Signor Brignoli a few weeks ago.

THE joke of the "Ammoniaphone" may be carried too far. The story of "balmy Italian air" to be breathed every time that the patient inhaled through it, of damaged voices being renovated, and persons with squeaky voices of seven notes, like Dr. Carter Moffatt's, having a chance of securing a noble range of three octaves, was at first very interesting and alluring. It is quite true that the chemical ingredients employed are and have been for some time known as useful stimulants and tonics for the voice; but, as Dr. Lennox Browne and other specialists on the vocal organs assure us, the effect is very transient, and no such extraordinary results as those trumpeted by the ingenious doctor, and which appear to be weakly believed in by Lady Macfarren and Mme. Marie Boyd, need be expected from the use of this article. And the character of the singing at Miss Carlingford's "Ammoniaphone" Concert the other day was not so markedly superior to that of very ordinary vocalists as to encourage a belief that the singer had benefited greatly from the invention.

IN lecturing to an audience of ladies within the Music Class-room of Edinburgh University, Professor Oakeley—with what has been termed "the insolent superiority of his sex"—summarily allotted woman her sphere in music. She is to aim at interpretation, not creation, for anything remarkable in the way of creative art has not been produced by lady composers. This is surely questionable advice, and very bad philosophy. Women have not distinguished themselves as composers, therefore they are by nature unfit. The professor might employ some of his learned leisure in finding a cause, instead of settling the matter by an easy assumption. And the practice of his own University, which barred its doors against women seeking the higher education, may help him to understand the crushing social influences against which woman's energy has had, and still has, to contend.

THE Philharmonic Society, to which we should always be grateful, as linking in the past our musical England with the great names of Beethoven, Mendelssohn, Spohr, Wagner, and others, all of whom either wrote for or conducted its concerts, is now putting forth new shoots and offering a brave show of fruitage in its old age. Sir Arthur Sullivan will be the conductor of the six next concerts, which, as usual, take place in the spring; and the directors have already made numerous arrangements for new works and eminent performers to figure in the programmes. Among the former are promised a new Symphony by Anton Dvorák, who will probably come over to conduct it himself; a Suite, by Mr. Thomas Wingham, whose masterly compositions are too seldom heard; and another entitled "Jeanne d'Arc," by Moszkowski, who, though bearing an unmistakably Russian name, is a musician resident in Paris. Herr Joachim and Herr Wilhelmj, both violinists, as everyone knows, of the first rank, will play at these concerts. It is many years since Herr Wilhelmj has visited this country, and his reception will certainly be a cordial one.

THE novelties to be produced by the Philharmonic Society during its next season are now settled. They will comprise Dvorák's new Symphony, written expressly for the Society, and to be conducted by the composer; a symphonic poem, in four parts, entitled "Jeanne D'Arc," by Moszkowski; an orchestral serenade by Thomas Wingham; and the prize overture for which the Philharmonic Society offers twenty guineas. The soloists will include Herr Joachim (who appears at the first concert), Herr Wilhelmj, Mlle. Clotilde Kleeberg, Herr Franz Rummell, Mme. Minnie Hauk, Mlle. Elly Warnots. Sir Arthur Sullivan will be the conductor. The guarantee fund this year amounts to £1,830.

THERE is something shameful in the way in which poor little Marie Van Zandt has been treated by the elegant mob at the Opera Comique in Paris lately. She was essaying for the first time there the part of Rosina in the "Barber of Seville," and broke down so completely over the first notes of "Una Voce" that she had to be led from the stage. Her own account of the matter is that, suffering from extreme nervousness and weakness, she had been given by the doctor just before going on the stage a restorative, the effect of which proved to be too powerful. Surely it is possible that this story may be true, and, at all events, it is surely only right to suspend the judgment in the case of a lady of unsullied reputation until all the facts can be made known. But French politeness does not go so far as this. It is to be hoped that it will be long before such shouts as those raised in the French theatre on that occasion are heard in any place where artists present themselves before a concourse of Englishmen or Englishwomen.

THE past season of Promenade Concerts has been highly successful, albeit in a financial sense it would have been better for the manager had he closed Covent Garden at the end of October. The performances of the last few nights had additional lustre lent them by the appearance of Signor Bottesini, the famous contra-bass player, whose marvellous execution afforded delight to crowded audiences. Time seems not to diminish the unique powers of this *virtuoso*. His hands lose none of their cunning, and he fascinates as of yore by means of art that is as legitimate as it is phenomenal.

WHEN the date of any birth or death of a celebrated composer falls on a Saturday, Mr. Manns generally commemorates the event by including some work of the musician in question in his Crystal Palace concert. Nothing could be more appropriate; but he should always be careful about the date. Rossini's "William Tell" overture was given *in memoriam* on November 15. The announcement was a mistake. Rossini died on November 13.

DR. HANS VON BULOW is a man of daring. Few other pianists would venture upon the experiment of performing works for piano and orchestra without a conductor. He has been doing this lately at Frankfort-on-the-Maine with the Saxe-Meiningen orchestra. On the occasion of his *rentree* there was something the matter with the pianoforte. The Doctor was in the middle of Brahms's second concerto, when up he rose and made a little speech, explaining that it was impossible to continue, but that he would do so if another instrument could be provided before the end of the concert. This was not done, so ultimately the whole of Brahms's third symphony was given instead. However, at the second concert Dr. von Bulow played Schubert's Fantasia (Op. 15), arranged for piano and orchestra by Liszt, and the whole piece went without a hitch, as well as without a conductor.

AFTER all, Mr. Gwyllyn Crowe's failure to produce oratorio in connection with the Covent Garden Promenade Concerts need not be greatly regretted. His effort was praiseworthy enough, but sacred music would be strangely out of place in such a *locale*. Imagine "Elijah" storming against the frivolities and vices of Baal worship, with the Floral Hall *annexe* filled to the doors with a crowd to whom the bars and vulgar company were the chief attraction there! Mr. Crowe, it is said, failed to come to terms with either Mme. Albani or Mme. Nilsson for the principal soprano parts. Surely we have other sopranos, such as Miss Anna Williams, Miss Mary Davies, Miss Annie Marriott, and others, who could have satisfactorily assumed those parts. Dealing with the larger question of concerts of sacred music for the people, it is much to be wished that some public-spirited manager would provide these. With good artists, although they may not be of the highest rank,

"The Messiah," "Elijah," "Judas Maccabeus," and other masterpieces, might be given at popular prices, and there need not be the slightest fear of audiences being found wanting. The enormous crowds that gather at cheap prices to listen to "The Messiah" at Christmas-time in Manchester and other places are a signal proof of this; but in London the absence of such performances in the centres accessible to the multitude is a matter of surprise and regret.

THERE is something peculiarly distressing to the unmusical mind in a symphony or long orchestral piece. If there are words to be sung, the listener is at least able to know something of what the music is about, but with an instrumental piece he gets, as the farmer said of the claret, "no forrader." Mr. Joseph Bennett tells a delicious story, bearing on this, which he picked up at the Norwich Festival. "Concert-goer (to stranger): 'It was twenty-five minutes, if it was a hinstant!' Stranger: 'Wot, wun piece?' Concert-goer: 'Ay! one piece took nigh upon 'arf an hour—and all beastly fiddling and twiddling; nobody singing or nothink, on'y the band, and some of them got so mortal tired of the thing that they went and played outside!'" [It was Mr. F. H. Cowen's Scandinavian Symphony, and in the scherzo the horns are directed to play in the adjoining room to soften the sound.]

STEAM engines, modern architecture, and political economy have tried Mr. Ruskin's nerves very severely, and it is grievous to hear of any addition to his woes. From a remark in one of his recent lectures it would appear that, like Carlyle, he is the victim of the demon of noise. One of the passages he read was from Carlyle's "Frederick the Great," in which it is told how Adalbert, Bishop of Prague, was sleeping by the roadside when a Bohemian shepherd chanced to pass that way warbling something on his pipe as he wended towards his flock; and seeing the sleeper on his stone pillow the thoughtless Czech mischievously blew louder. Adalbert awoke, and shrieked in his fury, "Deafness on thee, man, cruel to the human sense of hearing!"—or words to that effect. The curse was punctually fulfilled, and the fellow was deaf for the rest of his life. What a pity, said Mr. Ruskin, that you have no Bishop Adalbert in Oxford! You think yourselves very musical, with your twiddlings and fiddlings of organs after service, but you allow "that beastly hooter" to wake me every morning, and so to make life among you intolerable in these days. Mr. Ruskin, it will be seen, has a tolerably good command of pithy terms. Why does he not direct them immediately upon the author of the "twiddlings and fiddlings," instead of railing at society in general? Better still: let Mr. Ruskin perform on that musical instrument of his own invention, which is described in the last "Fors," and he will be relieved of the neighbourhood of all musicians.

THE difficulty of finding a successor to M. Vaucorbeil in the direction of the Paris Grand Opéra might seem at first sight rather strange, but to those who know the troubles and dangers of the post it is easy to comprehend. Despite the large subvention which it receives, this opera-house, the most expensive in the world, cannot be made to pay, and a musician like M. Lamoureux, who, as an old conductor there, knows all about the business, naturally refuses to hang a heavy and unprofitable weight round his neck. All sorts of propositions are being made in Paris with regard to the Opéra, and it has actually been suggested, among other things, that the magnificent building erected by M. Garnier at such enormous cost shall be pulled down altogether, and a smaller structure raised on the same spot. This is surely too absurd. There are plenty of easier ways out of the difficulty, and doubtless one will be found.

ON Monday, November 24, an interesting event was to be celebrated at the Royal Academy of Music, New York—the twenty-fifth anniversary of Madame Adeline Patti's debut in this same opera-house. The work in which the *diva* made her first appearance there was "Lucia di Lammermoor," and sadly enough, the tenor, Signor Brignoli, who sang the part of Edgardo on that occasion, only died the other day, whilst Madame Patti was crossing the Atlantic to fulfil her American engagements. It is not too much to say that Patti is the first operatic *prima donna* who has celebrated the twenty-fifth year of her career whilst yet at the head of her profession, and in full possession of her incomparable voice and art.

ANOTHER candidate is now in the field for the small sum of £100,000. As is well known, Sir George Grove has for some time been insisting on the immediate necessity for that amount to be subscribed, in order that the Royal College of Music shall fulfil the noble purpose for which it was established on a sufficiently extensive scale. The other gentleman is Mr. Edward Gurney, and he wants his £100,000 to found high-class orchestral and other concerts in the East-end of London, at a nominal charge for admission. Mr. Gurney cannot be accused of modesty. He probably thinks it as well worth while to go for six figures as for four or five.

IN the advertisements of his grand morning concert, given at the Albert Hall on Nov. 19, Mr. George Watts took care to state that Mr. Sims Reeves would "positively" appear, and for once he was justified in making the announcement. It is a curious fact that heretofore, almost without exception, our most eminent—and most delicate—tenor has always disappointed the public at Mr. Watts's concerts, until at last his non-appearance had come to be regarded as quite the proper thing. However, the spell has now been broken, and it is to be hoped Mr. Reeves will be equally able in future to turn up when he is "positively" promised.



Prize Competition.

In order to stimulate the literary, musical, and artistic activities of our readers, we propose to offer from month to month a series of prizes for the best examples of one or other form of composition.

WALTZ.

From the number of MS. sent in, this competition appeared to be very popular with our readers. The first place falls to Mr. Jno. T. M. Harrison, of Corelli Cottage, Morecambe Bay, Lancaster, and honourable mention must be accorded to Mr. Arthur Richards and Mr. John More Smieton. It will interest many of our readers to know that one of the waltzes was written on the keyboard stave.

SONG.

Three guineas will be given for the best setting of the prize verses, "The Princess of Thule," printed in this number. The compass to be limited to one octave and two notes. The character of the piano part will be regarded as of quite as much importance as the voice part. The song to be the property of the "Magazine of Music." Twenty-five copies of the January Supplement, containing the prize song, will be forwarded to the successful composer. Pieces in competition must reach the Editor, as above, not later than 10th December.

MS. should be sent flat, not rolled.

ORIGINAL DESIGN.

One guinea will be given for the best original design for a Christmas card. Preference will be given to a musical subject. Grace and expression, rather than intricacy, should be aimed at. The successful sketch will be reproduced in the January number, and should reach the Editor, as above, not later than 12th December.

LITERARY COMPETITION.

In our Christmas Number "Harmony," we give particulars of a new prize competition, of such a nature that all our readers might enter the lists. The first prize will be one of Brinsmead's FIFTY GUINEA Sostenente Pianos.

The above conditions are subject to modification up to last issue of this magazine prior to closing of competition. The Editor cannot undertake to notice any communications from competitors.

"Harmony," MAGAZINE OF MUSIC CHRISTMAS NUMBER.

Is Unique among Christmas Publications.

CONTAINS:—

A Brilliant Furlant (National Dance), also Ballade for Piano and Violin, by the celebrated Bohemian composer, Antonin Dvorak. With fine Autograph Portrait and Biographical Sketch.

New Song, "Serenade," by the favourite composer, Fred. H. Cowen, Author of "The Children's Home," &c. Words by Longfellow.

The Princess of Thule.

PRIZE

Dedicated by permission to
WILLIAM BLACK, Esq.,

TO BE SET TO MUSIC.

Within the mighty city pining lay
The fair young princess at the close of day;
The glory in the west had lingered long,
And touched the chords of memory and song.

Oh, fain would I flee from the strife and the din,
Where hearts that were pure know the glamour of sin,
And rough shod men go where the roses are spread,
But bare are the feet that the thorny way tread,
And weary the hearts for the hopes that are dead.
I see the lone land of the mist and the fell,
The purple-clad vales where mine own people dwell,
I hear their dear voices now calling to me—
Oh, Thule, dear Thule, my heart is with thee;
Oh, Thule, my island home, over the sea.

Oh, can it be but a dream of the night,
Filling and thrilling my heart with delight,
Only to fade when the morning shall rise?
Then let me die with the dream in mine eyes.

VERSES.

Author of "Princess of Thule,"
"Daughter of Heth," &c., &c.

There! there! the grim headlands of Thule arise,
Her walls to the waves, and her cliffs to the skies:
And, oh, her wild music is dear unto me,
The cry of the sea-bird; the surge of the sea,
The sound of the great, throbbing, northern sea.
The days that are gone, with the rapture of soul,
Return on the winds with the billowy roll;
And shall I not have a glad welcome from thee,
Oh, Thule, dear island home, over the sea?
Oh, Thule, my Thule, I come back to thee.

Oh, can it be but a dream of the night,
Filling and thrilling my heart with delight,
Only to fade when the morning shall rise?
Then let me die with the dream in mine eyes,
L. J. NICOLSON.

Classical Music for the People.

THE conversation with Sir George Grove, which has got into print, regarding the state and prospects of the Royal Academy of Music, receives additional interest from a letter by Mr. Edmund Gurney, who brings to the discussion of musical topics literary graces that add dignity, if that be possible, to the subject. Sir George Grove confessed his helplessness to answer such a question as "Who is your best English pianoforte player?" and with a dramatic eye to effect thereupon puts forth a claim to increased monetary help. It will be felt that

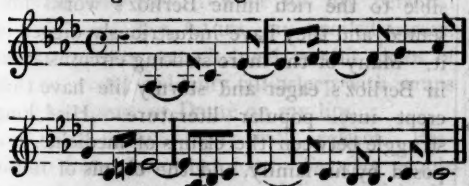
Mr. Gurney's comment on this was one worth making. Sir George will probably get his hundred thousand pounds, and no one will think the money ill-bestowed, even if the Academy of Music fails for many years to produce an English Liszt. For, the *virtuoso* is not the product of schools alone, and the most wealth can do for the Academy is so to increase its efficiency and attractions that those endowed with supreme musical gifts shall resort to it. There is, however, the further consideration which Mr. Gurney raises, not for the first time. The power to enjoy and to take music into the life is, in the ultimate, the test whether a nation is musical or not; and this power may exist, although the highest feats in the way of exhausting the pianoforte are done by men of foreign birth.

Mr. Gurney's contention is that, in this sense, the English is a musical nation, and that for the present it is more important to give to the people—as he, on a former occasion, expressed it—a few of the great tunes of the world than to develop the most astonishing virtuosity. He perceives, in fact, the immense humanising power of music, and with an instinct for social reform which must command respect, would have this power used. His standpoint does not conflict with that concerned immediately with the development of music as an art. And surely the English nation is rich enough and sympathetic enough to support both claims. But if one must wait for the necessary hundred thousand pounds, our belief in the need for popularising music leads us to wish that it may not be Mr. Gurney.

"Parsifal" in England

BETWEEN six and seven thousand persons assembled in the Royal Albert Hall on two different occasions during the past month to pay their tribute to the memory of the great master of Bayreuth by listening to his last work, "Parsifal." Very diverse must have been the impressions produced. To those good Britons who like the matter-of-fact and the easily comprehended, the music must have sounded atrociously ugly and wearisomely monotonous, while, if they did not soon abandon the attempt to follow the story, they would of a certainty condemn it as "cynically blasphemous" (a phrase actually used in a certain journal), and full of puerilities, indecencies, and absurdity. But there were others—and we do not now speak of the extreme Wagnerites—who recognised in the story of Parsifal the same sublime symbolism as in the ancient one of the Holy Grail itself. To them, as to the composer, the love-feast of the Knights of the Grail with the bread and wine, as in the Lord's Supper, had a spiritual significance. And when after having triumphantly passed through the ordeal of temptation Parsifal receives the repentant Kundry, who bathes his feet with her tears, they reverently beheld a parable in which is shadowed forth the Divine Consoler of all men, who "having suffered being tempted, is able also to succour them that are tempted." In such guise the mediæval imagination will be ever found to have interwoven its religious faith into nearly all its noblest stories of chivalry and knightly prowess. To it there was no irreverence in the "Miracle Play," any more than there need be to those of to-day who in the story of the mystic Parsifal have the wit to discern the deeper meanings that the poet-musician intended should be found there.

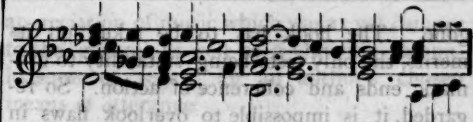
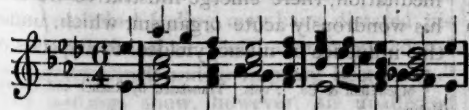
"Parsifal" opens with a short but nobly impressive prelude, mainly built upon themes which are to be found fully worked out in the great scene at the end of the first act. Three of these must be very briefly noted. The first is the "Blessing-motive," which has to do with the consecration of the bread and wine at the meeting of the Knights of the Grail.



This is followed by the motive always associated with the Holy Grail itself. It will be noticed that the phrase is one that has been often made use of in sacred music before.



After this, at first in fragments, and then in massive form, we have the following "Hymn of Faith."



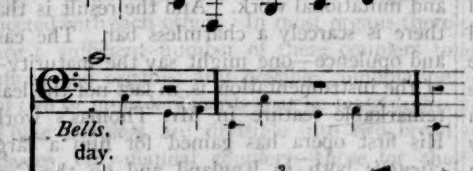
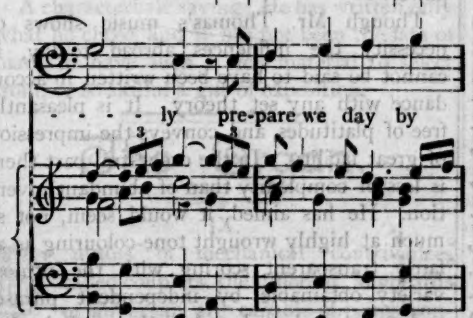
The first act opens with a scene outside the castle of the Knights of the Grail. We there hear of Amfortas, their king, who is stricken with a grievous wound that none can heal. Kundry, the sorceress, wild and horrible looking, approaches with a balsam which she has brought for the king's wound, and Gurnemanz, an old knight, takes this opportunity of telling the story of Amfortas' wound, which, it appears, was caused by the wizard Klingsor, aided by the wiles of this Kundry herself. None, an ancient prophecy had said, could heal this wound but "a pure fool by pity enlightened." Now, "Parsifal" is said to mean "pure fool," and stands for one guileless and without suspicion of evil. The young hero arrives on the scene, his bow and arrows in his hand, and he is led into the castle.

The Parsifal-motive (sounded on the horns, when he appears) is as follows.



Now the scene gradually changes, and we behold the Hall wherein the Knights of the Grail meet under their king, Amfortas, to celebrate their mystic rites. As they march into the Hall they sing in sonorous chorus their hymn of faith.

This solemn and splendidly effective chorus is thus given by Mr. Corder.



This is followed by the "Plaint of the Saviour," by the younger knights, and then the "Hymn of Faith," chanted as by angel voices from above. The effect here is surpassingly fine.

The next act takes place in the gardens of the magician Klingsor, where the Flower-maidens, with their allurements, appear, surrounding Parsifal, and singing their songs of exquisite melody and strange, haunting sweetness.




Kundry now is seen as a lady of wonderful Eastern beauty, and she tempts Parsifal to evil, first seeking to enthrall his heart on the sentimental side by telling him of his father and mother, and then professing her own passion for the youth. His heart is softened and he pities her, but at the perilous moment he calls to mind the flight of Amfortas, who had yielded to her wiles, and Parsifal determines to rescue him from his still ceaseless pain. Klingsor flings his spear at Parsifal, but it remains suspended in the air; the young knight seizes it, and at that moment all the enchanted castle disappears in ruins.

The next act opens in the forest. Parsifal, after many feats and temptations overcome, is, with Kundry, now repentant, returning to the castle of the Grail. It is a Good Friday morning, and all nature is peacefully rejoicing in the endless blessings which on that day were brought to mankind. The music here is of strangely impressive beauty and meaning. Gurnemanz, now an aged hermit, recognises Parsifal as the predestined King of the Grail, and anoints him as such; and it is here that we find the scene of Kundry, dissolved in tears, bending at the feet of him whose compassion and stainless fortitude had released her from the spells of evil. The scene again changes to the interior of the Hall; the dying Amfortas is there seen, surrounded by his knights; Parsifal appears, and touching the king with the point of his spear, Amfortas is restored to health, and the work is brought to a close by Parsifal being recognised by all as their king and champion.

The performance, with Fraulein Maltén as Kundry, Herr Gudehus as Parsifal, Herr Schuegraf as Amfortas, and Herr Scaria as Gurnemanz, the minor parts being also efficiently filled, was an admirably careful and artistic one. Mr. Joseph Barnby conducted with earnest intelligence, fostered by long study of the score, and aided by repeated attendance at the Bayreuth performances; and the Royal Albert Hall choir sang as only they, trained by Mr. Barnby, could have sung the music.

Mr. Goring Thomas.

 HE youngest in the group of composers whose works are removing from England the old-standing reproach of surviving on imported music, Mr. Goring Thomas bids fair to earn the largest share of popular applause. Among the new operas which the public owes to Mr. Carl Rosa's enterprise, "Esmeralda" is manifestly that which, from the managerial standpoint, has had the most unequivocal success. An opera may satisfy a fairly high-art ideal, and yet succumb to the prosaic but effective test of monetary receipts. "Esmeralda" has proved a work which "draws," and it will probably stand on Mr. Carl Rosa's programme until displaced by a second opera from the same hand.

As a first opera "Esmeralda" is, in every sense, remarkable. The young composer had not been altogether unheard of, prior to the spring of 1883, when the work was produced at Drury Lane. Some important vocal pieces—especially a choral ode, "The Sun-Worshippers," given at a Norwich Festival concert—had favourably introduced his name to musicians. But there were hardly any indications that he had prepared himself for the planning and writing of a work on the scale of a four-act opera; and that "Esmeralda" shows so few signs of the 'prentice hand is surprising.

Into Mr. Thomas's life—which has as yet a very short background—there must have gone much earnest work. He has studied in Paris and at our Royal Academy of Music, but probably his formal education has not been a large factor in determining his career. "Esmeralda" evinces qualities which need severe science for their adequate presentation, but which are often denied to learned contrapuntists. These are the qualities of dramatic characterisation and of melodic utterance.

Mr. Thomas was fairly fortunate in his theme; it permitted the exhibition of unconstrained, picturesque life; the central figure enlists sympathy from the first without making too great a demand on seriousness; and the close rises into dramatic intensity. Victor Hugo's book had already been resorted to for operatic themes. In the "Memoirs of Berlioz" it appears that he once conducted an opera by Mlle. Bertini, having the same title and characters, and which, though not without merit, broke down utterly in face of a hostile clique. Hugo's romance, indeed, may by free treatment be made to yield very varied material for opera. The departures from the original which Mr. Thomas's librettists adopted, as the whole, commend themselves. It would be better, of course, if the musician had put in his hand a book which did no injustice to any author's conceptions, and did not clash with pre-existing knowledge of the evolution of plot. But in the absence of dramatic poets, or of writers like Wagner, who was at once musician and poet, we can only accept gratefully a sound plot when we get it, without inquiring too curiously into its origin, or the manipulation the characters have under-


gone. The book has to be taken on its merits, the only tests being suitability to dramatic ends and coherence of action. So regarded, it is impossible to overlook flaws in Mr. Thomas's libretto. For example, the whole business of the second act has not a very vital connection with the fortunes of Esmeralda, and it would be ruthlessly pared down by one who was more concerned to preserve a strict logic in drama than to obtain contrast in character and scenes. The high-bred Fleur-de-Lys and her polished surroundings are an admirable foil to the crude colour and rough vigour of the beggar's court, and the music of the scene is so good that even a purist would be sorry to part with it; but in these days when, very properly, a stern conformity to a dramatic ideal is being demanded, it is not well to start even a bare suggestion of the superfluous; and that the whole act might, with a very little change in other parts, be dispensed with, hardly admits of discussion. Criticism applied to libretti becomes increasingly important, if there be any value in the theory that music is to express and to form a commentary on emotion and action.

A more rigid working theory would also have disarmed criticism in regard to the introduction of the lyrics; for example, the lovely air sung by Quasimodo at the opening of the fourth act, and the partially unrelated character of which is emphasised when delivered at the audience over the footlights. This mode of filling up a scene, however engaging to the ear, is fully within the compass of writers who have not a tittle of Mr. Thomas's dramatic power. His ability to develop situation by varied choral and orchestral means is amply seen in the first act, which gathers both in musical and dramatic interest as it proceeds. The impassioned duet in the third act is also admirably conceived and instrumented, while the fidelity of the whole to dramatic necessity gives it the full force of "inevitableness." For a similar reason the music of Frollo, though possessing less surface attraction, has a ring of real power.

Though Mr. Thomas's music shows of necessity the influences abroad to-day, it cannot be said to have been written in accordance with any set theory. It is pleasantly free of platitudes, and conveys the impression of great facility. In the orchestral part there is less of complexity than of abundant invention. He has aimed, it would seem, not so much at highly wrought tone-colouring as at fairly transparent scoring with the utmost variety obtainable by independent phrases and imitational work. And the result is that there is scarcely a charmless bar. The ease and opulence—one might say the maturity—of the instrumentation is in fact not the least remarkable feature in Mr. Thomas's work. His first opera has gained for him a large *clientele* both in England and on the Continent, and his second effort will be eagerly looked for. What those of his admirers who take a serious interest in music desire, is that his genius may be employed on a worthy theme, and that an artist's ideal may not be lost sight of in ministering to the immediate pleasure of opera-goers.

Literature of Music.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF HECTOR BERLIOZ.*

 HE putting of Berlioz's autobiography into English dress is a distinct service rendered to the musician and to the general reader. Berlioz was not only a potent force in music and a dominating personality everywhere; he was also a producer of literature which has the French qualities of vivacity, point, and unconventionality in a high degree. In fact, Berlioz was a stylist in literature as in music; and there is hardly a page of his that could be called sleepy, or even a criticism that has not more than a contemporary interest. The revived interest in the music of Berlioz witnessed during the past few years is but an example of the compelling force of original strength in art. Taste in music is not exempt from the tendency to uniformity which marks unconscious social action, and propriety may be shocked at first by the expression of an individuality which is a law unto itself. Surely, however slowly, the revolution comes, and it is seen that the overthrower of empires is often the builder of new states more broadly based.

Doubtless these volumes are the outcome of a wide and eager curiosity regarding the musician whose daring orchestration has given a shock, sometimes agreeable, sometimes the reverse, but never other than salutary, to so many minds in the concert-room. It may be said at once that the translation is a happy one, being vivid and faithful, yet satisfying the requirements of good English style. This is the day of memoirs; the English reader is being fed on intimate political relationships, and revelations of literary friendships or enmities. Most of these will furnish matter for gossip for the season, and then fall to the prey on books, whose silent operations no sensible man will wish to disturb. The autobiography of Berlioz has, it may be predicted, the quality of permanence, and will more and more attract readers as music takes hold of the public. The moth is not likely to flourish on pages so vivid.

English magazine writers were not insensible to the rich mine Berlioz's works presented, and they have industriously digged in it. Many of the more striking circumstances in Berlioz's eager and stormy life have thus crept into popular literature. His long struggle between the claims of medicine, imposed by his family, and the claims of music of more imperious origin; his passion for Henrietta Smithson, and its amazing musical expression in the "Symphonie Fantastique;" his ebullient criticism in the Paris opera-houses are phases and incidents tolerably familiar to the general reader. Even where the matter has been to some extent anticipated, the autobiography is, however, helpful, on account of the number and nicety of its character indications. Without the least premeditation, there emerge illustrative traits of his wondrously acute organism, which, under the influence of music, yielded to a species of

* Macmillan & Co. 2 vols. Translated by Rachel and Eleanor Holmes.

sense-intoxication. A passage, descriptive of his method of working off an attack of "spleen" by free ranging in the mountainous country near Tivoli, brings out the peculiar intensity of his nature.

"I started off in an old gray shirt, with half-a-dozen piastres in my pocket, and my gun or guitar in my hand, strolling along shouting or singing, careless as to where I should sleep, knowing that if other shelter failed I could always turn into one of the countless shrines by the wayside. Sometimes I went along at racing pace, or I might stop to examine an old tomb; or, standing on the summit of one of the dreary hillocks which dot the Roman plain, listen meditatively to the far-off chime of the bells of St. Peter's, whose golden cross shone on the horizon; or, halting in pursuit of a note down an idea for a symphony which had just entered my brain, always, however, drinking in in deep draughts the ceaseless delights of utter liberty.

"Sometimes, when I had my guitar with me instead of my gun, a passage from the 'Æneid,' which had lain dormant in my mind from childhood, would suddenly rise to my recollection, aroused by some aspect of the surrounding scenery; then, improvising a strange recitative to a still stranger harmony, I would sing the death of Pallas, the despair of the good Evander, of his horse Ethon, unharnessed and with flowing mane and falling tears, following the young warrior's corpse to its last resting-place; of the terror of good Latinus; the siege of Latium, which had stood on the ground beneath my feet; Amata's sad end, and the cruel death of Lavinia's noble lover. This combination of the past—the poetry and the music—used to work me into the most wonderful state of excitement, and this intensified condition of mental intoxication generally culminated in torrents of tears. The funniest part of it all was that my grief was so real. I mourned for poor Turnus, whom the hypocrite Æneas had robbed of his state his mistress, and his life; I wept for the beautiful and pathetic Lavinia, forced to wed the stranger brigand, bathed in her lover's blood. I longed for the good old days when the heroes, sons of the gods, walked the earth clad in shining armour, hurling slender javelins at targets framed in burnished gold. Then, quitting the past, I wept for my personal sorrows, my dim future, my spoiled career, and at length, overwhelmed by this chaos of poetry, would suddenly fall asleep with scraps of Shakespeare or Dante on my lips.

"What folly! many will exclaim. Possibly; but, also, what joy! *Sensible* people have no conception of the delight which the mere consciousness of living intensely can give: one's heart swells; one's imagination soars into space; life is inexpressibly quickened, and all consciousness of bodily limitations is lost."

That is was no mere conceited insurgence which made Berlioz disdain the musical tradition, consecrated by respectability and authority, is confirmed by his exceptional reverence for the great masters. A less highly-pitched feeling may have dictated his public rebuke of the conductors who "dared to correct Gluck and to improve Beethoven." His writings show, however, an unaffected

appreciation of music which was as yet *caviare* to the general, as well as a Quixotic scrupulousness of regard for an author's chosen means of utterance.

"It is futile to assert that in botching masterpieces adapters have sometimes made lucky hits; no exceptions can condone such abominable desecration. No, no, no; a thousand times no; musicians, poets, prose-writers, actors, artists, conductors of the third, second, or even of the first order, have no right to meddle with Beethoven or Shakespeare, or to bestow their scientific or æsthetic alms on him.

"No, no, no; a hundred thousand times no. No man, be he who he may, has any right to compel any other man, be he who he may, to wear a mask not his own, to speak in tones not his own, to take a shape not his own—to become a puppet, subject to his will, or to be galvanised after he is dead. If he was not a great man, let him lie. If he was a great man, let his equals—nay, even his superiors—respect him; and let his inferiors bow down humbly before him."

Berlioz, despite the warmth of his temperament, had in truth a fine critical faculty, and one may cull at hazard from his autobiography judgments which, with no pretence of deliberation, are yet manifestly sound. An early remark on Rossini, when the Parisian world was enraptured with him, shows a kind of criticism—the product of independence and knowledge—of which Berlioz's writings are full.

"Rossini's melodious cynicism, his contempt for the traditions of dramatic expression, his perpetual repetition of one kind of cadence, his eternal petty *crescendo*, and his crashing big drums exasperated me to such a degree as to blind me to the dazzling qualities of his genius, and the real beauties of the 'Barbiere' with its delicate instrumentation and *no big drum*."

The volumes must, however, be read to understand their wide and unique interest. Berlioz was in the thick of the art fermentation of Paris, and his autobiography throws side lights on many figures known in literature. He says in his preface, "I have not the least wish to appear before God, book in hand, as the best of men, or to write 'confessions.'"

A characteristic saying! He has written only what he chose, and it has not been the fate of many to have such a rich material to select from, or so skilful a gift of exposition.

The Organ.

IX.

By means of mechanical contrivances called couplers, the different keyboards of an organ are capable of being connected with each other. In most organs there are a sufficient number of these couplers to afford the organist any possible combination of two or more keyboards that he may desire. These couplers are divisible into two broad classes, viz., manual couplers—those for the connection of the different manuals together—and pedal couplers, to connect the pedals with the respective manuals. The manual couplers in general use are swell to great, swell to choir, and choir to great; and where there is a fourth manual, solo to great, solo to choir, and solo to pedals.

The swell to great renders the swell available in addition to the great, so that by playing on the great organ manual the swell is operated upon simultaneously, so that the swell is really coupled to the great, and not the great to the swell; for even with the coupler drawn, it is still possible to play on the swell, and as that does not act upon the great, the swell is still available by itself, though the great is not until it is again uncoupled.

The swell to choir coupler couples the swell to the choir, so that by playing upon the choir manual the swell is available in addition. As in the case of the swell to great, the reverse is not the case, for the swell can still be used separately, though the coupler remain drawn.

The choir to great couples the choir organ to the great in a similar way, so that by playing upon the great organ keyboard the choir is available in addition to it. Similarly to the others, the choir remains the independent organ, even though coupled to the great, for by playing upon the choir the great cannot be controlled by the agency of this choir to great coupler.

Upon an ordinary three-manual organ, provided with these couplers, it is therefore possible to play upon the great, and have either or both the swell and choir coupled to it, and to play upon the choir and have the swell coupled to it. But to play upon the swell keyboard and to get any combination with any other manual is impossible. There is then available upon these three manuals six possible varieties, viz., swell by itself, great by itself, great with swell, great with choir, choir by itself, and lastly, choir with swell.

With regard to the pedal couplers, there should be, and usually is, a coupler to connect each separate manual with the pedals. These are swell to pedals, great to pedals, and choir to pedals, and their use is to connect the manual to the pedal, not the pedal to the manual. Under these circumstances it is possible to play the manual keys by the feet, through the agency of these pedal couplers, but it is not possible to play the pedals with the hands by any connection that these couplers afford. There is no other agency either by which the pedal stops can be played upon the manuals, so that to any organist unable to use the pedal keyboard, the pedal organ must be silent.

All these manual and pedal couplers are what are called unison couplers, i.e., the note upon the one keyboard will pull down the one of the same name and pitch on the other; or, in other words, they couple in unison. These are not the only couplers in use, for there are made couplers which may be said to be of a different class, in that they do *not* couple in unison. These are the sub-octave and super-octave couplers, which pull down the octave below and the octave above respectively, and are most frequently applied to the swell organ, either upon itself or else when coupled to the great. In fairly large organs they are also applied to some of the other manuals, and sometimes the super-octave is also applied to the pedal organ. It should be remarked with regard to these two couplers, that to give them their full effect, another octave of pipes is required to all with which they are connected; otherwise, in the case of the sub-octave coupler

the lower octave of the keyboard speaks not at all, as there would in that case be no octave below with which to connect it; and in the other case of the super-octave coupler, the upper octave would be without its due effect, as there would be no octave above with which to connect it. This extra octave is more often provided for in the pedal organ (where as a rule there are not so many stops to make it so great an additional undertaking) than upon the manuals. Where expense or space is an object, this is a convenient arrangement, for 42 pipes are then made to do the work of 60, with very little corresponding disadvantage. Indeed, more especially in small organs, it is to be wondered at that this device for providing a 16 and an 8 feet stop out of an extended 16 feet one, is not more frequently availed of.

Messrs. Lewis & Co.'s organ, at Holy Trinity Church, Paddington, affords an instance of this kind. It contains a pedal organ of four stops, open bass 16 feet, sub-bass 32 feet, sub-bass 16 feet, and posauene 16 feet, and as each has the extension of an octave beyond its compass of 30 notes, so that there are 42 pipes to each stop, the super-octave coupler makes it equivalent to a pedal organ of eight stops, which might be enumerated as open bass, 8 feet; sub-bass, 16 feet; sub-bass, 8 feet; and posauene, 8 feet, in addition to the four already quoted.

These useful contrivances called couplers would be rather hard to explain by the aid of letterpress alone, for diagrams would be essential to anything like a conception as to how the coupling is done. Still, it might be stated that between the manual keys to be connected a set of little stickers are introduced, which, when the coupler is not drawn, lie at rest in a hollow of the keys of the lower manual, but when it is drawn moves up an incline till each little sticker is immediately under a little regulating button attached to the key of the upper manual, and is thus placed in connection with it, so that when the lower manual key is pressed down the other end pushes up the corresponding end of the upper manual key, and so makes it speak.

Another kind of coupler is in use, and is known as the backfall coupler, from a lever similar in use and design to the backfall of the key action, being the chief agent of connection. This class of coupler ceases to act by slightly moving the backfall frame, the wire of the sticker being then enabled to play without acting on the backfall itself, and thus the connection is broken. Coupling contrivances are by no means a modern invention, though modern art may have done much towards making them more efficacious, and at the same time more perfect, for history records that in the middle of the seventeenth century some connection of the kind existed in the celebrated organ in Lucerne Cathedral. Siedel even goes so far as to suppose that the idea of the manual coupler is as old as the fourteenth century, because at that period it was the custom to place in large churches two organs, one large and the other smaller. The great organ having one manual for treble and the other bass, Siedel thinks must have set the mechanics of the time thinking out something primitive in the coupler form.

(To be continued.)

History of the Pianoforte.

ALTHOUGH the clavichord was, most probably, introduced long previously in England, the first mention of it is in the year 1500, when William Cornish "composed in the Fleete" "A Treatise between Trough and Informacion," in which the following passage occurs:—

The clavicorde hath a tunely knyde,
As the wyre is wrested high and low,
The songe of himself yet neuer the les
Is true and tunable, and sing it as it is.

After this we find frequent mention of the instrument.

Amongst the privy-purse expenses of Elizabeth of York, queen of Henry VII., the following is entered, dated August, 1502:—"Item. The same day Hugh Denys, for money by him delivered to a stranger that gave the queen a payre of clavycordes. In crowns for his reward iiii li."

The reward was four times greater than the estimated value of the gift, so that this royal mark of approval and appreciation of the maker's generosity, whose name, unfortunately, is not mentioned, is highly to the honour of the queen.

These are the earliest references to the clavichord in England, but the following extract from Caxton's translation of "The Knyght of the Toure," which was printed in 1484, proves that it had previously to that time been in common use among the early French minstrels. "A young man cam to a feste where were many lordes, ladyes, and demoysels, and arrayed as they wold have sette them to dinner, and had on him a coote hardye after the manner of Almayne. . . . Sir Gregory called hym before hym, and demanded hym where his vyills or clavycordes were. . . . The yonge man answered, 'Syre, I can not meddle therewith.' Sayd the knight, 'I can not believe it, for ye be counterfaytted and clothed like a minstrell.'"

The clavichord makers held in greatest repute were Wilhelme, of Cassel, and Venesky and Horn, of Dresden.

The instrument which gradually superseded the clavichord in England was the virginal. It was an improvement upon the clavictherium, to which it was very similar, brass wire being substituted for the catgut strings. The plectrum of hard leather was replaced by a piece of raven or crow quill, attached to a small block centred in a piece of wood called the jack, which rose vertically from the end of the finger-key farthest from the player. When the key was pressed down, the jack moved upwards, forcing the quill past the string, which it thus set in vibration. The quill then remained above the string as long as the finger held the key down, allowing the string to vibrate freely, but directly the finger was removed from the key the quill fell on the string, and being on a centre the jack returned to its place, when a small piece of cloth fixed in the top of the jack stopped the vibrations of the string.

The touch of the virginal was extremely sensitive. It was impossible to press down a

key, when the instrument was in order, without the note sounding. If, however, the key was struck a sharp blow, no greater power could be obtained than by the lightest pressure. Fétis, in speaking of the virginal and the spinet, which was similar to it except in shape, says, "When the defects inherent in the construction of the clavichord were discovered, a plan was adopted of striking the strings with small pieces of quill affixed to minute springs adjusted in the upper part of small, flat pieces of wood termed jacks. . . .

This new invention was applied to two instruments, which differed only in form. The one was the *virginal*, the other the spinet, which had the form of a harp laid in a horizontal position." The compass of these instruments was four octaves, from second added line below the bass to second added line above the treble. Their tone is well described by Dr. Burney as "a scratch with a sound at the end of it." The motion of the keys and jacks in this instrument was the cause of the well-known sarcasm of Lord Oxford, which is thus described by Isaac Reed: "When Queen Elizabeth was playing on the virginals, Lord Oxford, remarking the motion of the keys, said in a covert allusion to Raleigh's favour at Court and the execution of the Earl of Essex, 'When jacks start up heads go down.'"

The virginal was a very favourite instrument of Queen Elizabeth, and is sometimes thought to have been named after that virgin queen; but this is evidently a mistake, as her sister Mary and King Henry VIII. were both performers upon this instrument. The name *virginal* is therefore either derived, as Dr. Johnson considers, from its being principally cultivated by young ladies, or else from its being greatly used in convents, in accompanying hymns to the Virgin.

The proficiency of King Henry VIII. and his daughters as players is well attested. Queen Elizabeth must, indeed, have performed music that would be considered exceedingly difficult even now, if she really played the pieces that are in her virginal music-book, which is still preserved.

Sir James Melvil, in his "Memoirs," gives an amusing account of a curious conversation which he had with Queen Elizabeth, to whom he had been sent on an embassy by Mary Queen of Scots, in 1564. After her Majesty had asked how his queen dressed, "which of the two sovereigns dressed the better, which of the two was the fairer," and so forth, she inquired, on learning that Queen Mary sometimes recreated herself in playing upon the lute and virginal, if she played well, and was answered, "reasonably, for a queen." "The same day, after dinner, my Lord of Hunsdean drew me up to a quiet gallery that I might hear some music (but he said he durst not own it), where I might hear the queen play upon the virginals. . . . I ventured within the chamber, and stood a pretty pace, hearing her play excellently well; but she left off immediately as soon as she turned her about and saw me. She appeared to be surprised to see me, and came forward, seeming to strike me with her hand, alleging that she was not used to play before men, but when she was solitary, to shun melancholy."

♬ Schubert's Sonatas.

VIII.

IN our continued examination of the first movement of the Sonata in A minor, Opus 42, we had reached that point in the final portion which corresponds with the close of the first part before the repeat. Like many other sonatas, the composer had proceeded on (by way of coda) with matter corresponding to the beginning of the free fantasia, and which consists of unison passages for both hands developed from the initial subject. After three repetitions of the two bars forming this figure, a rest is made upon tonic harmony second inversion, followed by dominant, each a bar in length, and having a reiterated note in common, the rhythm of which is originated by, or taken from, the second figure quoted in music type in the previous article. A break of three beats now occurs, and then a repetition of these unison passages (with an extension of a bar to lead into the key of F) takes place in the octave above. In this key of F the six detached chords of the first part are now represented—only this time the moving notes of the harmonies are to be played *legato*, and this takes place over a reiteration by the left hand of that restless little figure of four quavers of which we have heard so much, and which has contributed no little to the unity of the movement. A reflection of these two ideas now takes place in a similar yet withal a different way, and this is made to lead (the reiterated figure of four quavers still monopolising the left hand) to a modulation to B major, which reflects the spirit, and closely the letter, too, of the modulation in the first part to the key of the minor second. The dominant as a bass note now is established for the closing scene, which consists of an alternation of tonic and dominant harmonies on the plan of the six detached chords in the first place, and in the second on an extension of it. The unison passage which has formed so essential a feature of this movement is now given fortissimo in octaves, as if to add vehemence and force to the final utterance. Thus closes a movement which may be characterised as an epitome of what may be developed out of small means and yet made productive of maximum effect, contrast of both tone and manner being well studied, even though the outlines of the form may be a little less clear in one particular than it is customary to see in a movement cast in a classic mould.

The slow movement of this sonata consists of a theme with five variations, and is set in the relative key of C major. In simple triple time, the theme at once arrests attention, after the common time of the previous movement; and in the announcement of the theme the melody is given to the second part (alto), the upper part simply sustaining the dominant through the whole strain of eight bars, closing with a cadence in the dominant key. This is then repeated an octave higher; but this time the melody is at the top, and this portion completes half the theme. The second half proceeds in the key of the tonic, but has a transient modulation to the dominant at the close of the fourth and the eighth bars; this is

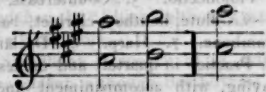
followed by the first eight bars of the theme, but varied somewhat both as to its harmonies in places, and as to its half-way cadence. Variation 1 introduces greater animation by its movement of six semiquavers in place of the original three quavers, and contains a feature of interest in its accented passing note a semitone below the harmony note, which in most cases is necessarily chromatic. The movement in this variation is mainly given to the left hand, the right hand supporting the subject at the same time. The third variation brings still increased movement, with its twelve demisemiquavers to the bar, the right hand being the chief exponent of this extra activity, while the left hand's chief duty is to support the harmony, though twice it breaks out into the quicker motion, in unison with the right hand, and once also monopolises the demisemiquaver activity, while the right hand has a passage of more deliberation. Variation 3 changes the key for that of C minor, and the style of lightness and activity to that of greater dignity and pomp, so that this might not inappropriately be termed the march variation. Dotted notes in one hand, against the even ones of the other hand, are the most persistent features of this variation and are the chief elements in giving it its martial colour. The 4th variation is in the key of A flat, and at its start the rhythm of the last variation is continued by the left hand very softly, against a quick and *legato* counterpoint enunciated by the right hand at the rate of six to a beat, or eighteen to the bar. After the third bar the left hand renounces its martial rhythm, and in a sweeping *crescendo* adopts the greater animation of the right hand, with which it unites in a mighty unison for about two bars, till the right hand, with some ponderous chords, proceeding to a climax, goes on its own separate course, while the left hand maintains the activity. After the repetition of this first portion of the variation, the second part continues the work in a similar strain down to the close, when six bars of connecting matter are added, so as to bring us round to the original key of C major for the fifth and last variation. This is in the rhythm or movement of nine semiquavers to a bar, and consists of *staccato* work for both hands unbroken throughout. At the close a coda is added, which continues the rhythm of the last variation. The scherzo in the key of A minor (the initial key of the sonata) is a movement of much life, and eminently characteristic of the composer's individuality. There is no mistake about the key in the distinct enunciation of tonic and dominant harmonies of the opening sentence, which is in five-bar rhythm, the fifth bar of which produces a strong impression of its being additional or supplemental to the legitimate four bars, thus appearing to be tacked on it, rather than being an essential portion of a five-bar rhythm. Here it is:—

Allegro vivace.



The key of A minor is not long remained in, for immediately after the above quotation Schubert repeats it in spirit in the key of C major, to which key he keeps down to his first double bar. A minor is heard of no more at present, for incessant modulations now take place till E is reached as a pedal note. This is retained as a tonic pedal in E minor for some time, and immediately afterwards as a dominant pedal of the original key of A minor, and this prefaces the return to the first matter quoted, after which all that appeared in the first part in the key of C major is now repeated in the tonic major of A, and supplementary to this is introduced a coda of six bars on the tonic pedal. Then follows the usual trio, which calls for no special remark.

The final movement of the sonata is a rondo, the recurring subject of which is always repeated softly, while the relieving episodes are characterised by greater breadth. This rondo subject is melodious, and does a double duty of giving out a melody note and a harmony note alternately, though in the second section of the subject this method is altered slightly for a few bars. At the close of this first subject, the first relieving episode starts in the key of C major, but not to remain there long, for the initial key of A minor soon makes itself felt again, though at this point relief from the original key might be consistently looked for. But immediately after it does come, in the shape of six-bar phrases in the keys of F major and D minor, and then a last time in A minor again, prefatory to the return to the first subject. This, instead of closing, in the tonic key as before, is wheeled round into the key of E minor, in which the composer remains a little time, and then has some modulating developments of ideas contained in the first episode, and which lead eventually round to the original key for another presentation of the first subject. This is again succeeded by a new episode in the tonic major, in which a new idea



is much developed, and at the next repetition of the first subject is used in conjunction with it, both above and below. At this point a repetition of the first episode takes place, but is arrested at the D minor phrase to introduce the first subject in D minor instead of the orthodox A minor; and after this is repeated in the tonic minor a good deal of the matter that appeared in the key of E minor after the second enunciation of the first subject. This is followed on by a brilliant coda, which most effectively brings to a close the final movement of a sonata which alone is almost sufficient to establish the reputation of its composer. This sonata was dedicated to the Duke Rudolph, and is generally believed to have been written in 1825.

Leipzig Conservatorium of Music.

THE first thing that strikes a visitor to the great school of music founded by Mendelssohn is the mean way in which an institution of such world-wide celebrity has hitherto been housed. A plain doorway concealed in a court, and leading into a building not to be distinguished externally from neighbouring houses devoted to very modest uses, is all the satisfaction offered to the eye. No wonder there has been for some time a desire to migrate. A new building raised in what promises to be a very pleasant suburb of Leipzig is now ready for occupation. Architecturally, it is worthy of the ancient city which is the birthplace of Wagner, the scene of Bach's labours, and the home of rich musical tradition. For the interest of the general reader, as well as for the benefit of those who design to pursue a musical career, we print a complete and authentic statement of the objects of the Conservatorium, the order of its instruction, and the obligations demanded of pupils.

The object of the Conservatorium of Music at Leipzig, established with the Royal authority and support, is higher education in music.

The theoretical instruction consists of a complete course of the theory of music and composition, which is completed in three years. Those pupils who already possess sufficient preliminary theoretical knowledge, and are sufficiently capable in other respects, so that upon their admission they can at once be placed in the upper classes, can complete their theoretical studies in a shorter time than three years. But, nevertheless, should it be thought necessary, these pupils will be required to attend at the same time the lessons in the lower classes as "repetitions," so as to become thoroughly acquainted with the whole system of teaching in its complete extent. The theoretical instruction comprises the following subjects: *a*, Harmony. In the first year harmony and part-writing.—In the second, continuation of harmony, and counterpoint.—In the third, continuation of harmony, double counterpoint, and fugue. *b*, Form and composition, in oral instruction and in exercises, which include the following subjects: Vocal and instrumental compositions in their various forms and treatment; the analysis of classical musical works. *c*, Playing from score; conducting, combined with actual practice. *d*, The Italian language for those who purpose to devote themselves to the higher branches of solo-singing. To the theoretical instruction belong, further, yearly varying courses of lectures on musical subjects, such as the history of ancient and modern music, æsthetics of music, etc. Classes are specially arranged for the instruction of the female pupils (according to their requirements) in harmony and composition, so that they can complete the course in two years.

The practical instruction aims at developing mechanical facility and dexterity upon one or more instruments and in singing; it also, is imparted in several classes and comprises the following subjects: *a*, Instruction in singing (solo and choral). *b*, Instruction in instrumental playing: 1. Pianoforte. 2. Organ. 3. Violin and Viola. 4. Violoncello. 5. Counterbass. 6. Wind-instruments—*i.e.* flute, hautboy, clarinet, bassoon, horn, trumpet, trombone. 7. Harp. 8. Declamation (for singers). 9. Practice in quartett and orchestra-playing. 10. Solo-playing, with accompaniment, and ensemble-playing. 11. Practice in public performance; weekly soirées, in presence of the professor and all the pupils.

Beyond the walls of the institution the following opportunities of further musical education are offered to the pupils: *a*, The twenty-two Gewandhaus Concerts (which have attained a reputation even in foreign lands) and their rehearsals. (The pupils of the Conservatory are admitted gratuitously to the rehearsals of the Gewandhaus Concerts). *b*, The Quartett and Chamber Music Concerts, which likewise take place every winter. *c*, The church music weekly performed on Saturdays and Sundays by the choir of the Church of St Thomas. *d*, The performances in the city opera. In addition to these musical means of education, the University and the other educational institutions afford to the pupils the opportunity of extending their studies in every direction.

To give the pupils an opportunity of practising and perfecting themselves in orchestral playing, those who are sufficiently qualified play in the symphonies and overtures, etc., in the Gewandhaus concerts, and in the

oratorio and other church performances with a large orchestra. Those who distinguish themselves in solo-playing or singing will have regular opportunities of preparation for public performances under the superintendence of the respective masters in the weekly soirées.

The instruction of the female pupils (with the exception of the general practice in solo and ensemble-playing, and in choral-singing) is given quite separately from that of the male pupils.

The complete course of the theory of music occupies three years, and this time can only be reduced under the conditions before stated. For the duration of the practical instruction no fixed time can be given, for the greater or less amount of development and technical facility must altogether depend upon the talent and diligence of the pupil. No pupil, however, will be admitted for a shorter period than one year; and those who leave the institution for any reason whatever (except in case of sickness certified by a physician) before the expiration of that time, must pay the fee for the whole year.

As a rule, pupils can only be received into the institution at Easter and Michaelmas in each year, at which times a new course is commenced in all the lower classes; the day of reception and of the examination, which must precede it, will each time be made known in the principal home and foreign newspapers and musical journals. Foreigners, however, living at a distance, will be admitted at other times, if they have already acquired sufficient theoretical knowledge to enable them to join the classes at the point to which such classes may already have advanced.

From the pupils who desire to be admitted the following qualifications are demanded:—*a*, They must possess sufficient general education to be able to understand and to follow a regular lecture. *b*, Foreigners must have acquired the German language sufficiently to understand the lectures, which are given in that language. Those who are unable to do this must acquire the knowledge by means of private lessons. *c*, They must possess real talent, and musical preliminary knowledge. *d*, Those who desire to devote themselves to the higher branches of singing must possess a good and promising voice. *e*, Pupils who are not yet independent must bring with them, before admission, the written permission of their parents or guardians. *f*, Every pupil must be able to produce, if required, credible testimonials from his parents and former teachers as to his previous moral conduct. *g*, Foreign pupils must be provided with a passport, or other document, valid for the duration of their stay.

Every pupil applying for admission into the Conservatorium must first undergo an examination by a commission appointed for that purpose, by whom it will be ascertained whether he possesses the talent and information necessary for his reception, and what classes he is to join. To enable the examiners to form a judgment as to his practical acquirements, each pupil must bring with him a well-practised piece of music, and must play it before them. Those who have already made attempts in written musical work and in compositions of their own, should send copies of their productions to the council (post-free) before their admission, or at least lay them before the examiners at the preliminary examination.

Every pupil, when admitted, pledges himself to submit to these rules:—1. No pupil of the Conservatorium is allowed to omit any of the lessons without sufficient excuse. 2. Every pupil has to submit unconditionally to the orders of the council and the masters. 3. The council has to decide which classes each pupil is to join; consequently the pupils have no right to choose their masters for themselves, nor can they ask to have lessons from two different masters in the same branch of instruction. 4. Every pupil (whatever the instrument may be to which he especially devotes himself) must also regularly attend the instruction in harmony and thorough-bass, pianoforte-playing, and singing. The council alone have the right to dispense with this rule. 5. Only those who desire to train themselves as solo-singers will receive instructions in solo-singing, and who, according to the opinion of the masters or of a physician, possess the necessary qualifications. 6. No pupil, whilst belonging to the Conservatorium, and who has not been formally granted permission to leave, is allowed to take part in any public performance, wherever it may be, either as solo-player or solo-singer, nor is he (she) allowed to perform in any other orchestra or to sing in any other choral society. The council alone can dispense with the observance of this rule when they and the masters may think it advisable. 7. The pupils are strictly forbidden to take private lessons in those branches in which they

have lessons at the Conservatorium from masters who are not part of the staff of the institution. 8. If during the evening entertainments (Abendunterhaltungen) the performance of anyone should call forth applause, it must be kept within the bounds prescribed by the circumstances of the case. No pupil is permitted to respond to a recall. 9. As the reputation and prosperity of the Conservatorium depend in great measure upon the conduct of the pupils, the council feels bound to exercise a strict watchfulness over each member of the same, not only in the institution but also in their respective homes. Should any moral irregularity or infringement of the preceding rules occur, the offender will be seriously reprimanded by the council, and expelled, if the nature of the offence renders such a course advisable. 10. All pupils are required to give three months' notice before leaving the Conservatorium, under penalty of forfeiting the customary testimonial of their abilities on their departure. The only times for leaving the Conservatorium are Easter and Michaelmas. 11. No dispensation can be granted for the summer term with the effect of acquitting pupils from the obligation of paying the fees for the summer half-year. Any pupil leaving the institution at Easter, can only be readmitted at Michaelmas of the same year on paying the fees for the last summer half-year.

The lessons continue throughout the year, with the exception of Sundays and holidays and of the vacations to be fixed at the option of the council. For the present these vacations are as follow:—*a*, At Easter, from the Thursday in Passion week to the end of the Easter week. *b*, The Midsummer vacation, six weeks, to commence in the middle of July. *c*, At Michaelmas, one week. *d*, At Christmas, one week. In order that those pupils who do not employ the holidays for travelling may not be left without occupation, the masters provide them with exercises, to be practised or studied during those times.

Towards Easter of each year public examinations will be held, in some of which compositions of the most advanced pupils will be performed and musical connoisseurs will be invited to be present, so that the public at large may become acquainted with the results of the teaching at the institution.

Upon leaving the institution each pupil receives from the council a testimonial, in which the time they have passed in the Conservatorium, the diligence with which they have studied, and the progress they have made, as also their moral conduct, are stated. No pupil who leaves without such a testimonial is recognised by the institution.

The fee for the whole course of instruction is 300 marks a year, payable in advance to the treasurer of the institution in three instalments of 100 marks each, at Easter, Michaelmas, and Christmas. Each pupil has also to pay an entrance-fee (once for all) of 9 marks, and, further, 3 marks yearly to the castellan of the institution.

The pupils have to procure the instruments, music, and books necessary for their studies at their own expense; but the instruments used in the Conservatorium for the lessons are provided by the institution.

The expenses of living in Leipzig are about the same as in other cities. A lodging consisting of one room with the necessary furniture, may cost from 150—180 marks yearly; with an additional small bedroom, from 180—240 marks. Where a bed is not included in the agreement, an extra sum of from 24—36 marks yearly is charged. Plain dinners cost from 1—1 mark. When the pupils are young, and for ladies in all cases it is most advisable, they should be placed in a family, where they would be treated as members of the same; the charges for board, lodging, bed and table-linen, vary from 600—1,200 marks yearly. The total expenses of a pupil's residence in Leipzig, where due economy is practised, may be calculated at from 1,350—1800 marks a year. Upon receiving a written request, the council is very willing to make terms with respectable families for the reception of the pupils on their arrival. The usual charges for the monthly hire of a square piano or pianino are from 6—9 marks; for a grand piano 12—20 marks, according to the quality of the instruments. Those who desire to have a piano of their own during their stay have always the opportunity of purchasing a secondhand instrument in good condition, several such being almost daily advertised; and at their departure it can generally be sold at a small loss. There are also several establishments, from which, for a moderate subscription, musical works, both ancient and modern, and of every class may be obtained for purposes of study. All inquiries and applications may be addressed post-free, "An das Directorium des Königl. Conservatoriums der Musik zu Leipzig."

An Interview with Sir Geo. Grove.

I WAS walking past the Albert Hall the other day (says one of the representatives of the *Pall Mall Gazette*), when it occurred to me to look in at the College of Music, and pay a short call upon Sir George Grove, the director.

Sir George was buried in a mass of papers and official-looking documents, and the only musical instrument which I saw in this room was a fiddle from the Gaboon country—which is *not* taught at the college.

"There is not much to tell you at present," he said.

"But you are satisfied with the progress during the past year?"

"Not quite; as to our future I am sanguine, but I prefer not to prophesy. I don't mind not going fast at first, for 'chi va piano va sano.' One must not expect too much at first; and remember that the college is a school where music is to be taught from its rudiments and in all its branches. Many of our scholars have had to begin again quite from the beginning."

Sir George is, however, enthusiastic as to the future, and it is easy as one walks from room to room with him to see the zeal with which he enters into the smallest details.

"I feel," he says, "like the father of a large family. I try to rule by kindness and confidence, and to know each of the pupils personally, and enter into their successes and their difficulties."

And I noticed that he had a smile for one and a kind word for another as we visited the different practising rooms. "We breathe a regular atmosphere of music," Sir George remarked, and standing in the hall one heard the strains of music coming from all parts of the building. There are ten practising rooms and the library, each containing a piano, and some of them two. And very pleasant retreats they are, with their soft pile carpets, pretty hangings, and simple but artistic surroundings. The ages of the pupils range from thirteen to twenty years, and some have even reached maturer years, preferring the moderate charges of the college to the more expensive method of private lessons.

There are at present fifty scholars and 108 paying pupils—a year ago there were only fifty-two. When the college was opened by the Prince of Wales in April, 1883, there were ninety-two pupils on the books, fifty scholars, and forty-two paying students.

"I suppose, Sir George," I said, looking up at one of the notice-boards in the hall, "that you all work pretty hard?"

"We do our best. You see on those boards the name of every pupil, with his or her course of work for the week marked out. In their principal study pupils have two lessons a week; in their second, one, also in harmony or counterpoint. There is a choral class lesson, a practice in orchestral playing, and another in chamber music; while for singing pupils there are extra lessons in Italian and declamation. Altogether, I should say that a pupil actually works here about ten hours in the week, devoting, of course, many more at home to practice and reading."

"And how long is this to go on?"

"Well, three years is the least time possible, but in most cases it will be five, and where a scholar is young or peculiarly talented it may be still more."

"You are speaking of scholars?"

"Yes; they are intended for the profession, and over them we have full control; paying pupils—or 'students,' as we call them—are mostly amateurs, and come for a year certain, and then can stay or go as they choose."

"And you think that in the end you will turn out some good musicians?"

"Yes, I hope so; we have some good ability among the scholars; they work well, and the professors are all enthusiastic. I hope we shall send out some good performers and some sound teachers. The National Training School, from which we sprang, during its short existence, formed some artists of whom any school might be proud. Eugene d'Albert—though he now denies it—learned everything he knows within these walls, so did Annie Marriott and Frédéric King. And more than that, I do not find that any of the scholars

of the training school have failed to do well in the places to which they were sent up. In music, as in everything else, good training is sure to succeed; it is the imperfectly taught ones who fail. Our paying students, too, are working well and are learning a great deal, and even a year of our training ought to teach them not to tolerate that slipshod style of thing which passes for music in so many otherwise cultivated English houses."

"This will help England to become the 'musical nation' we so often hear of?"

"I hope so; but at present we are far enough off it. The English are the best chorus singers in the world, and have good ears, but we want to be taught to depend on ourselves. How can we be called a musical nation when we spend millions a year to hear German or Italian music played by German and Italian musicians; and when, if one is asked, as I was the other day at Pontresina, 'who is your best English pianoforte player?' there is literally no answer to make. This is shameful, and must be put right. But now come over the way and hear our little orchestra at work."

So we crossed over to the West Theatre of the Albert Hall, where the choral and orchestral practices are held, and found an orchestra of thirty or forty boys and girls hard at work, playing with enthusiasm and taste, with their hearts evidently in the music, and as evidently much to the satisfaction of Mr. Holmes, who was conducting, with his leading violinist, a pale-faced, thoughtful-looking boy of fourteen, the son of an Oldham labourer, the holder of a scholarship; close to him on his left. It was a suite of Bach's, and then there was a concerto of Hiller's. It seemed to me very well played. Every other Wednesday evening a concert is given by the pupils in the West Theatre, which is filled with an eager audience; and it may be mentioned that the authorities are always glad to see any one who wishes to be present. As we walked from room to room my guide talked of this and that.

"Our professors," said he, looking at the list, "are a capital set, and as eager about the thing as I am myself."

"Some of them, no doubt; but others—pointing to Mme. Goldschmidt and Mrs. Kendal—can only give you but little of their time."

"Don't they?" was the retort; "the two ladies you name are untiring; as punctual as the clock in coming, and unpunctual only in going away. Mme. Goldschmidt often stays an hour and a half longer than her proper time. And she is the most devoted teacher you can conceive; tremendously strict, but appreciative, and the idol of her scholars. The staff of professors comprise, as you see, some of the best names of the day."

And the director was right.

"The piano is in the hands of Mr. Pauer, Mme. Goddard, Mr. Franklin Taylor, and Mr. J. F. Barnett; Signor Visetti, Mr. Deacon, and Gustave Garcia teach singing; counterpoint and composition is taught by Dr. Bridge, Mr. Villiers Stanford and Dr. Hubert Parry; declamation, besides Mrs. Kendal, by Mrs. Arthur Stirling; harmony, by Messrs. Eaton Fanning, Gladstone, and Higgs; the organ by Messrs. Parratt and Martin; while among the professors of the violin and other orchestral instruments are Messrs. Henry Holmes, Gompertz, Howell, Harper, Lazarus, Wotton, and Thomas. At the end of each term there is an examination by the director and board of professors, and at the end of the year another by outsiders. Last April the examiners were Mr. Joseph Barnby, Mr. Manuel Garcia, Mr. Otto Goldschmidt, Herr Joachim, Sir F. A. Gore Ouseley, and Dr. Stainer, and we all try to keep up the family idea by dining together at least once in each term, and by communicating freely and often on the interests of our pupils and of the college."

"Then you are satisfied?" was the parting inquiry of our representative.

"No, by no means. I want fifty more open scholarships, which means £100,000 more from the public. I want a much better building, with concert room and lecture rooms within our own walls; and I want houses near at hand to lodge our country scholars and students. Never mind, it will all come in time; and meantime we will wait and work our hardest."

— In connection with the performances of Wagner's "Parsifal," at the Royal Albert Hall, on the 10th and 15th Nov., a pamphlet, written by Mr. Francis Hueffer, and containing a complete analysis of the story of the opera, of the myth upon which it is founded, and of the music, has been published by Messrs. Schott and Co., of Regent-street.

Musical Criticism Fifty Years Ago.

IN the present day, when musical criticism has become more prominent, it may be well to compare the doings and sayings of our forefathers of fifty years since, and endeavour to form an opinion as to the usefulness of writers on musical subjects who attempt to influence public opinion.

A few years after the death of Beethoven, in 1827, Mendelssohn first made his appearance in this country, and from the musical papers of that date it may be gathered that his precocity and genius were generally acknowledged by the musicians of the period, although in reviewing one of his pieces for the pianoforte and violoncello, he is supposed to be not entirely uninfluenced by vicious example. His overture to the "Midsummer Night's Dream," and Concerto in G minor were accepted as veritable masterpieces, and it is frankly asserted that a new genius has arisen, whose works are worthy of being compared to the greatest classical writers.

In regard to Spohr, whose symphonies and orchestral works were being constantly heard at the Philharmonic Concerts, a diversity of opinion is manifested. We are assured that he is seldom original in his instrumental music, that he has a passion for extraneous modes, double flats and sharps are his idols; he worships these and also crowded complicated harmony, whilst many of his compositions smell abominably of the lamp. His oratorio, "The Last Judgment," first performed at Norwich, appears to have been generally well received, the first part, however, being considered inferior to the second. The well-known chorus, "Destroyed is Babylon," is quoted as the work of a master, and showing great originality.

At this time M. Felix visits London, and his remarks on the state of art in this country are both instructive and amusing. He boldly throws down the gauntlet and avers that there never has been a single school of music in England, or anything like one. On hearing Purcell's Te Deum and Jubilate at a festival held in St. Paul's Cathedral, he says that instead of the masterpiece which he had been promised, he is tortured with a long succession of insignificant phrases in connected modulations, and incorrect, albeit pretentious, harmonies. M. Felix Mendelssohn, who stood beside him, received the same impression. Such, indeed, was the inconvenience felt by him that he would not prolong it, but escaped, M. Felix having to encounter alone the performance of the Jubilate.

Dr. Crotch is an authority of the age, and his "Palestine" pronounced equal, if not superior, to any work produced during the last half century; but especial praise is reserved for the Chevalier Neukomm, who was a pupil of Haydn. In reviewing "Mount Sinai," we are told that it is beautiful as well as sublime, not one whit inferior to the greatest composers which have appeared since the time of Handel. The performers were most enthusiastic, and copious extracts are given to prove the assertion. It was evidently thought to be the most important work of the age. In 1834 his "David" was produced at Birmingham, and it was more favourably received than the "Elijah," although many musicians preferred the latter work.

Potter's Symphony is spoken of as evincing genius in every movement, although Beethoven's Concerto is called a fiddling affair, and might have been written by any third-rate composer.

In speaking of Clemente, who died in 1832, it is remarked that, although fashion has for a moment neglected him, time, which soon hurries into oblivion most of what is patronised by an indiscriminating public, will preserve and restore his compositions, and transmit his name to distant ages.

It will be seen in this short notice that although the critics of fifty years since were right in their judgment respecting many of the new works produced, they were equally wrong regarding others. Spohr's "Last Judgment" is now known as one of his greatest compositions; Neukomm's "Mount Sinai" and "David" have entirely disappeared; and others who figured prominently as the musicians of the period are in the present day totally ignored. Is it possible that some of our most self-assertive critics will in the distant future be found to have cursed where they should have blessed, and to have acted as did their forefathers before them?

Sacred Harmonic Society.

THE Rose of Sharon" was the oratorio chosen for the opening concert of the above society's season on Nov. 7. The fame of Mr. Mackenzie's work had preceded it, and the warmth of the Norwich verdict, together with a remarkably unanimous expression of critical favour, combined to excite curiosity to such an extent that St. James's Hall was crowded from end to end. Never before has English oratorio roused such intense interest; never before has the Sacred Harmonic Society reaped such instant reward for giving the *pas* to native talent. So far there is cause for all-round congratulation, but although the actual result of the performance was to endorse and repeat the Norwich triumph, we are not prepared to speak of that performance in wholly eulogistic terms. The soloists apart (and they, with one exception, were the singers who formed the original "cast"), it was evident that the executive forces of the society were not thoroughly acquainted with their task. There are few works that lay a heavier strain upon the resources of a choral body than "The Rose of Sharon." At first sight it looks comparatively easy—choristers are apt to regard music as "child's play" when it does not consist of a fugue; but a greater mistake could not be made. The magnificent chain of choruses in the second part of "The Rose" is replete with difficulties—with constant changes of rhythm, key, and *nuance* that require much study and care.

But this, the sacred section of the oratorio, is in turn less exacting by far than the dramatic portions, which demand from a choir the exercise of as much intelligence as though each singer were a soloist. Representing at one moment the villagers of Sulam, at another the princes and nobles of Solomon, and at another the people of Jerusalem, Mr. Mackenzie has assigned to his chorus music which is not less dramatic than the events it illustrates, and it must be sung accordingly with ever-varying expression and perfect appreciation of the ideas and situation. In this, owing to lack of sufficient rehearsal, the Sacred Harmonic Choir entirely failed. They sang with correct intonation and tolerable precision, but the attack, especially at the outset, was feeble, and there was an absence of the sustained spirit that betokens a complete understanding of the composer's intentions, as well as mere acquaintance with his notes. Fortunately, under these circumstances, the sacred choruses which come at the end of the second and fourth parts, created the latest and most favourable impression, and, as they were comparatively well rendered, atoned in a measure for shortcomings elsewhere. So far, however, as concerned the effect of the music and the performance upon the audience, everything was, if we may thus express it, *couleur de rose*—a term not less appropriate to the title of the oratorio than the roseate tint of Miss Emma Nevada's Sulamite costume, decorated as at Norwich with silver grapes. This lady's delivery of the exquisite air, "The Lord is my Shepherd," awakened the first outburst of applause that rewarded any individual effort; for, truth to tell, the first part gives no opportunity for interruptions of this kind, and it was not until after the chorus, "God Save the King," that the series of plaudits began which culminated finally in a rapturous ovation for the composer-conductor. The beautiful scene describing the sleep and dream of the Sulamite was admirably interpreted, and, as before, impressed deeply. Miss Nevada sang here with infinite charm, and was also worthy of her companion in the two love duets. Mr. Lloyd, indeed, threw wonderful passion into his singing, and gave the lovely tenor air, "Rise up, my love," with a degree of tenderness and finished art that nothing could surpass. Again did Mr. Santley, albeit in his best voice, invest with characteristic fervour and dramatic feeling the music of Solomon, while Mr. Herbert Thorndike was heard to advantage in the solo with chorus, "Hearken, O daughter." Miss Hilda Wilson, replacing Mme. Patey, achieved a distinct success, and sang her air, "Lo! the King," with such effect that it narrowly escaped an *encore*. The rendering of the instrumentation, like that of the choruses, was decidedly inferior to the Norwich performance; there was not the same delicate refinement or unity of idea and execution. The delicious *intermezzo*, "Spring Morning on Lebanon," did not create half the effect of which it is susceptible. One

great improvement, on the other hand, claims to be recorded—the excision of portions of the fourth part and the epilogue. The latter constituted an anti-climax; the former were not essential to the story, or of sufficient musical value to warrant their being retained, whilst they prolonged the oratorio to undue limits. These "cuts" just reduce the performance to a reasonable length, and nothing more, assuredly, was wanting to make "The Rose of Sharon" a popular, as well as a great work. Thanks to the repetition, at the Crystal Palace, on November 22, it may now be said to have fairly run the gauntlet of public criticism. The result is satisfactory, and unless we are greatly mistaken, the wide favour which we have, from the first, predicted for "The Rose of Sharon" is now practically beyond the region of doubt.

Mendelssohn's oratorio, "St. Paul," was performed at the second concert of the season, November 21, St. James's Hall being well filled. The choral singing was again of a character not to reflect unqualified credit upon the society. There are few choirs strong in tenors, and the Sacred Harmonic is not one of them, while the altos are of little better calibre. In addition to these weak points, which had not been so discernible in "The Rose of Sharon," there was the old fault of feeble attack and uncertainty in taking up leads. The chorales, although sung with precision and in tune, lacked the breadth and colour for which we naturally look in these important sections of the work. "Happy and blest are they" was, perhaps, the best effort of the evening, and next to this may be cited the rendering of the magnificent chorus, "Oh, great is the depth," which brings the first part to a close. The general impression, however, was that the new Sacred Harmonic choir must look to its laurels if it would retain the *prestige* of the Exeter Hall days. Turning to the soloists, Miss Clara Samuella had hardly sufficient declamatory power for the soprano music, but she delivered it throughout with artistic feeling and taste, making due effect in the air, "Jerusalem, thou that killest," and the *arioso*, "I will sing of Thy great mercies." Miss Margaret Hancock, was the contralto, and rendered useful service in the concerted numbers. Mr. Edward Lloyd and Mr. Santley were both in superb voice, which is as much as to say that their tasks were fulfilled with all the perfection that faultless art and ripe experience can secure. Mr. Lloyd's "Be thou faithful" and Mr. Santley's "O God, have mercy" were noble efforts that might compare with anything those great artists have done. Mr. R. W. Mills lent valuable aid in the bass music. Mr. Charles Hallé conducted with his usual energy and skill. The band was excellent, and Mr. Fountain Meen presided ably at the organ.

Crystal Palace.

AT the second Crystal Palace Concert Mdlle. Clotilde Kleeberg appeared, and by her playing of Beethoven's E flat concerto for the pianoforte, and solos by Chopin, Mendelssohn, and Handel, proved her possession of a remarkably brilliant *technique*. She has, however, much to learn in the higher qualities of poetic feeling and expression. At this concert Schubert's C major symphony was performed, and though Mr. Mann's reading materially differed from that adopted by Herr Richter a few days afterwards, the Crystal Palace performance must, on the whole, be pronounced the most perfect. At the concert of November 1st, Liszt's orchestral interlude, "Salve Polonia," was produced—a noisy and singularly ungraceful composition; and Miss Minnie Hauk made her first appearance this season. The American *prima donna* cannot be congratulated on her choice of songs. "Elsa's Dream" is not very effective in the concert-room, and the vulgar Scotch ditty given in response to an *encore* of the "Habanera" was thoroughly out of place at a high-class concert such as this. On the 8th, Herr Barth played Brahms' new pianoforte concerto, which, though extremely difficult, was given by him in masterly style. The novelties, consisting of a feebly unoriginal "minuet" from Massenet's "Manon," and a "Serenade Hongroise," by Joncières, were not a success, but these were made up for by the admirably spirited style in which the "Scotch symphony" was performed, and the exquisite refinement displayed in that perfect little overture of Sterndale Bennett's, "The Naiads."

Richter Concerts.

IN criticising the scheme of the three autumn concerts recently given by Herr Hans Richter, it is essential to remember that the famous conductor is not bound by the same unwritten artistic rules which apply with more or less force to the directorate of an incorporated musical constitution. To the latter we look for efforts to foster art—not merely by performing works that draw the largest crowds, but by introducing novelties and giving the greatest possible variety and scope to their selections. In the individual undertaking started by Herr Richter, no such responsibility is actually incurred. An outcome of the Wagner Festival that was held at the Albert Hall some years ago, the Richter Concerts were virtually founded to satisfy a newly-awakened and growing taste for music of a special class. From the outset they appealed, to a great extent, to a certain clique, and although that clique has since largely increased in proportion there can be no question that it is still restricted to a particular section of music-lovers. Into the question of fashion it is not worth while to enter. Whether the cravings of these *dilettanti* will prove evanescent and satiable, or whether they will continue to long for Wagner and desire Beethoven for an indefinite period, time must prove; but meanwhile it is evident that the stream of demand flows on within the course it first laid out for itself, and it is not for Herr Richter to divert this, unless he desires to run the risk of cutting himself off from the source—an exceedingly profitable one. It is all very well to grumble at the Viennese conductor, as many have done, because the programmes of his three autumnal concerts did not contain a single new work—for it is impossible to reckon as such the Hungarian Rhapsody (No. 4) of Liszt that every pianist knows backwards. Concerts with an orchestra of over a hundred players, are expensive to give, and, unless artistic success is to mean commercial failure—which, alas! it often does—the *entrepreneur* is bound to consider in the first place what is most likely to please his subscribers. Now, as a matter of fact, a brief series of performances in October and November ought hardly to be judged in the same light as the longer one given during the regular season. But the charge already described being preferred against Herr Richter in connection with his extra enterprise, it may be as well to state that the subscription for these three same concerts was the largest there has yet been either in summer or autumn, while the average attendance likewise exceeded all previous records. A better defence could not be put forward; it is simply unanswerable. With regard to the rendering of the various works, it is unnecessary to go over old ground by enumerating every familiar item, and describing in detail the manner of its interpretation. Two features were more conspicuous than ever—the brevity of each concert and the extensive place assigned to the compositions of Wagner, who contributed the entire first part of the opening scheme and nearly all that of the second. Excerpts from "Der Ring des Nibelungen," the preludes in "Die Meistersinger," the "Tristan" introduction and closing scene, and the "Tannhäuser" overture constituted the selection, which at the final concert included vocal pieces, with Mr. Edward Lloyd and Mr. Frederic King for their exponents. The choice of symphonies represented a wider contrast, albeit their performance did not enable Herr Richter to earn more enthusiastic plaudits than the interpretation of his favourite master. Schubert's colossal Symphony in C (henceforward, according to Sir George Grove, to be known as "No. 10") was played with an energy and spirit at once magnificent and irresistible. The third and latest symphony of Brahms—the one in F introduced by Herr Richter last May—was again wonderfully given, while Beethoven's "Choral" formed a triumphant *finale* to the ultimate concert, the vocal portions being unusually well rendered. Enough, therefore, that the famous orchestra suffered no loss of *prestige*, and that the visit of its gifted conductor afforded a delightful opportunity, whereof abundant advantage was taken. Next year Herr Richter comes somewhat earlier than usual. His season commences on April 20, and ends on June 15.

A FAMILY in Camlachie has fourteen cats and wants more. It is supposed they are trying to get up a Wagner festival.

The Endowment of Music.

MR. EDMUND GURNEY writes as follows on the question of the Endowment of Music:—
In an account of "Half an Hour in the College of Music," Sir George Grove is made to say, "How can we be called a musical nation when we spend millions a year to hear German or Italian music played and sung by German and Italian musicians; and when, if one is asked, 'Who is your best English pianoforte player?' there is literally no answer to make? This is shameful, and must be put right." And to help to put it right he wants an additional £100,000. He ought to have it. But the sum—as I cannot help remembering—is the very one that I named in your columns some months ago as the practical measure of a scheme which, from the "national" point of view, has an incalculably higher claim. The question whether a nation is musical—I suggested—must be decided, not by the birthplace of the persons whom it pays for its music, but by the quantity and quality of the musical nutriment that it can itself enjoy and assimilate. Judged by this test, the musicalness of our nation is an ocean that will never be fathomed. If this is a rash assertion, it is at any rate one in which I find myself supported by everyone who has ventured beyond the shallows of "society," and taken the trouble to throw out the plumb-line. But the truth will be recognised, not by galvanizing more superfine musicians into existence, but by getting for the superfine music that already exists some sort of popular hearing—by doing, in fact, for this art, at much less cost and for a much wider effect, what we do as a matter of course for other arts at the National Gallery and British Museum. I mean no disrespect to those innermost shrines of musical life, "with their soft pile carpets," where the Rubinstains and Sarasates of the rising generation sit battling with arpeggios and double shakes; indirectly they may help to quicken and multiply the far more important centres—the domestic shrines, scattered all over the land, where Beethoven and his brethren are worshipped as familiar presences. But meanwhile we wait in vain for the sort of musical centre which should be the most important of all to a people whose masses can at present find change and recreation only in the public-house, and lack all means and all aptitude for performance—namely, places where thousands of them may listen daily to good music, either for nothing or for a merely nominal fee. "But even for that," it will be said, "the performers must be well-trained if the music is to be adequately rendered." Of course they must; but for the purpose which I proposed, the present supply of well-trained performers is enough—at any rate enough to begin with.

I wanted the start made by the establishment of a large and efficient band at the East-end of London. For this, all that is wanted is money; the great composers will do the rest; they are great, just because they can do the rest, and the rest, I make bold to say, means nothing less than one of the greatest social reforms of the generation. Does not such a result suggest a larger evolution of happiness, and a greater development of natural musical life, than even Sir G. Grove's "fifty more open scholarships"? I do not think that he himself would deny it; for he is far enough from the Pharisaism which would make music an esoteric cult, and which we have lately seen reach the pitch of identifying a "national art" with occasional picked performances to the passionate pilgrims of Bayreuth. An epicure's feast may be "an entirely holy thing" in its way; so may a school of gymnasts; but a nation does not get its food from the one or its strength from the other. As little will it be made musical by the fact that connoisseurs can have their finest taste for executive perfection gratified, or that a free course of training is offered to promising voices and lissom fingers. A great melody is worth a thousand prima donnas; and the permanent means of getting great melodies into the air of a modern city, at an annual cost far less than a single prima donna's income, is an aim beside which any multiplication of individual proficiency looks insignificant. Not that I would for a moment represent the two aims as antagonistic. For his own sake, and for that of his cause, the gifted and enthusiastic Director of the College of Music deserves all he can obtain; and so far as his pupils become nuclei for the popular spread of their art—for example, in the way of

organizing amateur orchestras and singing classes throughout the country—they will do very much to justify the name of "national" for their place of education.

But that remark about the "best pianoforte player" chilled the heart with a vision of superlative soloists, and practice made perfect with a view to expensive display. And under the influence of that chill I cannot but contrast the two schemes—the one whose basis is the knowledge that we are a musical nation, and that the only thing needed to prove it beyond cavil is to let us hear music; and the other, whose basis is the assumption that we are not a musical nation, but that we shall become one on the day that the fingers of some born Englishman shall perform more marvellous feats of execution or expression than those of his foreign rivals. But I know that I talk to the winds; it is so much more convenient to acquiesce in assumptions than to face the responsibilities of knowledge. The golden bridge between our joyless population and the new world where most of them would be instantly at home will not be supplied in our day. Double shakes will continue to be applauded; gin will continue to be drunk; and, fortunately, those for whom I plead will know nothing of what they miss. Sir G. Grove can afford to treat my complaint with indulgence, for he will get his £100,000, and I shall never get mine.

An Operatic Experiment.

ON the 4th of November Mr. Samuel Hayes opened Her Majesty's Theatre for a four weeks' season of Italian Opera at popular prices—a season which was to prove that the masterpieces of the Italian school are still dearer to the hearts of English opera-lovers than the modern music-dramas that have, according to Mr. Hayes, pushed them for a time into the background. Exactly a week after the inauguration of this precious enterprise, Her Majesty's was closed again, ostensibly because several of the artistes were taken ill with bad colds—as a matter of fact, because the public refused to come forward and endorse Mr. Hayes's views by paying to hear mediocre performances of operas of which they are sick and tired. It is hardly worth while to criticise the representation of the two or three operas that were mounted in course of this brief season—the shortest, we suppose, on record at a large metropolitan theatre. Rossini's "Barbiere di Siviglia" did duty on the first and second nights. The Rosina was a Madame Laura Ségur, alias Mlle. Zagury, otherwise known as Miss Laura Harris,—an artist whose stage career has extended at least over a quarter of a century. Her voice, once a mezzo-soprano, has been elevated into the soprano register, and what there is left of it is used with skill and discretion. Decidedly Madame Ségur's Rosina was not attractive. Another veteran was the Figaro, Signor Padilla, a true artist still, although his fine baritone has seen its best days. At any rate, he was competent, which is more than can be said of the Almaviva, Signor Frapollini, who had not the slightest notion how to sing Rossinian music, or to act either. The Don Bartolo of Signor Zoboli, and the Basilio of Signor Castelmery were two more well-crusted impersonations. In fact, the whole performance, with its moderate band and chorus and worn-out stage accessories, recalled the worst instead of the best traditions of Italian Opera. Little wonder that the scanty audience of the first night was followed up by one still smaller on the second, when "Il Barbiere" was repeated. The third representation, which did not come to an issue without severe managerial struggles, was marked by a slight improvement, alike in artistic and financial respects. "Don Giovanni" was the opera, and the cast could boast a good Zerlina in Miss Rose Hersee, an efficient Elvira in Madame Sanderini, a respectable Don in Signor Padilla, and a capital Leporello in Signor Castelmery; while Mr. Betjemann, who conducted, contrived to get better results than before from his orchestra. At this point the outlook was a little brighter, but then came an empty house for "Il Trovatore," and a repetition of this hackneyed opera on the following night instead of "Don Giovanni." The motive and the attempt were praiseworthy, but failure under such conditions was inevitable. Well may we paraphrase the poet and say:

The man who'd prove Italian Opera pays
Should study first the life of Samuel Hayes.

Monday & Saturday Popular Concerts.

NO startling novelties have been given of late at the Monday and Saturday Popular Concerts. In one respect the want of novelty is their strength. Mr. Chappell is too wise to make changes in the personnel of his stringed quartet when he is so splendidly served, as at present, by Mme. Norman-Neruda, and MM. Ries, Piatti, Strauss, or Hollander; and even at the pianoforte, where changes are more frequent, the coveted honour of playing at these concerts is never bestowed save on those who have already made their mark elsewhere. The excitement of a *début* is therefore seldom offered, but, on the other hand, a finished artistic rendering of the works announced may always be looked for. The first concert, on October 27th, included Beethoven's E flat quartet, sometimes called the "Harp-quartet" on account of the *pianissimo* episode in the allegro movement—assuredly one of the most beautiful and "Beethovenish" of the great composer's creations. Mme. Norman-Neruda played a rather dry violin sonata by Tartini, best known by his "Devil's Trill" sonata; and Herr Barth, one of the professors at the Berlin Conservatoire, gave a correct, if not very brilliant, rendering of Schumann's "Etudes Symphoniques." The piano was, unfortunately, not in tune, and the curious spectacle was offered of the tuning process being gone through during the interval. Mlle. Barbi replaced Mr. Edward Lloyd, who was unable to be present owing to a cold, and pleased greatly by her sympathetic rendering of songs by Buononcini and Schubert. Of the succeeding concerts it is sufficient to say that Mlle. Kleeberg and Miss Agnes Zimmermann have taken the pianoforte in turn with Herr Barth, and that, beside the usual selection of quintets, quartets, and trios by Mozart, Beethoven, Spohr, and Mendelssohn, one trio by Mozart, that in B flat No. 5, was produced for the first time at these concerts on the 17th. It is a lovely inspiration, and was perfectly played by Miss Agnes Zimmermann, Mmt. Norman-Neruda, and Signor Piatti. At the last-named concert the duet singing of Miss Louise Phillips and Mme. Fassett was especially delightful. Their selection of "Morgenroth," a very graceful duet by Tschaiikowsky, and of three charming songs by Schumann, could not have been improved upon.

Herr Peiniger's Recitals.

ASERIES of three recitals of violin and violin and pianoforte music have been recently given at Steinway Hall, by Herr Peiniger, professor of the violin at Harrow School. On each of these occasions he has been assisted by a well-known lady pianist, and the performances have proved so thoroughly to the liking of numerous audiences, that we are prepared to see them repeated at an early date. At the first recital, on Wednesday afternoon, October 22, Herr Peiniger was aided by Mme. Haas, and with her played a sonata by Beethoven (C minor, Op. 30, No. 2), Schubert's Duet in A major, Op. 162, and Hungarian Dances by Brahms and Joachim. His solos included Corelli's Sonata in D Major, and Bach's Prelude and Fugue in G minor. At the second concert, November 5, the pianist was Miss Agnes Zimmermann, the concerted pieces comprising sonatas by Beethoven in G major, Op. 30, and Brahms, in the same key, Op. 78. In his choice as a solo of Bach's Chaconne in D minor, the recital-giver challenged comparison with the greatest virtuosi; not least of all, Herr Joachim, who makes this most difficult composition a *cheval de bataille*. Nevertheless, Herr Peiniger got more than creditably through his self-imposed ordeal. He is a clever, though not a brilliant executant, and has a remarkably neat, sure style; his double-stopping is admirable, and his intonation almost always faultless. These are excellent qualities, and abundantly justify Herr Peiniger in aiming for a moment beyond the comparatively obscure fame of Harrow. The third recital, at which Mme. Frickenhaus assisted, too place too late in the month for present notice.

Opit-Crat.

— There is some danger that the *prime donne* of the world will before long be compelled to enter into competition with a number of pigmy rivals, introduced into the musical world by an enterprising Italian, who has succeeded in training a large number of parrots as opera-singers. These gay singers have lately made their *début* at Lima, Peru, the programme being a fragment from the well-known opera of *Norma*, with solos, chorus, and the accompaniment of a harmonium. The success is said to have been complete up to the cavatina, "Chaste Goddess," at which the hilarity of the public became so boisterous that the performers lost all self-control and shriekingly left the stage, not to appear again that day.

— Miss Florence St. John, weary of charming human beings, has turned her attention to the gentle cobra with killing effect. Miss St. John, to put it in another way, plays the part of a snake-charmer in the *Grand Mogul*, at the Comedy. The cobras are fine well-developed specimens, whose elegant movements were not at first very much fancied by the *prima donna*, but now she ties them in knots round her neck, and lets them kiss her without so much as a shudder. The cobras are, in fact, highly popular in the theatre, and rehearse with the other performers in a most satisfactory manner. Nothing pays town like realism nowadays. The scene should draw the

— An old instrument has recently been discovered and purchased by Messrs. Pohlmann and Son, the pianoforte-makers, of London and Halifax. It is said to be the oldest pianoforte in England, and was made by Johannes Pohlmann in 1768, showing conclusively that Johannes Pohlmann was the first maker of pianofortes in this country. This curious old instrument was formerly in the possession of the Duke of Buckingham and Chandos, and it was sold among the furniture about the year 1840, at Michendon House, Southgate, to a gentleman by whose family the piano has been used until quite recently. This little square piano has five octaves (except one note), and three levers in place of pedals, one as a forte stop for the treble, the second for the bass, and the third to give the *piano* effect, similar in principle to the celeste or harp pedal now in use for upright pianofortes. Messrs. Pohlmann and Son possess two other specimens of their ancestor's manufactory, one dated London, 1769 (recently purchased in Dundee), and one dated 1773, mentioned in "Thalberg's Remarks on the Pianoforte" as being the one on which Gluck composed his "Armide" and other works. With reference to this Mr. Arthur Jubb, of Batley, writes:—"I notice a paragraph stating that Messrs. Pohlmann, of London and Halifax, have just purchased the oldest pianoforte in England. This is not correct, as I have one in my possession 100 years older than theirs, made by Johannes Bolton, London, and dated 1667. It was once in the possession of the Savile family, of Howley Hall."

— M. Gounod's "Mors et Vita," the chief novelty at the Birmingham Festival, is now entirely complete, and is in the hands of the engravers. The oratorio is in a prologue and three parts, and the dangerous experiment is to be tried of performing the work in Latin. The first part of the oratorio is a complete "Requiem Mass" according to the Roman Catholic office for the dead. The second part of the oratorio is devoted to the "Last Judgment." M. Gounod has wisely recognised the difficulty of depicting the resurrection of the dead by the aid of voices, and the first three movements, descriptive severally of "The Sleep of the Dead," "The Trumpets of the Last Judgment," and "The Awakening of the Dead," are orchestral. M. Gounod will come to England for final rehearsals and the two public performances at Birmingham.

— The female part of the audience at the German theatre at Prague was the other day greatly scandalised by a ukase issued by the manager of the theatre ordering all ladies to doff their headgear during the performance. A good many of the ladies present refused to submit to the plea that their coiffure was not "salon-mässig." The manager, delighted to find no other objection to his demand, made solely in order to banish the high hats and bonnets which obstructed the view of half the audience, gladly accepted the excuse for that performance only, on condition that the ladies would in future appear bareheaded. His delight, however, was considerably modified when on the next night the ladies,

who must have had a full share of the perversity of their sex, appeared, one and all, with a luxurious growth of hair towering higher than the discarded hats. That theatre manager is now in despair. Not even he dare dream of abolishing false hair. So that altogether it may be said that the ladies scored.

— Mrs. Dutton Cook, widow of the late novelist and critic, has been appointed professor of the pianoforte at the Guildhall School of Music.

— During a ten minutes' interval in the course of the concert held on the 11th inst. in the Music Hall, Edinburgh, Mr. Sims Reeves went to the back entrance which leads into the hall from Rose-street, and was enjoying a quiet smoke and chat with some other gentlemen. Just at the moment it chanced that "Blind Davie" and a brother in misfortune, both of whom are well known from their daily perambulating Edinburgh streets, arm-in-arm, singing ditties, came along the pavement. "Davie," the leader of the two, knowing exactly where he was, asked, in a tone that would have satisfied Tennyson as expressive of "honest doubt," "Has Sims turned up to-night?" The singer, noticing that the interrogator was blind, at once replied in a disguised tone, "Oh, yes, he's turned up." "An hoo's he daeing?" next interrogated Davie. "Oh! tolerably," was the laughing reply. "Ah," said the questioner, regretfully, moving away with his companion, "aw wad like tae hear him." A bystander explained that the two were Edinburgh worthies. "Bring them back," said the great singer, and in a trice the blind men, who had moved off about twenty yards meanwhile, were brought. "Come with me, my lads, and I'll find a seat for you," said Mr. Reeves, and to the astonishment of "Davie" and his companion, in a few seconds they found themselves in a side seat well to the front of the hall, where they listened apparently with huge satisfaction to the rest of the concert.

— Mr. Henry Hayward, of Wolverhampton, an eminent violinist, died on the 12th inst. The deceased was a native of Broseley, in Shropshire. He played his first solo in public when only five years of age. His only tutor was Signor Spagnoletti. On several occasions he played by special command of Royalty at Windsor Castle, and when quite a young man surprised London audiences by his brilliant performances. For nearly half a century he played at the principal musical festivals in the kingdom, and appeared on the orchestra with the leading instrumentalists and vocalists of the last thirty years. He was prominently identified with the success of the Newcastle Festival. He was seventy years of age.

— A remarkable man died on the Queen's estate of Balmoral, on the 13th inst., at the age of ninety years. His name was William Blair, and he was well known in the North of Scotland as the Queen's fiddler. At many a festive gathering within the Royal domain William has discoursed stirring music on his fiddle, and many times members of the Royal Family have tripped it to the strains. A quarter of a century ago Blair travelled through Scotland with Julien's band, and his playing excited much admiration.

— Mr. Gladstone's Latin version of the hymn, "Rock of Ages," has been set to music by Dr. Bridges, organist of Westminster Abbey, and it has been decided by the orchestral committee of the Birmingham Musical Festival to include the work in the Friday morning performance at the next festival.

— A very interesting service took place on Sunday at Stepney Church, especially intended for the drum-and-fife bands of East London, of which there were more than 500 members in uniform present. The space reserved for the general public was crowded to excess. The prayers were read by the Rev. A. Osborne Jay, the lessons by the rector of Stepney, and a sermon was preached by the Bishop of Bedford. During the singing of the last hymn, the assembled organisations left the church, and proceeded up Stepney-green to Mile-End Waste, where a vast concourse of people gathered, and all the instrumentalists combined in playing "Onward, Christian soldiers."

— A performance of Mr. Robert Browning's hitherto unacted drama, "In a Balcony," was given by the Browning Society at Princes' Hall, Piccadilly, on the evening of the 28th ult. Miss Alma Murray appeared as Constance, Mr. P. Beck as Norbert, and a non-professional artist as the Queen.

— On Friday afternoon, November 14th, in the Manchester Town-hall, the Rev. Sir F. A. Gore Ouseley, professor of music at the University of Oxford, presented the certificates awarded at the examinations of the Society of Professional Musicians recently held in the

district. The Mayor of Manchester, Mr. Alderman Harwood, presided, and he was supported by a large number of the professional musicians of the counties of Lancashire and Yorkshire. Prior to Sir Frederic's address a concert took place, and subsequently Mr. J. Dawber, Mus. Bac., explained the objects of the society, which he said were to combine for the purposes of protection and the advancement of their art and professional musicians of the country. Sir Frederic delivered his address, glancing at the state of English music in the past, and drawing hopeful conclusions as to the future. The certificates were then distributed.

— The Bishop of Manchester, preaching at St. Margaret's Church, Prestwich, on the 9th Nov., on the occasion of the opening of a new organ, said, with regard to musical services in places of worship, he could appreciate the music which he sometimes heard in Westminster Abbey, because it was appropriate to the place; but speaking generally, an anthem was not necessary, and it was not desirable to encourage too much anthem singing in their churches. He quite approved of the chanting of the Psalms, but as he went about the country he found obtaining the most different styles, and he thought there was a need of greater simplicity. It was important, too, that the articulation should be clear, and sometimes he found the organ roaring in such a way as to make it quite impossible to know what the words were, whilst in the "Te Deum," when set to a musical service, if his thoughts should happen to stray for a moment, he found it utterly impossible to recover the place so as to once more join with the choir.

— A final meeting of the stewards of the Festival of the Three Choirs was held at Worcester on Saturday, October 31 — the Dean of Worcester (Lord Alwyne Compton) in the chair — when the financial accounts of the festival were passed, and proved the most satisfactory ever recorded. The collection for the Clergy Widow and Orphan Charity amounted to a total of £1,112 which was ordered to be divided equally between the three dioceses of Worcester, Hereford, and Gloucester. The financial accounts of receipts and payments on account of the festival showed a total expenditure of £4,465, and of receipts of £4,904, leaving a surplus of £439, which was placed at the disposal of the standing committee. The attendance reached a total of 13,612, being 450 in excess of the last festival. The next festival will be held at Hereford.

— A concert in aid of the sufferers by the cholera in Italy was given at the residence of the Chevalier Zuccani, 14, Endsleigh-gardens, on Friday, November 7, in which a large number of distinguished artists took part.

— Mr. Carl Armbruster, the well-known musical director at the Court Theatre, has just translated from the German August Lesimpe's "Personal Recollections of Richard Wagner," a small brochure full of most interesting anecdotes of the great composer.

— Mr. Carl Armbruster, assisted by Mr. Walter Bache, Mr. Herbert Thorndike, and the band of the Court Theatre, gave the 104th musical evening at the German Athenæum on November 8. Schubert's *Grand Fantasia*, played by Messrs. Armbruster and Bache; Schubert's "Otter," by Messrs. Krause, Novak Wirth, Welling, Platt, Egerton, Wotton, and Wendland; Beethoven's Duet for clarinet and bassoon, Messrs. Egerton and Wotton; the Spanish dances of Moszkowski, scored for a small band, by Mr. Armbruster; and some songs by Mr. Thorndike, all given in an artistic style, formed a musical treat for the members of the club as novel as it was acceptable.

— An amateur performance in aid of the poor of Westminster took place at 24, Belgrave-square (by permission of the Marchioness of Downshire) on the evenings of Friday and Saturday, the 21st and 22nd ult. The comedietta of "Yellow Roses," by Sir Charles L. Young, and a comic operetta in one act, composed by Lady Arthur Hill, and entitled "The Lost Husband," were performed. Lady Monckton, Sir Charles L. Young, Mrs. Godfrey Pearse, Mr. Cotsford Dick, and Mr. Colnaghi appeared in the two pieces.

— On Thursday evening, Nov. 20th, Barnett's "Ancient Mariner" and a miscellaneous selection was given in the large hall, Burton-on-Trent, by the members of St. Paul's Institute Choral Society. The soloists were Miss Marie Gane (of Bristol), Miss Mary Tunnicliffe (of London), Mr. A. Castings, and Mr. R. Andrews (Hereford Cathedral); leader of the orchestra Mr. F. Ward (Birmingham); organist, Mr. George A. Barnes; hon. conductor, Mr. Arthur B. Plant, Mus. B., Oxon, F.C.O.

Foreign Jottings.

— Ludwig von Brenner, who has until lately conducted the Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra, has just been elected conductor of the Berlin Symphonie-Capelle. Both positions are much sought after by musicians.

— It is a fact that has not escaped notice that Von Bülow's visit to Bayreuth this year was the first he had ever made for the purpose of attending Wagner performances. He heard but one "Parsifal" performance.

— Eugene d'Albert, the great pianist, is engaged to a charming young lady of Berlin. Her name is Mlle. Louisa Salinger, and she is a popular actress.

— The well-known violoncellist, Adolphe Fischer, of Paris, has been appointed Officer of the Académie de France.

— Rubinstein will not visit America during the coming year. Offers have, however, been made him for the winter of 1885-6, his acceptance of which is as yet undecided. He will conduct the first St. Petersburg Symphony Concert this winter, and the two next ones will be under the direction of Hans von Bülow.

— Ober-Capellmeister William Taubert, at Berlin, celebrated, on the 19th ult., the fiftieth anniversary of his first appearance as conductor of the Royal opera in that city. The Emperor and Empress sent Herr Taubert a valuable vase, in addition to telegraphic congratulations.

— The death of M. Waldeufel, the composer, at Strasburg, at the age of eighty-three, is announced. He was best known as a waltz composer and as the director of the orchestra at Court balls. His son, M. Emile Waldeufel, who is also a well-known composer, survives him; his other son, Léon, having recently died.

— The sweet-voiced tenor, Anatasi, is at present residing in Milan. He will be remembered by old opera-goers of New York, when he sang at the Academy in "Ballo" and "Traviata" with Orlandina, Noel-Guidi, Boschetti, &c. He married the famous soprano, Fozzoni. His voice is as sweet, silvery, and beautiful as ever.

— Offenbach was asked by the manager of the Variétés to name the artists he wished to take the leading parts in his "Grand Duchesse de Gérolstein" (1867). The maestro sent him his idea of the cast the next day, as follows: Fritz, Mario; General Boun, Belval; Baron Puck, Faure; Prince Paul, Fraschini; Baron Grog, Zucchini; Wanda, Alboni; The Duchess, Adelina Patti; Director, Berlioz.

— M. Talazac has, it is stated, signed an engagement with Colonel Mapleson for a series of representations in London.

— Miss Mary Anderson will reappear in New York October 12, 1885, and in Boston on the 23rd of the following November. Her repertoire will be "Romeo and Juliet," "Pygmalion and Galatea," "Comedy and Tragedy," and "Ingomar," and there is a chance that "Cymbeline" will be added.

— Miss Ida Marshall, a native of Boston, and a pupil of Lamperti, is attracting much attention in Dresden. Her admirers state that she bids fair to become a second Sembrich.

— Miss Minnie Palmer will return to England in May.

— Senor Sarasate, father of the eminent violin virtuoso, and retired musical director of Spanish military bands, died a short time since at Pampelona, aged sixty-five.

— Johann Strauss has nearly completed his new opera, "Der Zigeunerbaron," which will be produced at the end of next month at the An der Wien Theatre, Vienna.

— Santiago Leon is the possessor of a baritone voice which has aroused the enthusiasm of critics and entrepreneurs. He was until recently pursuing his avocation as a stable boy in Madrid.

— Louis Lacombe, a distinguished pianist and composer, died suddenly the other day at St. Vaast la Hougue. A pupil of Liszt, he was a severe artist, with a remarkable execution, but failed to attain that popularity to which his talents entitled him.

— Lamartine's pretty and touching poem, "Jocelyn," is the foundation of the new lyric drama upon which Gounod is at present closely engaged.

— Little Mlle. Ugalde seems to inherit much of her

mother's talent. She is quite the rage in Paris, and is called "La Divette." Mme. Ugalde was one of the greatest artistes the century has produced. She had the real *feu sacré*, especially in Massé's "Galathée." She was also a composer, and her little opera, "Une Halte au Moulin" (Bouffes, 1866), contains charming melodies.

— It has frequently been a matter of speculation among musicians whether Verdi has any unpublished operas in his portfolio. He has finished an "Othello," but since "Aida" (1871) no new work of his has appeared except the "Manzoni Mass" (1874). He, however, since 1870, has remodelled two operas, "Don Carlos" given in 1867 at the Grand Opera House, Paris, and "Simon Boccanegra," one of his earlier operas. At one time it was said that he intended composing a "King Lear."

— Bitter, the Secretary of Finances of the Prussian Cabinet, has followed up the excellent work he published some time ago on J. S. Bach by one entitled "Die Reform der Oper durch Gluck und Richard Wagner's Kunstwerk der Zukunft" (The Reform of Opera through Gluck and Richard Wagner's Art-Works of the Future).

— Hans Richter has been reappointed conductor of the Imperial Opera and Philharmonic Society, Vienna.

— Anton Rubinstein is now engaged on a "Fantaisie Heroique" for orchestra, which will probably be produced during the present season.

— Mr. Franz Rummel, the pianist, is about to start on a lengthened European concert tour.

— Herr von Bülow has been appointed director of the Conservatoire at Frankfurt.

— Mr. J. Brotherhood, a civil engineer of Stratford, Ont., Canada, is about to introduce the "Technicon," an appliance calculated to educate the muscles of the hand and fingers. It is constructed on sound scientific principles, and has already arrested the attention of Von Bülow and several leading specialists.

— M. Massenet has just completed the score of "Apollon aux Muses," the libretto of which is by Paul Collin. It will be first produced in London.

— Mme. Trebelli will return to America in April, for the purpose of fulfilling the engagements made by her manager, Major Pond, for a spring tour. She will sing several times in Canada, where she is extremely popular.

— Camille Saint Saëns may possibly visit the United States during the season of 1885-6.

— Gustav Reichardt, one of the most popular song writers of Germany, has died in his 87th year. It is said that so marked were his rapid success and merit in his musical studies; that Zelter, Mendelssohn's master, and head of the Berlin Academy of Music, pointed to him as one of his own most distinguished successors, a prophecy which events justified.

— Mme. Frezolini, the great singer, many years forgotten, died on the 6th of November, in the apartments she had long occupied with her husband, Dr. Vigouroux, in the Place St. George, Paris. She was born at Viterbo in 1820. She was *prima donna* at the Queen's Theatre in the Haymarket in 1842. After a brilliant career in London and Italy, she came out in Verdi's operas in Paris in 1853, and for four years held the first place. Then her voice left her, and she has ever since led an unobtrusive private life.

— The receipts on one night in Montreal when Mr. Irving and the Lyceum company played there were £700. It is stated that Mr. Irving means to take his company to San Francisco, without, however, extending the time of his absence from London.

The death is announced of Mr. William Shepherdson, aged sixty-seven, at Great Driffield, his native town. The deceased was well-known in Yorkshire and the Midlands as an able and impartial musical critic. In 1867 he began the *Yorkshire Orchestra*, a weekly journal, which he edited during the year or two it had existence. The publication had the result of bringing to the front one or two of the best writers on musical subjects of the present day. After the death of his own paper he undertook the leaders of the *Musical Standard*, and was on the staff of that periodical for some years. Mr. Shepherdson was the author of several works on the organ, and his fare was a familiar one at important musical gatherings, the last he attended being the Leeds Festival, at which the first symptoms of the malady which ultimately proved fatal were manifested.

M. Vaucorbeil.

THE death of M. Auguste Emmanuel Vaucorbeil, the director of the Théâtre National de l'Opéra, Paris, is a loss to the musical world generally, as well as to the establishment over which he so ably presided. His various compositions are, for the most part, highly meritorious productions, and his conspicuous talents won for him the respect and admiration of the most eminent members of the profession.

M. Vaucorbeil was born at Rouen in 1821, and was the son of a well-known comedian, M. Ferville—*nom de sa profession*—who retired from the Gymnase in 1863, and died in the following year. At an early age he resolved to pursue a musical career, and entered the Conservatoire, where he enjoyed the advantage of Cherubini's teaching, and after a time attained the distinction of assistant-professor. His aspirations, however, rose higher, and after a short time he resigned his post, with the intention of devoting himself exclusively to composition. Working with great assiduity, he published a collection of melodies, among which may be mentioned "Le Géant," a piece displaying more than ordinary ability, and also produced several symphonies. In April 1863, his first work of importance, "La Bataille d'Amour," brought his name more prominently forward, and this comic opera, in three acts, of which MM. Victor Sardou and Karl Daclin were the librettists, enjoyed a large share of popularity, being played at the Opéra Comique for a considerable period. He afterwards presented an important lyrical scene, "La Mort de Diane," which was interpreted by Mlle. Krauss at the Conservatoire in 1870, and was deemed worthy of a place in the repertoire of the Société des Concerts.

In 1872 his long and meritorious labours were recognised by his appointment as the Government commissary of the subsidised theatres, and six years later he was raised to the position of Inspector-General of the Fine Arts.

In May, 1879, M. Vaucorbeil received the appointment as Director of the Opéra, for a period of seven years, from the hands of one of his warmest and most attached friends, M. Jules Ferry—he having been early in his career the musical instructor of Mme. Jules Ferry. M. Vaucorbeil amply displayed his administrative abilities, the reorganisation of the orchestra and the choirs being the object of his first solicitude. During the few years he has held the office of Director he has successfully presented many important works to the *habitués* of the opera, and among them may be mentioned Gounod's "Polyeucte" and "Sapho," Verdi's "Aida," and Françoise di Rimini, by Ambroise Thomas. The other works produced under his régime were "Le Comte Ory," "Le Tribut de Zamora," and "Henry VIII," by M. Saint-Saëns, each of the operas being presented to the public in the most careful and praiseworthy manner. The ballets of "La Korrigane" (by M. Widor), "La Farandole" (by M. Théodore Dubois), and "Namouna" (by M. Lalo), will long be remembered for their splendour and excellence. At the time of his death a new opera, "Tabarin," by MM. Paul Ferrier and Pessard, and the ballet, "Les Deux Pigeons," by André Messager, were actively preparing for representation, both of which engrossed a large amount of his time and attention.

It is also worthy of mention, as a proof of the high esteem in which M. Vaucorbeil was held, that he was elected on several occasions President of the Society of Composers of Music, and had also been decorated with the rosette of the Legion of Honour.

The funeral services in memory of M. Vaucorbeil were of a very imposing description. All the leading musical and theatrical artists were present, and a large number of the Ministers of public departments attended as the representative of the Government. The musical service was grand in the extreme, and was listened to with rapt attention. In the cemetery of Montmartre, where the mortal remains of M. Vaucorbeil were laid to rest, MM. Gounod, Kaempfen, Regnier, Joncières, and Guy de Charnacé delivered short but eloquent orations in honour of their late confrère.

FLIRTS are like fiddles—no good without the beau.


"SHALL I sing 'Far Away'?" she asked, as her fingers sought the keys. "Yes, I think you had better," he replied, "unless you want the neighbours to make a complaint." He doesn't visit there now.

"Music Mad."

BY LESLIE KEITH.

AUTHOR OF "SURRENDER," "ALANNAH'S LADY," &c.

"I do but sing because I must,
And pipe but as the linnets sing."

 WILIGHT in the grey North, and standing out from the shadows that gathered thick about a room sombre even in sunlight, a little girl drawing music out of an old spinet. The fading light lurked lingeringly in the folds of her white cotton dress; all that there was of life, of cheer, of hopefulness, of youth, gathered itself about the corner where she stood, half kneeling with one knee on the faded stool, her head thrown back, her fingers busy. That, at east, was how it seemed to Roger May as he noiselessly opened the door, drawn as if under a spell by the shrill, half-discordant, and yet tuneful notes that had floated across the rambling old house, and stolen ghost-like into the commonplace cheer of his private sitting-room. Roger May was not an imaginative man, nor was he more than any other Englishman given to a nice analysis of his feelings; yet this room, haunted by the spirits of dead and gone melodies, this room where his grandmother and her mother before her kept time to their emotions on these yellowing keys, over which Kitty's fingers now hovered, made him feel strangely old. Perhaps it was only that Kitty was so young, and that he could not step back to reach her any more than she could climb up to him.

She was a little creature with a small, sharp face, in which at first you noticed nothing but the eyes—blazing fires that shone the more because of the pale olive of her cheeks, and that told you instinctively that she was English in nothing, unless it might be in her name—the little name her sober-elderly cousin Roger had from the first given to the baby Caterina, his dead cousin's only child.

"Listen," she said, knowing that he stood near her, and yet not deigning to turn or look at him, used, doubtless, to his presence; "tell me what this is."

She played a melancholy minor air, that floated wailfully into the room and lost itself among the shadows like a sorrow that shuns the light. She touched the keys, half-defiantly, as one who owns but scanty knowledge, and is yet impelled by some inner power to work its will.

Roger listened a little hopelessly. He knew one bird's note from another, though the whole choir made song together in his woods and hedgerows, but Kitty's music spoke to him in an unknown tongue. She laughed half-mockingly as if she expected his silence.

"You don't know," she said, "you never know unless it is put into jingling rhyme—into nouns, verbs, and adjectives. You are deaf, you are deaf. Oh, you stupid old Roger! It has no language for you."

She dropped her hands abruptly from the keys, and lifting up her voice poured out the melody she had awakened in the old piano. And what a voice it was! It filled the room with a great wave of sad, sweet sound, that seemed to reach out to an infinite distance, as if it carried its sorrowful burden into the coming time. The singer's eyes shone. Her nervous hands were clasped tight, the one within the other, as if she restrained her thin, eager little body from flying away on the wings of her music. She was lost to him and to everybody.

Roger drew back a little within the shadows. He knew the air now that she had stripped it of the fantastic setting she had given it on the spinet: he had heard it often and often in the bare, austere church across the valley, sung by old cracked voices with many a quaver and trill,

which he had accepted quite naturally as good and fitting because so familiar.

He had never heard it sung as it was sung now, and yet he was sensible only of a dull bewilderment and pain. Kitty's singing seemed to spirit her far away from him to some unassailable distance. He lacked the key to its meaning. He was deaf, as she had said, and when she spoke he could not understand. She stopped as abruptly as she had begun.

"That's how you confess your sins in your church," she said. "Oh, they must be very big sins, you make them so ugly. I heard you in the churchyard. I slipped out when grandmamma and grandpapa were sleeping, and I sat on a stone that covered dead people. I heard you; you are all dead like the people in the graves." She pointed a mischievous finger at him. "Oh, you stupid Roger! why were you ever without a voice? Now listen to this." She twisted herself round on the big stool and touched a note or two lightly; then her clear, fresh voice rose in the soprano solo from the "Messiah," "Come unto Him." When she sang a new soul seemed to enter into her; she was no longer the little impish, mocking Caterina; she was an angel from heaven, imploring, beseeching, entreating, with a pathos that touched Roger May as an immense, inexplicable pain.

"Come, Kitty," he said, almost sternly, arresting her fingers with his big hand laid on them, "it is time to go home. Your grandmother will be anxious."

"Yes, it is time to hem the new dusters and to listen to grandpapa snoring, and to play at cribbage when he wakes," she said, scornfully; but she rose quite meekly, and took his arm confidently. He led her out of the dark room and across other panelled chambers and passages, and so out into the fading spring night. As he crossed the park with Kitty, still good and gentle, hanging on his arm, his odd feeling of depression left him. Always a rather silent man, he was cheerful after a sober fashion; the influence of the familiar world—his own world—soothed him unconsciously. He was taking little Kitty home to her safe nest—his singing-bird, whom no wider world should ever tempt if he could help it, and all that was right and good and as it should be.

He left her under the shadow of the dull old house that held itself first aloof from his own borders. She lifted her face quite naturally for his good-night kiss, and Roger gave it as a careful elder brother might. Was she not so very young? He lingered till the door was opened and the darkness had swallowed up her light little figure, and then he sauntered home, with a mind at peace from its vague mistrust, and at leisure for the whispered babblings and confidences of the night, the gentle wind in the trees, the note of a late watcher among the birds, the fragrance of the earth mellowed by the spring sunlight; to all these he was quietly responsive; only to Kitty's music was he dead and dumb.

He had paused before his house, and was standing in the half idle abstraction of his thoughts, looking up at the twisted chimneys still darkly visible against the faded glow of the west, when of a sudden a slim white figure darted out of the shrubbery that crept round the house, and flew towards him with outstretched hands and streaming hair. Roger put out an arm and arrested Kitty's rushing steps. He held her firmly, for she was panting, and her eyes blazed with a dangerous fire. She struggled to speak, and he could feel the throbbing and pulsing of her heart as he held her close.

"Hush! my little Kitty; hush!" he said, soothingly; but she burst out between her heaving sobs, "Grandmamma was angry; she says I am not to come any more. She says music is wicked. It is she who is wicked and cruel. I hate her! I hate her!" She stamped her foot on the gravel,

"Not to play any more, or to sing! I shall die, Roger!" she cried, imploringly. "You are kind and good, let me go; they will kill me here. Let me go out into the world where there is music, or I will drown myself in the pond, and it will be you who have murdered me!"

It was only the raving of a foolish, wayward, passionate child, with a southern vehemence of nature that would not be curbed; but her tears fell like lead on Roger's heart. He soothed her as he might have soothed a spoiled baby, with promises and bribes, and by-and-by she let him take her home again. But this time he took his depression back with him as a guest to haunt his fireside. Her passionate cry, "Let me go into the world where there is music, or I shall die," echoed itself in his brain. Already his little singing-bird had found the cage too narrow!

A week later Roger May came out of the old house across the Park alone. He had left Kitty playing in his mother's little panelled room on the old spinet that had made so much melody in its day, and had even yet some responsive sweetness under her touch, but he did not go to her immediately. Since he hushed her burst of childish passion he had travelled a long way, and for every mile over the flying railroad it seemed to him he had paid a heavy toll in the relinquishment of some cherished desire or purpose. He smiled drearily to himself at the thought that it was he who had now turned pleader, and who had, even at this hour, been wrestling with the old people to let Kitty go out into the world where there was music. The old man, not understanding much, cared less. The child broke in on his torpid, sluggish ways disturbingly; perhaps it relieved him to think that she should be gone. But the grandmother was made of sterner stuff. She refused harshly; she almost hinted that the suggestion was impious.

"My son's life was wrecked by his marriage with a popish, foreign singing woman," she said, "and I will keep the child from pollution while I can."

She called it a madness in the blood, and spoke as one who resigns himself sternly to an infirmity sent from heaven, to be endured since it was sent, but to be crushed and stamped out if that might yet be possible. Roger thought of the lady he had seen in London; she, too, had spoken of this music thirst as a madness, "A divine madness," she had said, as if she gloried in it.

Roger pleaded long, and yet it was not by any argument that he won. We have all our Achilles' heel, and this stern old woman, too, had one unarmoured spot. When he hinted at his wish to defray the costs of his little cousin's new venture, he saw that he should prevail. Yet, while she yielded, she thrust her responsibilities on him as if she would crush him under them.

"The sin be upon your head," she seemed to say, as if the pain of giving little Kitty pleasure were not enough for his portion. He sat for a long time under one of his own spreading trees, not hearing the babble of the spring now, but thinking of many things.

He found Kitty silent, too. Her hands rested idle on the yellow keys, as if their music were no longer sufficing. Her dark eyes shone with a yearning look, and he knew that she had awakened on that night before his journey to a world whose limits pressed her cruelly. Perhaps this knowledge should have made his message to her more easy, but it did not. His voice was grave and a little sad.

"Kitty," he said, laying his hand on her shoulder kindly, "the door is open. You can go out into the world of music and song whenever you will."

She looked up at him at first with absent eyes, not understanding; but as he explained to her in his grave, almost old-fashioned way, he saw the light wake, leap up and blaze in them.

She had not a single hesitation or reluctance. She seemed to plunge at once into the future as if she had had no life at all in the past. By-and-by she remembered to thank him; she sought the hand that lay on her shoulder; she kissed it in her impulsive gratitude, and a tear, which she laughed away, fell on it.

That was his payment; he had opened the door for his singing-bird to fly away, and she paid him with a tear and a smile.

Roger took her to London and left her with the lady who was to be her guide into the new world. Kitty was to have masters and teachers, was to satisfy her soul's thirst with all that London could give her; surely, after the abstinence of her village life, this abundance would suffice! It must suffice. Roger, out of an unspoken dread, drew a strict limit in his own mind, a line that was not to be passed. Was he not, after all, only exchanging the old cage for a larger one? The lady who had seen much blossom that never matured into fruit, smiled a little indulgently at eager, dark-eyed Kitty, whose glances strayed thirstily to the grand piano set in the middle of the room. She spoke warningly of the hard, unceasing toil through which alone perfection is to be won; but she smiled no more when she had signed to Kitty to run through the scale, and tested her with this note and that. She was even a little sharp with the child, Roger thought, as he noticed the sensitive trembling of Kitty's lips, but she knew that she had found a treasure worthy of the severest criticism.

That night—Roger's only one in London—she took him and Kitty to a concert in the Albert Hall. It was one of those popular mixtures that do not give pure pleasure to the true artist, but it was chosen partly in condescension to Roger's limited capacity, partly as a harmless sop to hungry little Caterina. As they entered the great arena, and saw that sea of faces turned intently towards one common point, Roger's heart again sank within him. Far beneath them at the organ sat a man—a mere speck in that vast distance—his hands hardly visible as he touched the keys. He played a sprightly Turkish air—a strain that spoke of battle, and a soldier's joy in its anticipation; it was the music of the camp-fires before blood has been spilled or defeat made possible, and it took the vast audience by its gay audacity. Roger's heart beat dully to the thunder of the people's applause, his hands lay silent in his lap; he struggled, groping wistfully as a blind man who hears of fair sunsets or dawns, and knows that it is darkest night with him; the spell that bewitched little Kitty had no power over him. He did not trust himself to look at her for a long time, though he almost felt the wild pulsing of her heart in its joyful assent. When at last he turned he saw the happy tears running unrestrained over her cheeks. Strange weird power of sound! It was only a ballad, framed with its pathetic refrain to catch the ear of the multitude, sung tunelessly by a well-tutored voice—a song, a sound—and yet it woke Kitty's tears.

Roger paused to say good-bye when they had got outside, and the great surging crowd was melting away. As he put Kitty in the carriage where her new friend already sat, she leaned out to him. There was a fire in her dark eyes that had dried their tears.

"Some day I shall sing to these people," she whispered, passionately. "I shall sing better than that woman. She made me cry, but it is they who will cry one day when I sing to them."

Roger released her hand and fell back a step.

"Good-bye, my little Kitty," he said, with gravest kindness.

As he went on his way quickly, he seemed to hear her voice calling gaily, "Come back soon; come and see my triumph!" But he knew that

he should not come back soon. His good-bye was indeed "God bless you;" but it was farewell too.

When two friends part we talk of it as a double sorrow, but it is the one who remains behind to the unchanged ways who alone tastes of the bitterness. Roger May was a man of large and varied interests, and he had a healthy love of life and of the duties it claimed from him; but he missed his little Kitty as she assuredly never missed him. His first act on getting home to his own house, was to lock the old spinet; he did it deliberately, as if the deed were charged with a certain finality, and he dropped the key into the waters of the quarry pond—those treacherous, sullen depths into whose embrace little Kitty had threatened to throw herself. No lady of the manor should ever make music in the panelled room again.

At first letters, impassioned bursts of fervent delight that contrasted with the childish carelessness of the writing, came often. Kitty was busy, very busy, and life was glorious. Sometimes (and he could see her pouting lips as he read) she would tell of an exacting master's rebuke; oftener with simple vanity she recorded her own praises. She was happy, and he tried to satisfy himself, knowing that. In time the letters grew more rare. Perhaps the stringencies of her hard training left her little liberty; nine hours of daily practice do not permit much margin for friendship, and the old life seemed to have slipped away, merged in the new. Her grandfather died, and her grandmother sternly refused to hear tidings of the wayward prodigal. It seemed to give this harsh old woman a grim religious consolation to be unrelenting.

Roger alone was left to be faithful. He grew graver, greyer, as the years went by. Sometimes he looked into the dark music-room, as if Kitty's ghost might hover there; but she was making music somewhere else. His singing-bird had long ago made melody for other people. Even to the remote, unmusical North rumour had vaguely floated of a wonderful new star in the kingdom of song, of a voice that was one day to enrapture the world, and Roger never now opened a newspaper without a sense of possible pain folded within its printed leaves lurking there for him.

Once with a half humorous sense of shame he stole up to the gallery of the village church and furtively touched the organ keys; but the notes gave back only a harsh discord, as if they refused to reveal their soul's secret to an unbeliever and an alien. He tried no more, and he seemed to live only to wait for tidings. He heard of Kitty here and there, studying in Paris, in Vienna, in Rome. She had taken her mother's name: she was Caterina Mancini now. In all these years he had never allowed himself to see her again—his little Kitty who was no more, not even the old name of her left. One day, an autumn day, he had a foreign letter in the careless, hurried writing so long unseen. She seemed to have been too triumphantly eager to write well. She was a great singer at last. She was to appear in "La Traviata," and was to sing to her own Italians. Would he not come to Turin to see her make her debut—his little Kitty of long ago? In the letter was a folded bank bill in repayment of all he had spent on her since the day he gave her her freedom. It came warm with her impulsive gratitude, but he let it fall as if it stung him. His little Kitty was indeed dead; and this strange, great lady, Caterina Mancini—what was she to him? So he told himself all night long, but in the morning he found that he had miscalculated his strength. He went half aimlessly across the park to the dull house which the young girl had once brightened with her fresh vitality. He found the old woman, who had nearly done with life, sitting alone.

"I am going to see Kitty," he said. "Our little Kitty has become great and famous."

She turned two dull, stony eyes upon him. "I know nothing of her," she said. She folded one stiff hand over the other, and the little action expressed to him even more vividly than her words her repudiation of the child. So Roger told himself that he alone was left to be faithful, and before the sun had set he was flying south, hurried on by a fevered impulse that he refused to examine or explain. The November night had closed in when he reached Turin, but from the uncurtained windows of his hotel he could see dark figures hurrying in one direction.

"Where are they going?" he asked of the waiter who served him; but he felt that he knew the answer before it came. The man looked at him with half disdainful wonder. To hear the new star—the great singer. Could it be possible the signor had not heard of her fame? Had not all Turin gone wild about her these last weeks? The signor might possibly hear her this very night if he made haste. To be sure, seats were not to be had for a king's ransom; still, there was a bare chance.

The signor did not tell him that his place was already secured. He was among the last to enter the Teatro Carignano, already full to overflowing. Turin had, indeed, gone mad over its new darling—its beloved singer. Roger drew back dizzily from the blaze of light, the shouts of welcome, the flowers that were showered in greeting. For a long time he could not trust himself to look. Was this the voice that had mocked and bewildered him in the little panelled room at home—this burst of bewitching song that filled the house and held the audience spell-bound and breathless as if the singer and her listeners had but one soul between them? The music did not touch him now any more than it did long ago. It fell cold on his heart; it was still a pain to him—an unexplained mystery—a babble that rendered no meaning to his brain; but when he took courage to open his eyes a sudden electric shock thrilled through him. The girl's living presence spoke to him as her music never could. Was there a heart in all that vast assembly that throbbed like his with an exquisite pleasure that was half pain? It was his little Kitty whom he saw—his singing-bird grown older, somewhat more self-reliant, more beautiful, yet still his pouting, dark-eyed, smiling Kitty, not the distant Lady Caterina he had come to find. The joy was so great that it was, as has been said, more than half pain. He could hardly bear it, and he slipped out long before the performance was over; he was stunned, overwhelmed, assailed by old memories, torn with new hopes and fears. For the first time he truly read his heart's old, old secret.

It belonged, perhaps, to his nature to awaken to a sorrowful reaction of doubt and darkness. Turin was chattering in all its caffès over the night's success and reading its darling's praises in the vile prints of its little news-sheets, but Roger May had never felt himself so old, so grave, so grey, as when he presented himself next afternoon at the singer's hotel. Two coroneted carriages stood at the door, and a footman in blazing livery was handing in a bouquet of costly flowers; all that seemed to belong to the Signora Caterina and not to English Kitty. An old Italian woman, who was doubtless an easy duenna, took his card. Through the half-open door he saw two young gallants lounging at their ease, while the voice that had spoken to him so often in dreams made gay discourse for their pleasure. Laughter and lovers and flowers! His heart grew stern—it was the Lady Caterina after all! Ah, no, it was his little Kitty, his singing-bird, who flew to him, who clung to him, who hid her face on his breast, who cried to him in the old imperious, loving child voice—

"I thought you would never come." Roger,

Cousin Roger, were you so little proud of me that you did not care? Was all the world to praise me and not you?"

"I came whenever I knew, Kitty," he said, gently, and he no longer felt himself so old.

From that hour he seemed to himself to change and grow different. He wondered sometimes, half pathetically, what his acres at home would say of him could they be endowed with speech.

He, the grave squire, the contented inheritor of so many traditions, to fling all his duties and responsibilities to the wind that he might follow—what?—a will o' the wisp; a wandering star; a hope that should never have fulfilment. Where Kitty went he went now, for her fame had spread, and she was free to choose her audience where she would. She still clung to Italy, the sunny land of her adoption; in Florence, in Naples, in Venice, in Rome, the same ovations awaited her. Her progress was like the triumph of a young queen; she was the people's idol; she had but to lift her voice to sway them as she would to tears or frantic joy.

Sometimes Roger May told himself bitterly that he was sacrificing his manhood to a dream, and wasting the life that he justly prized. He despised himself, yet still he followed her, a grey shadow in her bright, glittering wake. She had many lovers, and she treated them all alike with a wanton caprice that sometimes maddened, sometimes bewitched, and yet always more and more enchained them. Perhaps her great power over the unknown multitudes made her tyrannical to the few who came within the inner circle of her life. To Roger alone she seemed to mete out a careless kindness that was more than half indifference, crueler to the faithful heart of the man than her coldness would have been. She had no soul except in her music, no room for feeling outside of it, and yet it was a siren's singing that lured men only to destruction. Was his love to make a fatal tragedy of the life that was given for nobler ends?

For a long time he could not tell, and he was swayed this way and that in the agony of his doubt, but at last one blessed night his madness left him. It was in Rome, which had taken the young *prima donna* to its proud old heart, and had made her its own. Roger had been present at her benefit, and had witnessed for the last time the wild enthusiasm her presence excited. It was her greatest triumph of all, and he sat cold and unmoved except when he looked at her, and then—ah, then he remembered it was the last time. She was going to London soon, bribed by lavish promises to sing to the cold English people, but there or elsewhere he knew that he had lost her.

He had rooms in the same hotel, where he kept guard over her at a distance. The people in their mad delight and devotion had unharnessed the horses from her carriage and drawn her home; in the silence of his chamber he had heard their shouting die slowly, slowly away. They seemed to him in his bitterness to be triumphing over his defeat. Defeat, was it, or truest victory? While he combatted the old question over again, he saw from his window Caterina wrapped in her white cloak walking in the garden below. It was very late and the air was chill with the delays of unborn spring, but a moon silvered the path on which Caterina walked with one of her many lovers. The young man leaned towards her and seemed to murmur impassioned, earnest words. Roger had of late thought him the most favoured of those at her feet, and he strove to be glad; perhaps with the incoming of love a new soul might be born in his little Kitty, and the siren heart die out of her. All at once he came to a resolve to say good-bye to her now, and without waiting for his purpose to waver or grow cold he hastened to meet her.

"I have come to say good-bye, Caterina," he

said, facing her there in the damp, heavily perfumed garden. She looked up for a moment startled, and surely there was a softer light in her dark eyes; but she only said, half mockingly:

"Going back to the old acres, Roger? You prefer your respectable dulness to our frivolity. Well, good-bye; a happy journey to you."

She passed on, and he could hear her light laugh as she turned with her companion into a sideward path.

He was making his last preparations next afternoon, and the face he bent over his task was very stern, when suddenly the duenna, whom he had thought so careless a guardian, stood before him. She was wildly troubled and dismayed, and she cried out to him incoherently that the signora was ill, very ill, and for the love of Heaven would he come to her. Roger's heart stopped beating.

"Woman!" he cried, harshly, "do you seek to deceive me?" But he knew too well that she spoke truth, and hers was an appeal he had no power to resist.

Often and often afterwards, when he sat outside Caterina's door, dumbly sharing the watch of the silent nun within, his heart smote him that he had ever thought of leaving her. In her fevered wanderings her thoughts went back to the old days, the innocent young days, and her babble of them affected him keenly. She had not forgotten, as in his anger he had supposed; she had remembered all the time. In those days all Rome came on foot and in chariots to seek tidings of its sweet singer, but there was only one who kept unceasing watch outside her door night and day as if to withhold death from entering there. And by-and-by, when Kitty came back from the borderland where she had hovered so long, it was a familiar face that welcomed her, so that the old, childish days seemed truly to have returned. It was another Kitty who came back with the young rushing year; a Kitty in whom a human soul had indeed been born, a little Kitty who was gentle and good, and no longer wayward and capricious. She never tried to sing now; she sat often at the open window looking out upon the sweetness of the spring's perfection with eyes that were full of abstraction. Roger would lay down the book out of which he read to her, and wonder with a dull ache at his heart if she missed the lover with whom she had strayed between the bare vine garlands. Or was it that she longed as she had once thirsted before for the world where there was music? Strange, inconsistent heart of man! His little singing-bird without a song seemed to him of a sudden incomplete as matter without spirit—as a world without sunshine. If he could but hear her sing once more he felt that he could leave her. With love and music she would need him no more.

Once in the trouble and doubt of his heart he wandered into the ripe garden, and there, as on that night long ago, he came of a sudden face to face with Kitty's lover. Roger would have passed him coldly, but there was a something in the young man's dejection that stilled his jealous pangs, and made him say with grave courtesy—

"She is better, much better; soon she will be well enough to welcome her old friends once more."

He meant it in all fairness and generosity, but he was startled by the look of sudden hatred that leapt into the other's eyes.

"Would you mock me?" he cried, "or do you prize her devotion so lightly? Fool! fool! it was you she loved all the time!"

Roger stood as one who hears strange words in a dream. His heart beat quick with a thousand surging hopes and doubts that anguished him. Was it true, or was it only the mocking imagination of a jealous brain? Had he been indeed blind all this time? When he went upstairs again Caterina sat where he had left her by the open window, into which the spices from the garden wandered. The dark eyes she turned towards him were full of tears—tears of a new joy.

"I can sing again," she said. "Oh, Roger, be glad with me. Just now when you were gone something told me that I should be very happy, and I tried—"

"Kitty, my little Kitty," he said, "was it love, do you think?"

The hand he held fluttered for a moment, and then lay close in his clasp; the dark eyes were hidden on his breast; his singing-bird was born anew to love and song.

"You shall sing a music soul into me, Kitty?" he whispered; and already it was as if he dimly understood, for his deep content made a new melody in his heart; and he felt as if he were answering to a great chorus that made the whole world glad.

KAULBACH is a small German town, which, like many others in Germany, possesses a musical society. This society is composed only of connoisseurs. A young musician, passing through the town on his travels, was much honoured by an introduction one evening to this celebrated society. He played on the pianoforte several pieces of his own composition, which had been received with great applause by the musical world of a large metropolis. But in the town of Kaulbach he found sterner judges of his art than he was led to expect. Both his composition and performance were openly censured; it was thought that he was too much inclined to follow the modern style; the old classical masters were recommended to his study, and the most important musical questions so minutely discussed, that the musician clearly perceived that he had here to deal with none but great critics. He listened therefore modestly, and promised to follow the excellent rules given him. After this there followed some part-songs, sung by the choir, and a quartett was performed by some of the members. The young musician now found, to his great astonishment, that not only the majority of the singers possessed very ordinary and uncultivated voices, but that many of the "connoisseurs" sang false notes, the supposed director being apparently unaware of the fact, and that the performers of the quartett were but indifferent amateurs. During the performance he wisely remained silent, and shortly afterwards took his leave of the society with every expression of friendship. Some months after his travels again led him to visit the same town. He did not, of course, fail to pay his respects to the musical society. "Gentlemen," said he, addressing the members, "I will take the liberty of playing you one of my newest compositions, and shall beg you to give me your free opinion upon it. Perhaps you will find that I have profited by the excellent rules you were kind enough to give me." His request was graciously acceded to. At the close of the performance, the following comments were made:—"Well, really, this is far from bad; but the composition is not yet perfect, though it infinitely surpasses that which you played us on your last visit here." "You see, young man," took up another, "that you have but to follow the good advice given you by connoisseurs in the art, and progress will of necessity follow." "Really, without flattery," cried a third, "the composition is not so bad—that is, for a beginner." The young musician bowed low, thanked the members for the kindly indulgence shown him, and in order to prove his gratitude, begged permission to play them a lately-discovered and as yet unpublished piece of Beethoven's. "An unknown work of Beethoven's, of the greatest master that ever lived! One of his own! Oh! play it by all means!" was the unanimous cry. The musician drew a manuscript from his pocket, and played it through. It was listened to with reverent attention, and an expression of sublime rapture displayed itself upon the ingenuous countenances of the critics. The young man had scarcely finished before loud bravos resounded on all sides. The applause was quite overwhelming. "What delicious harmony!" "What exquisite music," burst from all sides. "In every note one recognises the great master. Nevertheless," cried one of the gentlemen, "some faults in the performance offended my ears." "True," said another, "you have yet to be initiated into the spirit of Beethoven's music." "I reckoned on your indulgence," returned the musician, smiling, "and find I am not deceived. I beg you to understand, gentlemen, that the first piece, which you thought not so bad for a beginner, was the work of Beethoven; and that the second, which charmed you so much, was my own composition."—Translated from the German.

Music in Song.

THERE is sweet music here that softer falls
Than petals from blown roses on the grass,
Or night-dews on still waters between walls;
Music that gentler on the spirit lies,
Than tird eyelids upon tird eyes;
Music that brings sweet sleep down from the blissful
skies. "The Lotos Eaters."—TENNYSON.

WHERE are the songs of spring? Ay, where are they?
Think not of them; thou hast thy music too,
White clouds barred bloom the soft dying day,
And touched the stubble-plains with rosy hue;
Then in a wailful choir the small gnats mourn
Among the river swallows, borne aloft,
"The Autumn."—KEATS.

OH, lull me, lull me, charming air,
My senses rock with wonder sweet:
Like snow on wool thy fallings are;
Soft like the spirits are thy feet.
Grief who need fear that hath an ear?
Down let him lie and slumbering die.
"Ode."—DRYDEN.

YES; music is the memory of the heart,
And memory is the melody of love;
How many dear affections round us start,
How many social pleasures do we prove,
When music, like a spirit from above,
Hallows the hour, until it seems divine!
"Music."—CHARLES SWAIN.

'Twas done; and straight with sudden swell and fall
Sweet music breathed her soul away, and sigh'd
A lullaby to silence.
"Endymion."—JOHN KEATS.

WHERE should this music be? i' the air, or the earth?
It sounds no more; and sure it waits upon
Some god of the island. Sitting on a bank,
Weeping again the king my father's wreck,
This music crept by me upon the waters;
Allaying both their fury and my passion.
"The Tempest."—SHAKESPEARE.

AGAIN the harmony comes o'er the vale;
And through the trees I view th' embattled tow'r
Whence all the music. I again perceive
The soothing influence of the wafted strains,
And settle in soft musings, as I tread the walk.
Book vi.—"Bells at a Distance."
WILLIAM COWPER.

OH, give me music—for my soul doth faint;
I'm sick of noise and care, and now mine ear
Longs for some air of peace, some dying plaint,
That may the spirit from its cell unsphere.
From "Fragments."—HENRY KIRKE WHITE.

DISPROPORTIONED sin jarred against Nature's chime
and with hard din
Broke the fair music that all creatures made. . . .
Oh! may we soon again renew that song,
And keep in tune with Heaven, till God ere long
To His celestial consort us unite,
To live with Him, and sing in endless morn of light.
"Lycidas."—MILTON.

HE smote—and clinging to the serious chords
With godlike ravishment, drew forth a breath,
So deep, so strong, so fervid, thick with love,
Blissful, yet laden as with twenty prayers,
That Juno yearned with no diviner soul
To the first burthen of the lips of Jove.
From "Paganini."—LEIGH HUNT.

HARK! how the minstrels' gin to shrill aloud
Their merry music, that resounds from far;
The pipe, the tabor, and the trembling crowd,
That will agree withouten breach or jar.
"Epithalamion."—EDMUND SPENSER.

HARK the dominant's persistence, till it must be answered
to!
So an octave struck the answer: Oh, they praised you, I
daresay!
"Brave Galuppi, that was music, good alike at grave and
gay!
I can always leave off talking when I hear a master
play."
"A Toccata of Galuppi's."—ROBERT BROWNING.

"Yuletide."

A PROVERBIAL ACROSTIC, MUSICALLY REN-
DERED FOR JUVENILE PARTIES.

Words and Music by GEORGE LOMAS, Mus. Bac., Oxon,
Author of "Christmas Festivity: a Musical
Acrostic, &c., &c."

PREFATORY NOTICE.

This entertainment was written for, and performed by,
two girls and three boys, whose ages varied from seven
to seventeen. The characters are distinguished by the
numbers 1, 3, and 5 for the boys, and 2 and 4 for the
girls. Essential properties and dresses are described at
the head of each scene.

SCENES.

1. "Y—ou may go further and fare worse."
2. "U—se not to-day what to-morrow may want."
3. "L—ove me, love my dog."
4. "E—arly to bed and early to rise, is the way to be
healthy, wealthy, and wise."
5. "T—wo heads are better than one."
6. "I—t is never too late to mend."
7. "D—o as you would be done by."
8. "E—ast or West, home is best."

Final Tableau, representing "Yuletide" customs, &c.

PROLOGUE.

Dear friends, a hearty welcome, one and all;
We thank you for responding to our call.
Now shall our youthful actors do their best
To fill a merry hour with song and jest.
Yours be the task, by exercise of wit,
To trace our scenes and tableaux bit by bit,
Until the secret meaning stands confessed.
That's your department; leave to us the rest!
"PROVERBIAL ACROSTIC." we shall style
The scenes prepared to puzzle and beguile;
Their number, eight in all. Frankness is best,
So mark and learn and inwardly digest!
In each a homely proverb's represented,
Not such as Solomon the King invented,
But proverbs which run glib from every lip,
Like that old friend beginning "Many a slip,"
"In absence of the cat, the mice will play,"
Or, "When the sun shines, always make your hay."
Not these, of course, but of a similar race,
Each has proverbial age on its proverbial face;
Yet to your hands we offer one more clue—
Grasp it, you'll soon the riddle answer true.
To every scene a song has been attached—
A sort of cackle o'er the egg just hatched.
So is the proverb buried in the song.
The chick within the egg his stall is waiting long,
You'll understand me when I tell you it is
Just like the children's game of "Buried Cities."
But when the proverb's found your work's not over;
The hay's not made, you cannot rest in clover.
Take of each proverb the initial letter,
Let them united be for worse or better,
You'll find a good old-fashioned word, which comes
With love and peace to all our English homes.
But let me pause, or else the word will start
To all your lips before we've played our part.
A truce to explanations! Our promise we redeem;
Uplift the curtain, and proclaim the swelling theme.

SCENE I.

PROVERB.—"You may go further and fare worse."

CHARACTERS.

3. Dick Leslie, a settler in Canada.
 2. Bessie Leslie, his sister.
 4. Jane, their maid-servant.
 5. Stanley, a neighbouring settler.
 1. The Marquis of Manymeadows, his friend and guest.
- PROPERTIES.—A lady's work-table and sewing mate-
rials. Tray, with small tea service.
- COSTUMES.—4, in waitress's attire; the rest according to
taste.

SCENE.—Sitting-room in Colonial dwelling. 2 and 4
discovered.

2. You must lay the table for four people this evening,
Jane, for Mr. Stanley is coming, and bringing with him
an English nobleman, the Marquis of Manymeadows,
who is travelling in America to enlarge his mind.
4. Yes, Miss Leslie, I'll lay a plate and knife for the
nobleman.

Enter 3.

2. Well, Dick, this is quite like old times, having the
prospect of congenial society again. I am so glad, for
your sake, dear, for you have not been your old self
since these losses at home; and especially since coming
over here.

3. Ah! well, that is true; but you, too, have pined a
little.

2. Perhaps; but I am less concerned for myself than
for you. See, here come our guests.

Enter 1 and 5.

3. Good evening, Stanley! Good evening, marquis!
Allow me to introduce my sister Bessie; Bessie—the
Marquis of Manymeadows.

2. Good evening, marquis; so kind of you to look us
up in our exile. (Aside) What a handsome man!

1. Not at all. Kind of you to ask me. (Aside)
What a splendid girl!

2. How long is it since you left England, marquis?

1. About two months.

2. And when do you return?

1. Oh, that's quite uncertain; having come so far, I
mean to see all that's worth seeing in this adopted
country of yours, and I am in no hurry, for I find either
old friends or new ones wherever I go.

Enter 4.

4. The dinner is served, ma'am. (1 offers his arm to 2,
3 and 5 follow). [Exit 1]
(An interval to allow time for dinner is supposed to elapse.)

Re-enter 4 (puts the room to rights, dusts the chairs,
attends to fire, &c.).

4. Well, that's the first time I ever saw a marquis. To
think I've waited on a marquis! Yet he's not half so
good-looking as Sam, our shepherd, and he seemed quite
as hungry. [Exit 4.]

Enter 2.

2. Now that the gentlemen have gone for a walk
round the place, I shall have a nice quiet half-hour to
myself before coffee. That marquis is nice; I do like him.

Enter 1.

2 (continues). Oh, marquis, how you startled me! I
thought you had gone with Mr. Stanley and Dick.

1. No, I am tired, and prefer a chat with you—if you
will allow me (sits).

2. Oh, certainly, I shall be only too pleased.

1. How do you like this life, Miss Leslie?

2. Oh, pretty well; but I can see Dick does not.

1. And you would prefer the old country?

2. Ah, yes; there's no place like home!

1. Miss Leslie, I want you to help me to find some-
thing (moves towards her).

2. What have you lost, marquis?

1. Nothing; I have never found it yet.

2. What is it, then, marquis?

1. A marchioness.

2. A marchioness! They don't grow in these parts.

1. No; but I could make one, if I could only find the
right material, and that I thought you'd help me to.

2. I, marquis! How could I help you?

1. I thought perhaps you'd be the material.

2. Oh, marquis, I'm very immaterial.

1. Not to me, Miss Leslie.

2. Well, very raw material, at any rate.

1. You must allow me to be the judge of that. I said
to myself when I first saw you to-day, I may go all
through the United States, and not find anyone so suited
to my united state as the girl I now see before me. Say
you'll consent.

2. Consent to what, marquis?

1. To let me make you a marchioness.

2. It's rather dreadful, isn't it?

1. What?

2. To be a marchioness.

1. I don't know, I'm sure, I never tried; but I'll take
care you don't find it so. Do say yes, Bessie. I may
say Bessie?

2. Well, I'll try, but what about Dick?

1. Oh, Dick must give up this place to Stanley; he
wants it very badly, and will pay him well for it; and
Dick shall go home with us, and I'll find him plenty to
do in looking after my rents and lands at Manymeadows.

2. Well, I am glad about Dick, at any rate.

1. And what about yourself and me?

2. Oh, I'll tell you all about that by-and-by, when I've
had time to get used to the idea, but (rising) here they
come from the farm; let us meet them and (with
hesitation)—talk about the weather.

Enter 3 and 5. 1 and 2 advance to meet them, a rom-
ancing song.

VOICE. *Allegretto. (♩. = 96.)*

VER. 1—Sung by (2). Now, bro - ther mine, come here, come here, I want to tell you
 VER. 2—Sung by (1). Les - lie, your sis - ter's bless'd my life; Ere MAY is out she'll

ACCOMP.

some - thing, dear! I've got some news you'll nev - er guess— I'm going to be a Mar - chio - ness!
 be my wife; (B) My feel - ings sure I can't ex - press A - bout my pret - ty Mar - chio - ness!

CHORUS—Sung by all Five Voices. *Repeat for verses 2, 3, 4, & 5.*

(2.) Mar - chio - ness, Mar - chio - ness, I'm going to be a Mar - chio - ness!
 (1, 3, 4, 5.) Mar - chio - ness, Mar - chio - ness, She's going to be a Mar - chio - ness!

SYMPH. (Before verse 6 only.)
 (Accomp. alone.)

(A) Use rest, and lower notes in 3rd verse only. (B) In 2nd verse, music pauses here to allow (2) to interrupt—"I never said anything of the sort."

VERSE 3—Sung by (3).
 Now Many Meadows, you go 'way,
 You can't cheat me like that to-day;
 You'd get into a precious mess
 With Bessie for your Marchioness.
 Chorus—Marchioness, &c.

VERSE 4—Sung by (5).
 He means it, Dick, 'twixt you and me;
 FURTHER his wishes, and you'll see
 The thing will be a grand success—
 She'll make a splendid Marchioness.
 Chorus—Marchioness, &c.
 During this verse (4) enters bringing in "kettle-drum"
 tea-service, and then sings next verse.

VERSE 5—Sung by (4).
 AND, so she's going to be his wife,
 And bid FAREWELL to settler's life;
 I hope I'll see her wedding dress
 When she is made a Marchioness.
 Chorus—Marchioness, &c.

VERSE 6—Sung by all Five Voices.

(1, 2.) In bet - ter and for WORSE—what bliss! We've seal'd a com - pact with a kiss. With three times three for ev - er bless The
 (3, 4, 5.) In bet - ter and for WORSE she's is; They've seal'd the com - pact with a kiss. With three times three I'm sure you'll bless The

Mar - quis and the Mar - chio - ness! Mar - chio - ness, Mar - chio - ness. The Mar - quis and the Mar - chio - ness! SYMPH.
 Mar - quis and the Mar - chio - ness! Mar - chio - ness, Mar - chio - ness, The Mar - quis and the Mar - chio - ness! (After last verse only.)

SCENE II.

Proverb—"Use not to-day what to-morrow may want."

CHARACTERS.

2. The Fairy.
3. A "Brownie," acting as porter to the Fairy Palace.
3. Polly, a little girl seeking fairy help.
4. A Fairy in attendance on the Queen.

Any number of attendant fairies may be added at pleasure.

PROPERTIES.—The representation of a withered

trunk of a tree, painted on calico, into which an aperture has been cut, leaving the piece attached at the upper end. An inscription (see below) must be painted on the tree. Small bell, with cord just below the inscription. Throne for Fairy Queen, wands, tapers, lanterns, &c. Evergreen-bush, thickly covered with paper flowers. Curtain to conceal fairy palace.

COSTUMES.—2. Royal robe of tarlatan, bespangled with silver paper stars, silver crown, and wand tipped with silver star. 3. White flannel suit, dotted over with brown paper spots, red cap with white tassel. 5. Red flannel suit with white spots, white cap with red tassel. 4. Little girl's ordinary out-door dress. Attendant fairies, if any, according to taste.

SCENE.—Curtain rises, discovering 4 walking about in front of second curtain, upon which is pinned the representation of the withered tree described above.

4. I think this must be the place. Nurse always said the fairy palace was close to the old tree, near the fairy ring. I passed the ring just now, and so this must be the tree—Ha! what is that written up there? (Reads.)

"Whoever pulls this little bell
 Shall see the place where fairies dwell."

This is the place then. I wonder whether I dare ring it Yes—no—yes—I will; they won't harm a little girl like me. (Rings bell. 3 suddenly puts his head through the aperture in tree.)

3. Who art thou, thou tiny mortal,
 Thus approaching fairy portal?

3 (aside). Four cabs and the porter's truck! Monstrous! Unreasonable! Disgusting! (paces about impatiently).

2. Well, anyhow, I must feed and look after these before the rest come (seizes china saucers, &c.). Clara, dear, will you kindly get some milk for these little pets, and then they can rest nicely on these cushions (renewed dismay).

Enter 5 from school.

5. Hallo, here's a lark! whosever are all these? (begins teasing animals).

2. Now look you here, young sir, if you and I are to be friends, you must befriend my animals—I won't have them teased by anybody. Go and fetch some milk and biscuits, and I'll show you how to treat them.

(5 Fetches milk and biscuits. Animals are fed.)

4. Now, aunt, if you are quite ready I'll show you your room.

2. Yes, I'm ready now, but I can't leave Plumpy and Sweetlips; they must come too.

(Exit 2 and 4 with dog and cat.)

3. Well, of all the old—I wonder what will be the end of it? Clara'll never stand it, and the whole posse of servants will be off in no time.

(5 discovers book while stroking animals.)

5. Why, here's my last prize made a table of for this saucer. She's got a cool cheek.

3. Yes, and your mother's last bit of fancy work used as a coverlet, and this Indian saucer, and that Dresden cup. (Rings bell violently.)

Enter 1.

3. Here, Roberts, clear away all this mess. I cannot put up with this sort of thing.

(Exit 1 with milk; 3 and 5 continue restoring room to order. Crash of crockery heard, followed by shrieks.)

3. What on earth's up now?

Enter 1.

1. Oh—if you please, sir.

3. Well, I don't please then.

1. I know you won't be pleased, sir, for that beast of a dog, sir, he's been and smashed all the pots full of hyacinths in the conservatory which the mistress was a saving of for Master Eustace's birthday party.

5. Smashed all my hyacinths! Won't I lick that dog? (More shrieks and scuffling heard outside.)

3. What next I wonder? [Exeunt 1 and 5.]

Enter 4.

4. Arthur, my dear, what is the meaning of all these rows?

3. Oh, these animals of course; dog smashed all Eustace's flower pots and—what now, Roberts?

Enter 1.

1. It's that wretched cat, sir—I'll wring its neck before it's an hour older—have run off with the fish for dinner, and have also got hold of the partridges, and Cook says they'll not be fit to send in, so there's only the saddle o' mutton to serve for dinner.

4. Goodness, whatever shall we do?

Enter 2 and 5.

2. This is an unfortunate chapter of accidents which Eustace has been telling me of, Arthur, but if you don't mind dining off mutton I am sure I don't, and the poor cat will so enjoy the fish and game that I am quite glad she should have it. It's of no use fretting about it anyhow. (Looks out of window.) I wonder how long the cabs and the truck will be; I shan't be happy till the darlings are all here. However, while we are waiting for them, I'll give you a list of them; you must get to know them and be fond of them, and not treat them as James did. I introduced all the dear things into a song the other day. Let us all sing it together; it will pass away the time till the other pets arrive. (Distributes copies of song.)

(Song by 2, 3, 4, and 5; 1 grimacing in background.)

VOICES. (A)

1. Oh, the things that I ^{LOVE} are all things that are liv - ing, Whe - ther birds, beasts, or fish - es, that

Allegro (♩ = 84).

ACCOMP. (A)

swim in the sea; Both rep - tiles and in - sects u - nite in the giv - ing Of con - stant di - ver - sion and plea - sure to { ME. } { she. }

{ I've } a pas - sion for pets, but { I've } not yet got plen - ty, Tho', per - haps, { you'll } think so when { I } show you my store, But { I'll } { she's } { she } { her }

stop when { I } mus - ter a hundred and twen - ty and re - solve { I } won't buy { me } one spe - ci - men more. Oh! the (Play after each verse.)

D.C.

D.C.

VERSE 2.

{ I've } a jolly young kangaroo, sweet little darling!
 { She's } Three cuckoos, four ravens, two owls and a dove;
 Seven gold-fish, nine minnows, two trouts and a starling,
 And a dear baby polar-bear, oh, such a LOVE!
 { I've } a beautiful goat which { I } got from Siberia,
 { She's } A chamois from Switzerland, minus an ear,
 A kitten from Manxland, a snake from Algeria,
 Quite safe, { I } assure you, { she } there's nothing to fear.
 Oh, the things that I love, &c.

VERSE 3.

{ My } beautiful horse came direct from Arabia,
 { Her } A dog from St. Bernard { I } managed to get;
 Two dear little pigs from the broad land of Swabia,
 A tiger-cub, too, from Bengal, little pet!
 I think these are all that I have just at present—
 But { I've } ordered some monkeys, and eagles, and rats;
 They'll come before long, and it will be so pleasant
 To see them reposing on cushions and mats.
 Oh, the things that I love, &c.

(A) The upper words to be sung by (2), the lower ones by (3), (4), and (5).

SCENE IV.

Proverb.—"Early to bed, and early to rise,
Is the way to be healthy, wealthy, and
wise."

CHARACTERS.

- | | |
|------------|-------------|
| 1. Edgar. | } Indolent. |
| 2. Jenny. | |
| 3. Hector. | |
| 4. Nellie. | |
| 5. Percy. | } Active. |

PROPERTIES.—Bathing towel, Latin Grammar, piece
of sewing, or work of any kind.

COSTUMES.—All ordinary.

SCENE.—Breakfast-room, with table spread for breakfast.

4. discovered working, 5. learning Latin grammar.
Enter 3, towel over arm, as from bathing.

3. Hello! thought as much, just you two, as usual.
No sign of the others yet, I suppose. Well, I shan't
wait any longer; if they are not down in time, I can't
help it, so here goes (*cuts piece of bread and butter*).
Well, Percy boy, how goes the Latin?

5. Oh, pretty well, but these irregular verbs are a
bother—*volā, vis, vult, volumus, vultis, volunt*. I don't
mean to be beaten though.

3. That's right; and what about the work, Nellie?

4. Done all that this morning (*showing work*). I
think I am safe for the half-crown mother promised me if

I finished it before she came back. Don't you think so,
Hector?

3. Safe as houses, dear; but what a little money-
grubber it is, always looking after the £ s. d.!

4. Yes, I know; but I *would* like to be rich, and I
mean to, too.

5. And I mean to get to the top of my form, and be
promoted next term.

3. Well, we each of us have our special ambitions, and
mine is to be hearty and strong, and win prizes at the
athletics. I wonder what those other two are aiming at?
I wish to goodness they would aim at getting down to
breakfast. Let us sing our favourite song, and see if the
noise we make won't fetch them.

VOICES

ACCOMP.

Allegro. (♩ = 84.)

VERSE 1. Oh, bet-ter the dew-y paths to tread in the fair and EAR-ly

morn-ing, Than to la-zily waste our hours in BED, The ad-vice of our par-ents scorn-ing! AND bet-ter to ply the nee-dle bright, And to

con the task so mus-ty, Than to change glad day in-to gloom-y night, And sleep till one's brains grow fus-ty. Bright and EAR-ly,

ear-ly and bright: That's my mot-to, you see, And the sleep-er may snore till e-leven or more, But that won't do for me.

VERSE 2.

Oh, better TO RISE in the sunny hours,
When the new-born day is gleaming;
And quickly THE WAY to opening flowers,
The eye speeds from its dreaming!

Enter 1, 2, 3, 4.

1. Good gracious, what an unearthly row! Oh, dear!
how painfully active and energetic you all look!

3. Right you are; painfully's the word; especially as
applied to the craving for breakfast which you and Jenny
seem in no hurry to satisfy, either for yourselves or
others.

1 (*yawning*). Breakfast's a mistake.

3. All right; I'll have your share, lazy young scamp.

1. You are awfully down on a fellow because I don't
see the force of emulating the "early bird," and a very
dirty bird, too—always picking up worms.

Enter 2.

2. And very silly worms to be out so early to be
picked up. I am sure no one can complain of my not
being early: I was in bed by one, and one cannot be
much earlier than one—can one?

3. Well, you'll have to turn over a new leaf when

HEALTHY the blossom that blooms on the cheek,
For WEALTHY life you're winning;
AND WISE are the thoughts the tongue can speak,
While the early world goes spinning.
Bright and EARLY, &c.

(father and mother come home; the governor won't
stand it; he is always up at six himself. Well, now,
for goodness' sake don't let us clack so much, but have
our breakfast. At any rate, we three have the pull of you
two, for we have a good chance of getting what we aim
at, while you two don't appear to be aiming at anything
much.)

1. Oh, yes we do, sleep and rest in the morning.

2. And fun and frolic at night.

(They sit down to breakfast.)

SCENE V.

Proverb: "Two heads are better than one."

CHARACTERS.

1. The Doctor—a regimental surgeon.
2. Nurse attached to ambulance corps.
3. A wounded soldier.
- 4 and 5. Other wounded soldiers.

PROPERTIES.—Lantern for doctor. Bottle of medicine and glass. Piece of sewing or knitting for nurse.

COSTUMES.—1. Army surgeon's uniform, or black suit, with red cross of ambulance corps on his arm. 2. Nurse's dress and cap, with similar red cross.

SCENE.—A field hospital in South Africa. 3, 4, and 5 discovered in small beds—lamp suspended from ceiling—2 standing by 3's bed.

2. I wonder what is the best to do for this poor fellow; all the other patients are sleeping quietly, but he tosses about and seems to get no rest. I think there is mental sorrow, as well as bodily pain here. Last night in his ramblings it was all "mother," "brother," "forgive," "sorry," "too late," and so on. I think I have an idea of what might soothe him, but I shall not tell the doctor till I see how it works. Here he comes.

Enter 1.

1. Good evening, nurse! How do you think our poor patient is to-night?

2. Much the same, doctor. I am afraid we shall have a poor night.

1. Well, nurse, I confess I am beaten; all my endeavours for this poor fellow seem to have failed. It can't be the wound in the leg, though that is bad enough, and of itself will render him unfit for any more active service; but there are worse cases than his in hospital which have yielded to soothing remedies. No sedatives, however, seem to touch this poor boy and give him the rest he so much needs.

2. I have an idea, doctor, that perhaps I may succeed in soothing him to sleep, but I shall not tell you my plan till I have tried it.

1. Well, try by all means. I leave him to you, and if you are successful I shall be only too delighted.

2. Well, we shall see. Good-night, doctor.

1. Good-night, nurse, and success to you.

[Exit 1.]

(2 looks round at other patients, tucks them up, &c., and then seats herself beside 3's bed, takes up a piece of work, and begins to sing.)

Verse 1 here.

(At the end of the verse patient's attention is riveted.)

3. Hush—let me listen—she is singing about me.

Verse 2 here.

3. (excitedly). Who told you all this? Sing more.
2. Well, take your medicine, and settle yourself for a little sleep, and I'll finish the song for you. (Administrators draught, and sings last verse.)

Verse 3 here.

(Before song is finished 3 is sleeping quietly.)

Re-enter 1.

1. Well, I am utterly amazed! What magic is this?
2. Only the magic of woman's wit, doctor; we have managed it between us, you see, for I must give your medicine part of the credit.

1. But what is the secret? How did you work it?
2. Very simply. I gathered some fragments of his former history from his wandering remarks last night, and I threaded them together into a little song, with which I sang him to sleep.

1. Well, this is a case of music versus morphia, and no mistake, and very much in favour of music too. I shall send an account of this to the *Lancet* in my next letter home.

VOICE.

VERSE 1. Once on a time, TWO bro-thers,
VERSE 2. The war's pro-claimed—the troops ARE
VERSE 3. Lone-ly and wou'd ed, sick and

Adagio. (♩ = 60.)

ppp Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *

Una corda sempre.

play-ing In dear old Eng-land far a-way, Had quar-relled, fought; and, ne'er de-lay-ing One left his
sail-ing To South-ern At-ric's dis-tant shore, And ma-ny hearts of hope un-fail-ing Shall see their
yearn-ing—These thoughts of home will have their way; And pe-ni-tence and love re-turn-ing, Re-gain at

Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *

home that self-same day: Heed-less of wid-owed mo-ther's sor-row, This HEADstrong boy, be-neath the
home and friends no more. BET-TER to cheer his mo-ther's sor-row, Now thinks re-gret-ful-ly the
last their wont-ed sway. ONE hap-py day, with hope re-viv-ing, Our sol-dier-boy his home re-

Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *

stars, Tramped wea-ry miles, and on the mor-row En-list-ed in the Tenth Hus-sars.
boy, THAN say fare-well up-on the mor-row To all that proved his ear-ly joy.
gains; Mo-ther with bro-ther, fond-ly striv-ing, Ban-ish for aye his grief and pains.

Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *

SCENE VI.

Proverb.—"It is never too late to mend."

CHARACTERS.

1. Mr. Cutelad, counsel for the Prisoner.
2. Sergeant Sharpman, Q.C., counsel for the crown.
3. Frederic Freehand, prisoner.
4. Robert Rapid, witness (in boy's clothes for this scene).
5. Edward Expert, witness.

Additional Characters required for this scene:—
Judge.

12 Jurymen. (These may be either six girls and six boys, or twelve boys).

2 policemen, or javelin men.

Clerk of the court.

Crier, who calls "Silence" whenever any laughter or other interruption occurs.

PROPERTIES.—Javelins. Pens, ink, paper, briefs, etc.

COSTUMES.—Judge: scarlet robe, wig and bands.

Counsel: barristers, black gowns, wigs and bands.

Policemen: uniform and helmets. The rest in ordinary attire.

SCENE.—Made to represent, as nearly as possible, the interior of a Court of Justice, with bench, dock, witness-box, &c. Judge discovered on bench. Jury in their box. Prisoner in dock. Officials standing about.

CLERK OF THE COURT. How say you, prisoner at the bar, are you guilty or not guilty?

3. Not guilty.

JUDGE. Who is for the Crown in this case?

2. I, Serjeant Sharpman, my lord.

JUDGE. And who for the prisoner?

1. I, Mr. Cutelad, my lord.

JUDGE. Brother Sharpman will proceed.

2. My lord [ladies and], gentlemen of the jury.

This is a case of forgery, and is simplicity itself. The prisoner at the bar, Frederic Freehand by name, had the misfortune to become on very intimate terms with one Robert Rapid. This man Rapid, whom we shall presently put into the witness-box, discovered one fine morning that unless he could see his way into becoming possessed of a fifty pound note he would find his way into ruin, and that by a very short cut. He went, therefore, to his friend Freehand—an easy-going person, who will do anything to oblige a friend—and persuaded him to sign his father's name to a cheque—

JUDGE. Stop. Whose father? Rapid's?

2. No, my lord, Freehand's father, to a cheque for £50. The forgery, though cleverly executed, was detected by one of the bank clerks, the result being that the prisoner was arrested. Call Robert Rapid.

CLERK OF THE COURT. Robert Rapid.

Enter 4 into witness-box.

CLERK OF THE COURT. The evidence you shall give in this court between our Sovereign Lady the Queen and prisoner at the bar shall be the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, and this you solemnly affirm?

4. I do.

2. Is your name Robert Rapid?

4. It is.

2. Do you know the prisoner, Frederic Freehand?

4. I do.

2. How long have you known him?

4. About four years.

2. Do you remember the 17th of July last?

4. I do.

2. What happened on that day?

4. Lots of things.

JUDGE. If the witness is guilty of any more frivolity I shall commit him for contempt of court.

4. Beg pardon, my lord.

2. I will put my question in another form. Did you see the prisoner on the 17th of July?

4. I did.

2. Did you tell him that you were in difficulties?

4. Yes.

2. Did you ask him to help you out?

4. Yes.

2. What did he say?

4. He said he had no money.

2. Did you then persuade him to sign his father's name to a cheque?

4. No.

2. Now, be careful. Are you quite sure of that?

4. He needed no persuading.

2. Do you mean that he volunteered to do so?

4. Well, very nearly.

2. You mean to say that you just suggested it and he acquiesced?

4. Yes.

2. That is all I have to say; but it seems to me that your proper position would be in the dock beside the prisoner, if not indeed in his place. (Sits down.)

(1 rises to cross-examine.)

1. You say the prisoner's name is Frederic Freehand. What is his father's name?

4. The same.

1. Did you suggest to the prisoner that there could be no harm in signing the cheque, as it was his own name as well as his father's?

4. I might have said something of the sort.

1. Did you, or did you not? I must have a plain answer.

4. Yes, I did.

1. And you call this friendship?

4. A man must take care of Number One.

1. You may go down.

[Exits.]

(1 sits down. 2 rises.)

2. Call Edward Expert.

CLERK OF THE COURT. Edward Expert!

Enter 5.

CLERK OF THE COURT. The evidence you shall give in this court between our Sovereign Lady the Queen and prisoner at the bar shall be the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, and this you solemnly affirm?

5. I do.

2. Is your name Edward Expert?

5. It is.

2. Are you a clerk in the "Safe and Sure" Bank, Specie-street, Bullion-square?

5. I am.

2. Do you remember a certain cheque being presented on the 18th of July last?

5. Yes.

2. Is this the cheque (showing it)?

5. (examines it). Yes.

2. Is that your mark in the corner?

5. (examines it again). Yes.

2. Was it the custom of Mr. Freehand, senior, to sign his name Frederick with a "k"?

5. Yes.

2. And the son without a "k"?

5. Yes.

2. And it was the absence of that "k" which first aroused your suspicions?

5. Yes.

2. Has the son an account at your bank?

5. No.

2. But the father has?

5. Yes.

2. And you are prepared to swear to that?

5. Yes.

2. In other respects was the imitation good?

5. Extremely good.

(2 sits down, 1 rises.)

1. (Cross-examines.) Did Freehand, senior, always use the "k"?

5. Always.

1. And the son, never?

5. Never.

1. You are quite sure of that?

5. Quite.

1. You may sit down. (Addresses Court.) My lord [ladies and], gentlemen of the jury—My learned friend,

Serjeant Sharpman, has made out a most ingenious case against the prisoner; but it is a case which, when carefully looked into, cannot hold water. He has overshot his mark in attempting to prove a forgery. Had he been content with bringing in a case of misdemeanour, one of obtaining money under false pretences, we should have pleaded guilty at once; but we say and we maintain that this is no forgery. If I understand aright the true definition of the word, "forgery" is the signing and using the name of another for the purpose of obtaining money or other property. Now this is precisely what my client did not do. He did not use another person's name; he signed his own name; and he signed it, moreover, with the distinctive peculiarity which he was accustomed to use. Now, can any man in his sane senses say that that was signing his father's name? Mr. Freehand, senior would certainly be the first to disclaim the signature as his, in the conspicuous absence of the distinctive final "k." I call no witnesses, I simply leave it to the common sense of so enlightened and intelligent a body of Englishmen [and Englishwomen] as I see before me; and I call upon them with all the force and energy of which I am capable triumphantly to acquit the prisoner of the only crime of which he has been accused—that of forgery. I call upon you to send him forth a free man, with a chance of retrieving the error into which he was undoubtedly led by the dastardly scoundrel who called him friend.

JUDGE sums up. [Ladies and] Gentlemen of the jury, you have heard the statement so ably put forward by my learned brother, Mr. Serjeant Sharpman, and the evidence which he has advanced on behalf of the prosecution. You have also heard what I must call though compelled to differ from its arguments, a most masterly speech in defence of the prisoner. The case for you to consider, however, is simply this: Did the prisoner sign the cheque? If he did, you have no alternative but to bring in your verdict of guilty, notwithstanding the many extenuating circumstances of the case, because if he signed it at all, it must have been with the intent of representing his father's signature, seeing that he had no account of his own at the bank, and had never been authorised to sign for his father. I fear it is only too clear that this was the case, but it is for you, not for me to say so. Would that it were in my power to place in that dock the false friend, the cause of all this trouble, with whom most of the moral, if not the legal guilt lies. You will now consider your verdict, and the result of your deliberations will be awaited with the utmost anxiety.

(Jury consult together for a few moments without leaving their box. Foreman of jury rises.)

CLERK OF THE COURT. [Ladies and] Gentlemen of the jury, have you agreed upon your verdict?

FOREMAN OF JURY. We have.

CLERK OF THE COURT. Do you find the prisoner guilty or not guilty?

FOREMAN OF JURY. We find him GUILTY, but beg to recommend him most strongly to the mercy of the Court.

JUDGE. Prisoner at the bar, have you anything to say before sentence is passed upon you?

3. No, my lord, nothing; I have lost all hope now; there is no further chance for me of gaining a respectable position in society, so there is no need to pay any attention to the jury's kind recommendation to mercy.

JUDGE (in passing sentence). Say not so; you have life, health, and youth before you; and as I shall esteem it my duty to pass upon you as light a sentence as the law permits, I consider that you have no cause for despair. It is by no means your last chance. The sentence of the Court is that you be committed for three months' imprisonment with hard labour, at the end of which period you may go forth free, to retrieve your lost character either in this or another country.

Curtain falls for a few moments, to give time for Judge, jury, counsel, &c., to retire. Lights are lowered, and curtain rises, discovering 3 seated in his cell singing Song No. 6.

VOICE.

VER. 1. Now all is over, hope is past, For to this end it comes at last; The die is thrown, and now we -
VER. 2. Too soon my youth - ful hopes have fled, With days of shame, I LATE have led; Oh! shall I ev - er say fare -

Andante. (♩=72.)

ACCOMP.

more My life can be as 'twas be - fore. VER. 3. If when my time of woe is o'er I to my
well, A sad - dened cul - prit to my cell!

home shall come once more, For ear - ly faults I'll make a - MENDS By hon - est work for wor - thy ends.

N.B.—This Song should be sung unaccompanied; the Pianoforte part is merely added for convenience in practice.

SCENE VII.

Proverb: "Do as you would be done by."

CHARACTERS.

1. A West Indian planter.
2. His wife.
4. Katie, their child.
3. SAMBO } Negro boys on plantation, pupils of
5. QUASHEE } Katie.

PROPERTIES.—Lesson book, two hoes, basket of sweetmeats, banjo.

COSTUMES.—1, 2, and 4, light apparel, suitable to hot climate. 3 and 5: Calico suits and black masks.

SCENE.—West Indian coffee plantation, the coffee plants being represented by twigs of green stuck in concealed flower-pots arranged in rows.

(3 and 5 discovered at work with their hoes).

3. Quashee, what we do to please Missie Katie? it's her birthday to-day. We can't buy her no present, cos we've not got no money.

5. I know what we'll do.

3. What?

5. I know.

3. Well, what?

5. We'll sing her dat little song we made up and play it to her on de banjo.

3. Oh, dat'll do fust rate; but hush, here she comes.

Enter 4.

4. Well, Sambo and Quashee, I've come to hear you your lessons, and if you say them well I've got a treat for you.

5. Oh, tank'ee, Missie Katie, you are kind to us nigger-boys.

3. Not like Massa Hardlines on the next plantation; he beats his nigger-boys an' starves 'em, and works 'em to death a'most.

4. Well, come, we'll begin lessons; do you remember the words I taught you yesterday?

5. Yes, Missie Katie.

4. Well, spell Dog.

3. D O G.

4. Right, now spell Cow.

5. K O U.

3. Oh, Quashee, you stupid nigger, it's C O W.

4. Right, Sambo, but don't call him stupid till we see how you can spell.

3. Oh, Sambo spell booful, Miss Katie.

4. Well, spell laugh.

3. L A F, laf.

4. Ah, Sambo, who is stupid now? It is L A U G H; but perhaps I should not ask you hard words, I don't like them myself; but we'll have no more lessons to-day, because it's my birthday.

Enter 1 and 2.
1. Weil, Katie, how are your little pupils getting on? Have they said good lessons?

4. Pretty well, papa, but I've only given them very short ones to-day, because it is my birthday, you see.

2. Oh, then I am afraid that it is the teacher who is lazy, and not the pupils; however, we have brought you the sweetmeats we promised you, and now you may divide them.

(4 takes basket, and distributes contents.)

4. Oh, tank'ee, kind Massa and Missis.

3. Please, Massa, Quashee and me hab make up little songs for Missie Katie, if you will let us sing it, and we would like you, and Missis, and Missie Katie to join in the chorus.

4. Oh, yes, do begin. We'll all sing the chorus,

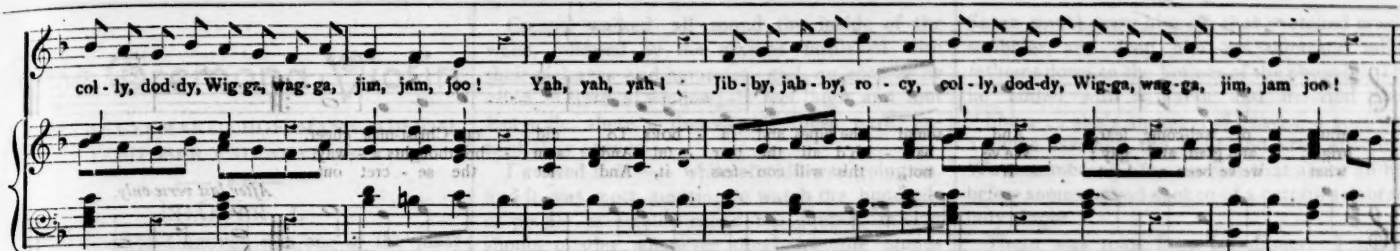
VOICES.

Allegro vivace (♩=108).

VERSE 1. Now Mas - sa, Mis - sus, lis - ten DO, And lit - tle Mis - sus

ACCOMP.

heark - en too, Us co - loured boys a song will sing, Will make ums laugh like a - ny - ting. Yah, yah, yah! Jib - by, jab - by, ro - cy,



During these eight bars, (3) & (4) perform a nigger's "Breakdown."



VERSE 2.

As we was walking out one day,
We saw a Iamba-loombi (A) play;
We take good care him tail no touch,
You know he bite so badly much.
Yah, yah, yah! &c.

VERSE 3.

We WOULD not walk again dat way,
Where Iamba-loombi make him play;
We no BE bite by ugly snake,
Nor hear de horrid noise he make.
Yah, yah, yah! &c.

VERSE 4.

And now our little song am DONE,
We hope you am enjoy de fun;
We put our song and banjo BY,
Until we hab anoder try.
Yah, yah, yah! &c.

(A) Iamba-loombi is the name of one the most venomous snakes of West Africa, which is, however, only dangerous when the tail is touched.

SCENE VIII.

Proverb.—"East or west, home is best."

CHARACTERS.

1 and 2. Pater and Materfamilias just returned from Continental trip.

3. "Jack," sailor son, at home on leave.

4. Younger daughter.

5. Younger son.

PROPERTIES.—Knitting for 2. Fancywork for 4. Tray with coffee-cups, &c.

COSTUMES.—1 and 2 in antiquated style, powdered wig, mob caps, lace ruffles, &c. 3 Midshipman's uniform. 4 and 5 in keeping with 1 and 2.

SCENE.—Drawing-room furnished in old-fashioned style, open piano; table laid for coffee. 2, 4, and 5 discovered.

4. Oh, mamma, is it not nice to have Jack at home again?

2. Yes, dear; it does one good to see him back again, he is so full of his frolics and fun; but I will tell you what else is nice, and that is to be at home again ourselves after our long trip on the Continent. I confess I do not care for foreigners and their ways. Old England for me.

5. I hope papa and Jack won't sit very long over their nuts and wine; I want Jack to tell us some sea-stories—"yarns," as he calls them. Oh, here they come.

Enter 1 and 3.

3. Well, mother mine, you see the attractions of the paternal port were not sufficient to keep me away from the maternal muffins; although it was jolly, and like old times, to be cracking nuts with the governor again.

5. Now, Jack, don't talk any more nonsense, but tell us some of your sailor's "yarns."

3. Oh no, not to-night, my boy, it's too late to begin spinning. Let us have some music before bedtime. Come, mother.

2. Nonsense, Jack, dear, I can't play now; I am too old—my playing days are over. Oh, dear, what a boy it is! (3 drags her off to piano) he always gets his own way. Well, well, anything for a quiet life!

1. Yes, old lady, you'll have to give in, so you may as well do it with a good grace.

3. Now, father, you mustn't think to get off scot free. We'll make it a duet and chorus.

1. No, no, you young monopolist, be off with you I have renounced frivolities.

3. Now, father, no crackers. You can play like Charles Hallé, and Rubinstein, and Hans von Bülow rolled into one when you like. (Drags him off to piano.)

(Accompaniment played as duet by 1 and 2.)

VOICES.

VERSE 1. The lamps are burn-ing bright-ly, The fes-tive board is
VERSE 2. The WEST-ern breeze may rat-tle Our case-ment in its
VERSE 3. Our HOME-ly fare is wait-ing, Our play is near-ly

Allegretto. (♩=96.)

PIANO. Primo.

PIANO. Secondo.

8vv. 8vv. 8vv. 8vv. 8vv.

spread; Our hearts are beat-ing light-ly, The live-ly dance we'll tread. Come, join our FEAST, kind neigh-bours, Nor
course; The snow and rain may bat-tle With un-re-lent-ing force; But all with-in is cheer-ful, And
done—A tab-leau, mere-ly stat-ing The whole word, ends the fun: So do your BEST to guess it, From

8vv. 8vv. 8vv. 8vv. 8vv.

want of wel-come fear, And sound the pipes and ta-bors To aid our Christ-mas cheer.
bright, and glad, and gay; We've ban-ish'd all the tear-ful And som-bre thoughts a-way.
what we've been a-bout— If not, this will con-fess it, And let the se-cret out.

After last verse only.

FINAL TABLEAU.—*Emblematic of Christmas customs in the olden time.* 1 in centre, attired as Father Christmas, with flowing robe, white beard, circlet of evergreens, &c. 2 in dress of fairy queen, as in Scene II., holding bunch of mistletoe. 3, as Sambo in Scene VII., with dish containing a boar's head. 4, as Jane in Scene I., carry-

ing wassail bowl. 5, as Brownie in Scene II., holding bunch of evergreens. The Yule log should support Father Christmas's throne, and the scene must be brilliantly illuminated with lanterns, wax tapers, &c. Curtain falls to afford momentary rest to the actors, and, on its rising again, Father Christmas showers

packets of bon-bons amongst the juvenile audience during which time the Final Chorus is sung, introducing some of the principal characters of each of the foregoing scenes.

FINAL CHORUS.

Allegretto (♩ = 84).

VOICES AND ACCOMP.

VERSE 1. Now best of cheer throughout the year, To all our friends and
VERSE 2. Our dar-ling Bess, the Mar-chio-ness, So sud-den-ly high-
VERSE 3. Those ear-ly birds, who used long words, And pluck-y lit-tle

neigh-bours, Who've come to see our mirth and glee, And thus to crown our la-bours. Our task is done, we've had our fun, The
sta-tion'd; The cle-ver nurse, which sang the verse Which near-ly cur'd the pa-tient; The learn-ed judge, who talk'd such fudge; The
Ma-ry, Who did her work with-out a shirk, To please the roy-al fai-ry; And sail-or Jack, who's just come back From

en-ter-tain-ment's end-ed; We've played our pranks, we want no thanks, Least said is soon-est mend-ed. With hearts so light this
coun-sel and the pris-ner; The nig-ger boys, who made such noise, With Ka-tie for a list-ner; They all un-ite with
lands be-yond th'E-qua-tor, His mo-ther's wild but dar-ling child, Who plagu'd his poor old Pa-ter; With all our might, this

fes-tive night, We hope that we have pleas'd you, And that our act, in point of fact, Has nei-ther bored nor teased you.
fa-cies bright, In best sin-cer-est wish-es, With all Miss Mae-Love-crea-ture's pack Of birds, and beasts, and fish-es.
fes-tive night, We ten-der you our greet-ings, And hope that all will hail our call To fu-ture jo-vial meet-ings

After last verse only.

The Cremona Violin

FROM THE GERMAN OF HOFFMANN, MUSICAL COMPOSER AND NOVELIST.

CHAPTER I.

COUNCILLOR CRESPEL was one of the most extraordinary men I have ever met. At the time when I first came to H—, with the intention of passing some time there, he was the sole talk of the town; his originality went beyond everything. Crespel had acquired for himself considerable reputation as a jurist and diplomatist. One of the sovereign princes of Germany applied to him to prepare a statement that he wished to address to the Imperial Court on the subject of a territory to which he considered he had a rightful claim. This statement was completely successful; and as Crespel one day happened to complain that he could not find a convenient house, the prince, desiring to offer some recompense for his services, proposed to bear the cost of the construction of any house that the councillor might choose to build. The prince even offered him the choice of land, as well, to build it on; but Crespel would not accept this, and asked that the house might be built in a very picturesque garden that he possessed near the gate of the town.

From that moment he might be seen busily collecting the materials for its construction. Clad in costume shaped according to his own peculiar principles, every day he was pounding lime, mixing mortar, and raising the walls. He had applied to no architect, and had no plan. All he did was, one morning, to go to an honest master mason of H— and tell him to come the next day with a number of workmen to his garden to build a house there. The mason naturally inquired for the plans, and was not a little surprised when Crespel replied that he had no need of all that for the edifice he meant to build. The next day the mason arrived at the appointed place with his men, and he sees there a ditch forming a regular square.

"There," says Crespel, "is where I want you to lay the foundations of the house; then I shall ask you to raise the four walls until I tell you to stop."

"What! without windows or doors, or any walls inside?" cried the mason, almost terrified by Crespel's eccentric orders.

"That is what I tell you, my good fellow," replied the councillor, very calmly; "all the rest will arrange itself."

The promise of liberal payment could alone decide the mason to undertake this mad piece of business; but surely never was building erected so gaily. The walls rose amid bursts of laughter from the workmen, who never quitted the spot, where they had food and drink supplied them in abundance. One fine day Crespel cried "Halt!" At once trowels and hammers ceased sounding; the workmen crowded down from the scaffolding, and, surrounding Crespel, all seemed to be interrogating him, "What are we to do next?"

"Make room!" cried Crespel. He ran to the other end of the garden, slowly retraced his steps to his square block of walls, then went to the other end, came back again, and several times repeated this mysterious operation, until at last he marched straight up to the front of the wall and shouted, "Here, all of you! make me a door there." He gave the height and breadth required, and his orders were promptly carried into effect. The door made, he went into the house and smiled with an air of self-complacency when the master mason remarked to him that the building was just about the height of a two-storied house.

Crespel walked all round the inside of the walls, followed by the masons furnished with their pickaxes and hammers, and, as soon as he cried, "Here a window, six feet high and four feet wide, there a doorway!" these were immediately opened.

I arrived in H— while all this was going on, and it was most amusing to watch the hundreds of people assembled round the garden, raising shouts of glee whenever they saw the stones tumbling down and a window suddenly appearing just in the very place where one would never have expected it. The remainder of the construction of the house and the other necessary works were accomplished in the same fashion, according to the impromptu decisions of Crespel. The singularity of the whole affair, the astonishment experienced when it was found that, after all, the house was much better than people thought it would be, Crespel's liberality—all contributed to the workmen's amusement. At last the difficulties presented by this singular mode of building were overcome; and before long one saw a house—outside presenting the most ridiculous appearance, for no one window was like another; but inside the arrangements were most convenient, and peculiarly comfortable. All who visited the house were agreed upon this point; and when Crespel introduced me there, I was quite of the same opinion.

CHAPTER II.

FOR some time I did not succeed in speaking to the eccentric councillor; his house so entirely occupied him that he did not come on the Tuesday, as was his general custom, to dine with Professor M—, and he even sent a message that he would not leave his garden before the inauguration of his new abode. All his friends and acquaintances expected that on that day he would give a splendid banquet; but he only invited the master masons, the workmen, and apprentices who had worked on the house, and had a dinner of the choicest description spread before them. The masons made joyous acquaintances with venison patties, the joiners warmly appreciated the golden pheasants, and the rest of the workmen gorged themselves on fowl stuffed with truffles. In the evening their wives and daughters came, and there was a great ball. Crespel waltzed with the wives of the masters; then, taking his place in the orchestra he seized his violin, and directed the dances until morning.

The following Tuesday I found, to my great delight, the councillor at the house of Professor M—. Nothing could be stranger than his manners, his deportment was so eccentric, his movements were so brusque, that every moment one was afraid of seeing him either hurt himself or break some of the furniture. But such an accident never happened to him, and the mistress of the house, who knew him better than I, calmly watched him as he went darting round a table laden with rich porcelain, making his way towards a large mirror, and taking in his hands a delicately painted vase to admire its colours.

Crespel examined in detail, before dinner, everything he found in the professor's room; he even mounted on a stool to take down a picture from the wall, afterwards replacing it. He spoke much and with vivacity; leaping from one subject to another, then fixing on an idea to which he would return by all sorts of queer devices, rambling on in his digressions until some other thought possessed him. His voice was sometimes rude and violent, sometimes plaintive and melodious, but always—and this was to be noticed—quite out of accord with his words. We were talking of music, and someone loudly praised a new composer. Crespel began to laugh, and said in a tone of almost sing-song, "I wish

Satan would carry him off, that wretched musical scribbler, and drop him ten thousand million fathoms down to the bottom of the abyss!" Then he added with a harsh and irritated voice, "She . . . she's an angel of heaven, a pure note, a divine harmony, the light and star of song!" We remembered after a while that about an hour before someone had spoken of a certain celebrated lady singer.

There was roast hare for dinner. I noticed that Crespel carefully put the bones at the side of his plate, and he asked for the animal's paw, which the little daughter of the professor smilingly brought him. During the dinner the children had been watching the councillor with very friendly glances. When it was over they respectfully came near him and ranged themselves not far from his chair. The councillor took from his pocket a small steel turning-lathe which he fastened to the table; then, picking up the bones he had collected, he set himself to make, with wonderful cleverness, little boxes, bowls, sofas, and other playthings, which the children received with transports of delight. After dinner, the professor's niece said to Crespel—

"Well, councillor, and how is our Antonia?"

Crespel made a horrible grimace, and with a hideous and really diabolical smile, said, his voice being slow, unnatural and disagreeable—

"Our good Antonia!"

The professor hastily came forward, and the severe look that he turned towards his niece showed that she had just touched a chord that vibrated painfully in the heart of Crespel.

"How goes the violin?" said the professor, in his light-hearted way, laying his hand on the councillor's arm.

"Crespel's face at once lighted up, and he answered energetically, "Splendidly! To-day I have begun to take to pieces that excellent Amati fiddle which I told you about as having fallen into my hands by a happy accident. I hope Antonia will finish the work of carefully taking it to pieces."

"Antonia is a good girl," said the professor.

"Yes, indeed!" cried the councillor, rising suddenly and darting towards the door, his hat and cane in his hand. I noticed in the mirror that there were tears in his eyes.

As soon as he had left I begged the professor to tell me what relation there was between the councillor, the violin, and Antonia.

"Ah," replied he, "the councillor is a marvellous man, and makes violins in the most curious and comical way."

"He makes violins?"

"Yes, and according to the connoisseurs, they are the most perfect violins it is possible to meet with at the present day. Formerly, when he succeeded in fabricating one that pleased him, he sometimes permitted his friends to use it; now this is not to be thought of. As soon as he has finished a violin, he plays it himself for an hour or two with extraordinary vehemence and thrilling power, then he hangs it up beside the others and never touches it again or allows anyone to touch it. If there is a violin of an old master for sale, Crespel buys, however outrageous be the price. But he plays it only once; then he dissects it for the purpose of studying its internal structure, and if he does not find what he expected he throws the pieces into a large chest, already full of similar fragments."

"But Antonia?" I exclaimed, eagerly.

"This," said the professor, "would make me abhor the councillor, if I were not persuaded by the knowledge that I have of the real goodness of his character that there must be some circumstance in the relation between the two with which none of us are acquainted."

"When the councillor first came some years ago, and established himself in this town, he

lived a solitary life with an old housekeeper in a dingy house; soon he attracted the curiosity of his neighbours by his eccentricities, and, when he perceived this, he sought for and made acquaintances.

"In every family, like my own, people soon became so accustomed to him that in time he was found to be quite indispensable. Children loved him, despite his rough appearance, and they were always careful not to tire him. You have seen yourself to-day how well he knows how to gain their affections by his ingenious efforts. We all thought he was a bachelor, and he never used to discredit the opinion. After having lived some time amongst us, he suddenly departed; no one knew where he had gone to, but he returned, after an interval of some months.

"The day after his return it was noticed that his windows were lighted up. This unusual illumination attracted the attention of the neighbours. Soon a wonderful voice was heard, a woman's voice, blending with the notes of the piano; then the tones of a violin which rivalled the voice in their clearness and brilliancy. At once the councillor's playing was recognised. I joined the crowd of spectators attracted by this strange scene before the garden; and I acknowledge that in comparison with that unknown voice, those accents which penetrated deep into the very soul, the singing of the most celebrated *cantatrices* I have ever heard since has appeared to me tame and void of expression. Never before had I dreamed of such long sustained notes, such exquisite nightingale trills, such limpid tones—rising sometimes like the grand notes of an organ, then descending to the softest murmur.

"It was about midnight when the councillor was heard, speaking loudly and very excitedly. The voice of another man seemed to be addressing him reproachfully, and, in addition, broken words were heard from a young girl expressive of grief. The councillor shouted more and more, until at last he reached the shrill tones you are acquainted with. A piercing cry from the young girl interrupted him—then a silence, as of death, suddenly fell. A young man was seen hurrying from the house sobbing as he went; then he threw himself into a post-chaise that was waiting for him, and was rapidly borne away.

"The following day, the councillor appeared to be very gay, and no one dared to question him on the events of the preceding night. The housekeeper only said that the councillor had brought home with him a young girl of great beauty; she was called Antonia, and sang marvellously. With her had arrived a young man who appeared to treat her with marked tenderness, and might well have been her betrothed; but the councillor had compelled him to leave quickly.

"The relations between the councillor and Antonia have been," continued the professor "enveloped up to the present time in the greatest mystery. But this indeed is certain: Crespel treats the poor girl with grievous tyranny; he watches over her as Doctor Bartolo watched over his ward; he scarcely permits her even to look out of the window. If, yielding to pressing invitations, he takes her to some *salon*, he follows her incessantly with his Argus eye, and does not permit a single musical note to be heard in her presence, much less that she herself should sing. She may not sing any more at home, and the melodies which were listened to from her lips on that one memorable night, of which all the town preserves the memory, have remained for the listeners like a marvellous tradition—those even who were not present at the concert often say, when any *cantatrice* attempts to sing here—'Oh, that's nothing, Antonia is the only one who knows how to sing!'"

CHAPTER III.

ANYTHING fantastical always produces a great effect on me. I at once wanted to become acquainted with Antonia. Already I knew of the charm of her voice from the admiration of the public; but I did not believe that this young girl could be, in this town, kept enslaved in such a way by the eccentric Crespel. The night following, I heard in my dreams the ideal singing of Antonia. It seemed to me that she conjured me in an *Adagio*, composed by myself, to save her, and I formed the resolution to enter Crespel's house, to penetrate like a second *Astolpho* into the Castle of Alcides, and to save from her miserable fetters this lovely queen of song.

Everything turned out quite different from what I had expected. I had only seen the councillor two or three times, and spoken to him with ardour about the best methods of violin construction, when he himself invited me to visit his abode. I went there, and he showed me his treasures. I saw some thirty violins arranged in a cabinet, and among them noticed one especially remarkable by its age and carving. It was hung up higher than the others, and bore a crown of flowers, as if it were the king of all those instruments.

"This violin," said Crespel, "is the excellent work of an unknown master, who probably lived about the time of Tartini. I am persuaded that there is in its internal structure some peculiar combination, and that when I come to take it to pieces I shall discover by it the secret I have so long been in search of. Laugh if you will, but this inanimate instrument, to which I give life and expression, speaks oftentimes to me in marvellous language, and when I played it for the first time I seemed to find myself in the position of the magnetiser who takes a somnambulist in hand and draws him on to reveal his secret feelings. Don't think I am quite so extravagant in my notions as to allow myself to be dominated by such fancies; still, it is a curious thing that I have never yet had the courage to take this dumb machine to pieces. For the rest, just at present, I am glad that I have not disturbed it; for since Antonia has been here, I sometimes play this violin to her. Antonia listens to it with pleasure—with too much pleasure."

The councillor pronounced these words with an emotion which emboldened me to say—

"Dear sir," said I, "will you not play something on it for me?"

At once a vexed expression appeared on his face, and he said to me, in his soft sing-song voice, "No, my dear student," and here the matter rested.

After exhibiting to me a number of curiosities, several of which were of rather absurd character, he took a casket, and, opening it, drew out a roll of paper, which he placed in my hand, saying, with a solemn air, "You are a friend of art, accept this present, as a souvenir which ought always to be precious to you." At these words he gave me a gentle push towards the threshold and embraced me there. The fact is, he showed me the door in a symbolical fashion. When I opened the paper I found it was a fragment of music half an inch long. Underneath the notes were written these words, "Part of a piece played by the illustrious Stamitz on his violin at his last concert."

After the brusque answer he had given me when I pronounced the name of Antonia, I quite expected I should never be allowed to see her, but again it happened otherwise than I had thought. When I visited the councillor the second time, I found Antonia in his room putting together the parts of a violin. At first sight her appearance did not produce a striking effect, but soon one could not turn aside from watching her blue eyes, her rosy lips, and the gentle and sweet expression of her face. She was very pale, but as soon as the conversation assumed an animated and

spiritual turn, her cheeks glowed with a deep flush, and a charming smile played on her lips.

I talked to Antonia with out constraint, but did not remark in Crespel those Argus eyes of which the professor had told me. He preserved his habitual attitude, and seemed even to approve my approach to the young girl. I often returned thus to visit them, and soon there was established between us three an easy intimacy which gave a great charm to those meetings. The councillor amused me excessively with his singularities, but it was Antonia who exercised over me an irresistible influence, and enabled me to support several things which under other circumstances my impatient nature would have found it hard to submit to. The councillor's conversation was often tiresome, and in bad taste, and what especially annoyed me was that every time he was led to talk about music, and in particular about singing, he used to turn his peevish countenance, his disagreeable smile towards me, and in that sing-song voice of his pronounce some irrelevant words manifestly with the intention of changing the conversation.

By the air of sadness which I then detected on Antonia's countenance, I clearly divined that the councillor only acted in this way to prevent my asking to hear the young girl sing. Nevertheless, I did not renounce any project; the obstacles with which the councillor opposed my desire only strengthened my resolution. I longed to hear Antonia sing—that I might be saved from losing myself in the dreams which the vague idea of her song had given rise to. One evening Crespel was in a perfect humour. He had just taken a Cremona violin to pieces, and had found that the sounding-board was in this violin just half a line more inclined than in the other ones. What a precious discovery in the practical art! I succeeded in adding to his animation by talking to him about the true method of playing the violin. The method of the great singers, the old masters of whom Crespel spoke, led me on to criticise the new method of singing, which seemed mainly to consist in imitating the artificial effects produced on instruments.

"What is more absurd," cried I, darting from my chair, and rapidly opening the piano—"what more absurd than this way of scattering one by one the sounds abroad?" I then sang some new compositions, to which I added a number of false chords.

Crespel overflowed with laughter, and shouted, "Ha, ha! I fancy I hear our Italianised Germans, or our Germanised Italians, trying to sing Poncchetta or Porto-Gallo, or some pieces by a *maestro di capella*."

Now, thought I, now the moment has arrived.

"I am sure," I said to Antonia, turning towards her, "that you have not learnt in that miserable school." Then I commenced an expressive and admirable song of old Leonardo Leo. Antonia's cheeks shone with a burning flush; her eyes sparkled, she hurriedly advanced to the piano, and opened her lips.

At the same instant Crespel seized me by the shoulders, and said in an agitated voice, "Child! child!" Then he continued with modulated voice, making me a low, ceremonious bow, "I should be wanting, most worthy sir, in regard or all the proper usages of politeness if I expressed aloud my ardent desire that the devil should transport you this very instant, with his fiery claws, to the very bottom of the abyss! But without going so far, you will agree with me, I am sure, that the night is exceedingly dark, and that, as the lamps are not lighted, even if I were not to throw you out of the window, you might have difficulty in carrying your little body quite safe and sound as far as the bottom of the staircase. Therefore take this light, go in peace from the house, and remember that you will always have in me a tender and devoted

friend, although you must never—remember this—visit me here again."

Upon that he embraced me, slowly drawing me towards the door, and holding me in such a way that I could not catch, as I sought, one last glimpse of Antonia.

You must agree that in my place it was not possible to give the councillor a thrashing, much as I might have wished it. The professor laughed over my misadventure, and told me that it was all up with my intercourse with the councillor.

Antonia was a creature too noble and too sacred for me to think of playing the part of a languishing *amorous* under her window. I quitted the town of H—, my heart desolated with bitter regrets, the image of Antonia ever appearing to me, circled as it were by an aureole of brightness. Her voice in singing, which I had never heard, seemed to resound in my heart like a sweet consoling strain of music.

CHAPTER IV.

I HAD resided about two years at B—, when I undertook a journey to the south of Germany.

One evening I saw again the towers of H— in bold relief against the purple sunset sky. The nearer I approached, the more did I feel myself weighed down by an insupportable anxiety; it was like a crushing burden on my breast. I felt stifled, and descended from the carriage that I might breathe more freely. Soon this moral depression changed to physical pain, and just then it seemed to me that I heard resounding from a distance the notes of a solemn chant. As we advanced the sounds became clearer, and I distinguished the voices of men blended in a religious hymn.

"What is it? what is it?" I cried, in indescribable pain.

"Don't you see," replied the postilion, "they are burying someone down there in the cemetery."

It was a fact that we were now near the cemetery, and I saw a circle of men clothed in black and surrounding a grave, on which the earth was being cast. Tears came to my eyes; it seemed to me as if all the joys and all the felicities of my life were being buried there. I reached the foot of the hill, where I could no more see what passed in the cemetery. The singing had ceased, and I noticed on the road men dressed in black, who were returning from the funeral. The professor passed near me with his niece without noticing my presence. The niece held her handkerchief to her eyes, and sobbed violently. It was impossible for me to enter the town; I sent my servant on with the carriage to my inn, and I set off to visit again the scenes I knew so well, hoping that by so doing I might recover from an emotion which perhaps only proceeded from the fatigue of the journey, or from some other physical cause. Entering a path which led to one of the public gardens, I was witness of a strange spectacle. Councillor Crespel was there, being led by two men in black, and he struggled to escape them. He wore, according to custom, his grey suit, cut after that peculiar fashion of his own; from his three-cornered hat, perched with a martial air over one ear, fell a long crape hatband; round his waist he had a black girdle, and he had placed in it, instead of a sword, a violin bow! A freezing cold ran through my limbs. "He is mad," I said to myself; and I followed him slowly. Those who escorted him led him to his house, and he embraced them with shouts of laughter. When they left him his glance fell on me. He gazed fixedly at me, and then said, with hollow voice—

"You are welcome, sir student. Doubtless you understand—"

At these words he seized me by the hand, and made me go up into the room where his violins

were hanging. All were muffled in black, but the beautiful Cremona violin had been replaced by a crown of cypress. I divined at once what had happened. "Antonia, Antonia!" I cried, with profound grief. The councillor remained standing immovable before me, his arms crossed. Then I pointed to the cypress crown.

"At the time when she died," said he to me, with a solemn air; "the bow of that violin broke with a sudden crash; the sounding board fell to pieces. That faithful instrument could only live with her and for her; it is in her grave buried with her."

I fell on a couch deeply moved. The councillor commenced singing in a hoarse voice a merry sort of song. It was a horrible sight to see him as he jumped about upon one foot, while the crape hanging from his hat swung against the violins suspended on the wall. I could not restrain a cry of terror when, by a rapid movement of the councillor, this crape fell against my face; it seemed to me that it was about to enwrap me also in the funeral folds of his madness.

All at once Crespel stops in front of me, and says—

"Child, child! why dost thou cry so? Hast thou seen the angel of death? But he is always seen before the ceremony."

He advanced to the middle of the room, took the violin bow that hung at his girdle, held it with his two hands high over his head, and broke it; then he exclaimed with a burst of laughter, "Now, the spell that was on me is broken! Am I not free—free? Hail to liberty! I will make no more fiddles . . . bravo . . . no more fiddles!" And he recommenced singing a merry tune with yet more terrible accents, running and hopping again on one foot. Overpowered by this scene, I wished to fly. He laid hold of me with a firm hand, saying, with sudden calm, "Stay, sir student. Do not take for madness the paroxysms of an agony that is killing me. All this has happened because I had lately made for me a dressing gown which gave me too much the appearance of a divinity." He went on saying all sorts of extravagant things, till at last he fell to the ground exhausted.

I called the old servant, and was glad to be able at last to leave. I had no doubt that Crespel was mad, but the professor maintained the contrary.

"There are some men," said he, "whom nature or some particular event deprives of the veil under which the rest of us indulge in our little insanities without anyone noticing it. They are like those insects furnished with a transparent skin which reveals all the play of their muscles. Everything which with us takes the form of thought, with Crespel is translated into action. By his contortions, his wild dances, he expresses the bitter irony of the fate which has so often sported with him in this world; but there is his safety. What comes from the earth he will render to the earth, but that which is of celestial origin he will know how to preserve, and, despite this burst of madness, he has hitherto preserved his self-consciousness. The sudden death of Antonia has momentarily overpowered him; but still I am confident that to-morrow he will return to his ordinary ways."

And indeed it happened almost exactly as the professor had foreseen. The councillor appeared the next day exactly as usual; this only was noticeable—that he declared that he would neither make nor play on any violin for the future. And later on I learned that he had kept his word.

CHAPTER V.

WHAT the professor told me added still more to the suspicions which the relations between the councillor and Antonia had made me conceive. I thought that Antonia's death must be weighing

heavily on Crespel's conscience. I did not wish to leave H— without having reproached him with the crime of which I believed him guilty. I wished to shock him to his inmost soul, and to force from him a confession of his guilt. The more I thought of the matter the more convinced was I that Crespel must be a villain, and the harangue that I was about to address him assumed a more and more vivid colouring. At last it was a perfect *chef d'œuvre* of rhetoric.

So, prepared with my speech, my imagination all on fire, I hasten to Crespel's house. I find him there, occupied in fashioning some playthings, while the expression of his countenance is calm and smiling.

"How is this?" said I, brutally. "How is this, that you have one moment's peace in your soul, when the memory of an atrocious action should be torturing you?"

He looked at me with surprise, and laid down beside him the instrument he was using.

"What do you mean, my good friend?" he asked me. "Pray, have the kindness to sit down."

I excited myself more and more. I accused him of having caused Antonia's death, and I menaced him with the vengeance of heaven. Proud of my new position as a lawyer, I went so far as to say that I would do all in my power to discover the traces of his crime and to deliver him up to justice.

But I found myself singularly embarrassed when, at the close of my pompous harangue, the councillor still looked at me quietly, as if he expected me to go on talking. I tried to continue, but all that I said seemed to me so awkward and so little suitable that I dared not go any further. Crespel evidently enjoyed my embarrassment: an ironical mocking smile played on his lips. Soon he recovered his serious air, and said to me, in a grave tone—

"Young man, you may consider me mad or eccentric; I forgive you. All the world is mad nowadays. But how dare you seek to penetrate the secret recesses of an existence far removed from yours? But—Antonia is no more—and the mystery is at an end."

He rose, crossed the room several times; then he looked steadfastly at me, took me by the hands, and led me to the window, which he opened, and thence on to the balcony. There he leant on the stone parapet, his eyes fixed on the objects in the garden, while he recounted to me the history of his life. When at last he finished it I left him, humbled and ashamed.

Here in a few words is the story of Antonia. About twenty years before the time of which I speak, the councillor had been attracted to Italy by the desire to search there for some violins by the old masters. At the time he did not himself make these instruments, nor did he dream of dissecting them. At Venice he heard the celebrated singer Angela, who was then brilliantly fulfilling an engagement as *prima donna* at the San Benedetto Theatre, and he felt an enthusiasm, caused not only by the talent, but also by the angelic beauty of the signora. He tried to become acquainted with her, and, notwithstanding the roughness of his manners, he succeeded at last, thanks to his bold and expressive style of playing the violin, in winning the good graces of the young actress. Some weeks afterwards he contracted a marriage with her, which was to be kept secret, because Angela did not wish either to quit the theatre or to renounce her celebrated name to take the less euphonious one of Crespel.

The councillor described to me with the maddest sarcasm all the tortures which La Signora Angela made him endure after he had made her his wife. "All the whims, all the fancies, of all the *prime donne* united," said Crespel, "were clustered in that little body of Angela's." If some day the idea of exercising his authority occurred to him

that very instant Angela despatched to him a legion of abbés, *maestri*, academicians, who, unaware of his conjugal rights, treated him as the most uncivil and insupportable of lovers. Once, after one of these stormy scenes, Crespel had taken refuge at Angela's country-house, and sought to forget the sufferings of the day in playing one fantasia after another on his violin.

In the midst of this *la signora* enters the house. She had that moment a caprice of tenderness; she embraces the councillor, bestowing languishing glances on him, and resting her head on his shoulder.

Crespel, carried away by the rush of the music, continues playing ardently, and by accident he touches the signora with the end of his bow. She springs upon him in a wild rage. "*Bestia tedesca!*" she cries, and, snatching the violin from his hands, she shatters it on the table.

The councillor remained a moment before her like one petrified; then, as if awaking from a dream, he seized the signora with a vigorous hand, threw her out of the window, and, without troubling about what might have happened, he set off for Germany. Some time afterwards he hardly dared inquire as to the result of his violence. Although he knew that the window was not more than five feet from the ground, and that he had yielded to an irresistible impulse in delivering himself in such a rough way from his enraged wife, he felt himself agitated by a secret anguish which was redoubled when he recollected that shortly before the signora had revealed to him her hope of becoming a mother. He trembled for the news that might reach him, and was not a little relieved and surprised when eight months after his return he received a very tender letter from Angela herself.

This letter contained not the slightest reference to what had happened at the villa, and announced that the signora had given birth to a charming little girl. The *marito amato*, the *padre felicissimo* was earnestly besought as speedily as possible to betake himself to Venice.

Crespel, before yielding to this prayer, wrote to some of his friends to ascertain what had actually happened after his departure, and he learnt that the signora had fallen from the window, lightly as a bird, on the grass, and that this fall had had nothing but happy results for her. Crespel's energetic action had entirely changed the capricious nature of the young woman. From that day people remarked in her none of the old eccentricities of her character. The *maestro* who that year composed for her the "Carnaval" pieces was the happiest of men, for the signora had consented to sing without imposing on him the thousand alterations in his work that she had always previously required.

The councillor, touched by this transformation, ordered horses, and stepped into his carriage. All at once he stopped. "It is possible," said he to himself, "that the sight of me may restore to Angela her fantastic temper, and compel me to throw her again out of the window."

He turned back to his home, and wrote to his wife the tenderest of letters, in which he expressed his joy at learning that his daughter had, like himself, a little mark behind the ear! He swore that he loved her with all his heart, but that he must remain in Germany. The correspondence long went on in this strain. Protestations of love, prayers, longings, expressions of regret, flew from Venice to H—, and from H— to Venice.

Angela came after a while to Germany, and made a brilliant success as *prima donna* at the theatre in F—. She was no longer young, but her singing had an irresistible effect, and her voice had lost nothing of its charm and beauty. Antonia had grown tall, and her mother was never weary of writing to the councillor of the wonderful singer that his daughter had become.

One day Crespel's friends told him that two celebrated *virtuosi* had just arrived in F—, and pressed him strongly to go over to the town to hear them. He knew nothing of the close ties which bound him to this couple. The councillor had the strongest desire to see his little girl; but when he thought of his wife, he felt that moment his heart invaded by sad thoughts, and he remained at home in the midst of his broken violins.

A young and already well-known composer became desperately in love with Antonia: the young girl returned his love. Angela had nothing to object to the match, and the councillor approved it the more readily, as the young artist's compositions had already found favour before the severe tribunal of his judgment. Every day Crespel was expecting to hear that the marriage had taken place, when, instead of this happy intelligence, he received one morning a letter with a black border, written in a strange handwriting. Doctor R— informed the councillor that Angela in leaving the theatre at night had taken a sudden cold and had died the very evening before the day when Antonia was to be married. Angela had confessed to the doctor that she was Crespel's wife, and confided to her husband the care of her daughter.

The same evening the councillor left for F—. I cannot attempt to describe the heartrending manner in which Crespel described to me the moment when he first saw his daughter. There was even in the strangeness of his expressions a power of which I can give no idea. Antonia had all the amiability, all the graces of her mother, with none of her defects.

When Crespel arrived, her betrothed was seated beside her, and Antonia, who was aware of her father's singular character, at once commenced singing an air, by old Padre Martini, which Angela had been in the habit of constantly singing to the councillor in the days of his courtship. Crespel yielded to a torrent of tears: never had the voice of Angela herself vibrated so powerfully in his ears and heart. Antonia's singing was of a peculiar kind; sometimes it was like the sighing of an Æolian harp, sometimes like the warbling of a nightingale. One might have thought that the sounds breathed out by her did not proceed from human lips at all.

Antonia, excited by her happiness and her love, sang her best songs, while her betrothed, by her side, played the accompaniments in a state of rapture. Crespel, too, was in ecstasies, but all at once he became thoughtful and silent, then, springing towards Antonia, he pressed her to his heart and said, with a choking voice, "Sing no more if thou lovest me; thy singing pierces my soul; a terrible anxiety oppresses me; sing no more."

"No," he said, the next day to Doctor R—, "when I noticed, during her singing, those two red spots appear on her cheeks, I saw well that it was not only a family resemblance, but also a sign of a calamity."

The doctor, whose visage darkened over while he listened to the councillor's words, answered, "It is certainly possible that, as a consequence of too great exertion or by reason of some organic defect, Antonia has a weakness in the lungs which itself may be the secret of that marvellous power and those ringing and unearthly vibrations in her voice. This faculty may be the cause of her death, and indeed if she continues to sing I would not give her six months more to live."

This judgment of the doctor's fell like a crashing bolt upon the councillor's heart. He seemed to look on himself as a tree, covered for the first time with the fairest fruit, yet doomed never more to blossom—cut down at the root. His resolution was soon taken. He explained all his dread to Antonia, and asked her if she would rather follow her betrothed, yielding to the seductions of the world and soon sinking in death, or follow her father in his old age, giving him a

rest and a joy that he had never known before, and thus live long herself. Antonia threw herself sobbing into his arms. He understood all the grief that she felt. Then he addressed himself to her lover; and, although the latter assured him that never should the shortest song be heard from the lips of the young girl, the councillor thought the young musician would not always be able to resist the temptation of hearing Antonia interpret the songs that he composed. The councillor disappeared with Antonia, and returned to H—. Her lover, in despair at their sudden departure, followed them quickly, and arrived almost at the same time with them at their place of refuge.

"To see him once again, and then to die!" said Antonia, with agonised voice.

"Die! Die!" exclaimed Crespel, in a rage, while an icy cold seemed to penetrate to his heart. He saw his daughter, the only being that he adored in this world, the only one who had revealed to him a happiness unknown before, the only one who had reconciled him to existence—he saw himself tearing her from his heart, and he determined to submit once more to the most terrible of proofs. The lover sat at the piano, Antonia sang, Crespel played the violin gaily, until at last he saw the two red spots again shining on his daughter's cheek. Then he stopped the concert, and, as the musician took leave of Antonia, she fell to the floor with a shriek of pain.

"I thought," said Crespel, "that she was dead, as I had dreaded—actually dead; and as I had resigned myself to that terrible catastrophe, I remained calm. I took the musician by the shoulders with all gentleness and said to him—

"Since it has pleased you, my most worthy music-master, to assassinate your betrothed, you can now go in peace, unless you prefer to remain until I plunge this hunting knife into your heart, and so colour with your noble blood the pale face of my daughter! Begone, as speedily as you can; I cannot longer answer for myself."

"My words must at that moment have had a terrible sound. He fled precipitately down the stairs.

When he was gone some time, Antonia, who had lain insensible on the floor, slowly opened her eyes, whereupon death seemed to seek to close them again. At the sight Crespel uttered a cry of anguish. The physician, whom the old housekeeper had called up, declared that Antonia's state was serious, but not dangerous, and in fact she recovered more rapidly than the councillor had dared to hope. From that day forwards she exhibited the utmost tenderness towards her father; she associated herself resolutely with all his likings, and even all his whims; she helped him to take old violins to pieces, and to construct new ones out of them.

"I do not want to sing any more," she often laughingly said. "I want to live for thee, my father;" and she resisted all entreaties addressed to her that the melody of her voice might be heard. The councillor sought as much as possible to spare her these entreaties. He only grudgingly took her out into society, and he carefully avoided all concerts. He knew all that it had cost Antonia to renounce the art that she had cultivated to so high a degree of perfection.

When he had bought the glorious violin which afterwards he buried with her, and which at first he had intended to destroy like the rest, Antonia had looked at him with a distressed air, and said, "What, that one too?"

The councillor did not know himself what was this undefinable influence which hindered his taking the instrument to pieces, and which compelled him to play on it. Scarcely had he awakened its first sounds when Antonia exclaimed, with a joyful accent, "Oh, 'tis myself! I sing again!" And certainly the clear silvery

tones of that violin had in them a strange human note of pathos and sweetness. Crespel, moved to the depths of his soul, played with greater feeling than ever before; and when, with bold and skilful touch, he ran through all the notes of the gamut, Antonia clapped her hands, and said, in a kind of rapture, "Oh, how well I sing! how well I sing!" From that day she had once more become gay and contented. Often she said to the councillor, "Father, I do wish I might sing something." Crespel then took down the violin from the wall, played his daughter's favourite airs, and then she felt her heart expand with gladness.

Shortly before my return to H— the councillor in the middle of one night fancied he heard the sound of a piano in a room near to his own. Soon he distinctly recognised the style of the young musician in a prelude that was being played. He tried to rise, but found himself bound as if by iron fetters and unable to make the slightest movement. Some moments passed, and now he recognised Antonia's voice, at first breathed out like a soft sigh, then rising by degrees to a *fortissimo* of the loudest. Then he listened to the accents of an impassioned melody, which her lover had once composed for Antonia in the style of the old masters. Crespel told me that at that moment he was fearfully agitated, experiencing at the same time a torturing anxiety and an ideal delight.

Suddenly he becomes conscious of a dazzling brightness about him. He perceives the musician and Antonia together, and they embrace and gaze upon each other in the transports of a new gladness. The melody continues, although Antonia no longer sings, and her lover no longer touches the piano.

The councillor fell back in a swoon. When he returned to consciousness again, he felt the fearful agony he had endured before, as in a dream, return. He sprang up and darted towards Antonia's chamber. There she lay peacefully on her bed, her eyes closed, her lips half opened as if smiling, her hands clasped together. One might have thought that she had fallen asleep in a dream of heaven.

She was dead.

George Sand's Defence of Artists.

WHAT you tell me, pray, what you mean, with your declamations against artists? Cry out against them as much as you please, but respect art. Oh, you Vandal! I like that stern sectarian who wants to dress Taglioni in a stuff gown and set Liszt's hands to turn the machinery of a wine-press, and who yet, as he lies on the grass, finds the tears come into his eyes at the least linnet's song, and who makes a disturbance in the theatre to stop Othello from murdering Malibran! The austere citizen would suppress artists as social excrescences that absorb too much of the sap; but this gentleman is fond of vocal music, and so will spare the singers. Let us hope that painters will find one among your strong heads who appreciate painters and won't wall up all studio windows. And as for the poets, they are your cousins; and you don't despise their forms of language and their rhythmical mechanism when you want to make an impression on the idle crowd. You will go to them to take lessons in metaphor and how to make use of it.

Unfortunately, for the cause of the superiority of antiquity, whenever you go to hear Berlioz's Funeral March, the least that can happen to you will be to confess that this music is rather better than what they used to give us in Sparta, when we served under Lycurgus; you will think that Apollo, displeased to see us sacrificing to Pallas exclusively, has played us a trick in giving lessons to that *Babylonian*, so that by the exercise of a magnetic and disastrous power over us he may lead our spirits astray.

Children's Column.

FIORELLO'S FIDDLESTICK.



AMONG the men of rank in London who were distinguished during the last century for their love of music, the Baron Baygo held a prominent place. This worthy man found music in everything. Did a door creak upon its hinges, did a chair make a shrill sound in gliding over the floor, presto! in an instant our melomaniac seized his tablets and marked down the corresponding musical inflections. There was not, in short, an itinerant merchant of the streets of London whose favourite cry had not been reproduced in the collection of Baron Baygo. To speak truth, however, it must be confessed that the musical education of our baron had not been of the most thorough character, being rather superficial than solid. He was consequently obliged to have recourse to an amanuensis to note down for him, in a proper and artist-like manner, all the noises, good, bad, or indifferent, which figured in his musical agenda.

To procure a person of sufficient tact and patience to understand and humour all the baron's whims, it may readily be imagined was no easy task. Having changed a score of times his musical secretaries, he succeeded at length in attaching to him the celebrated Fiorello, an Italian violinist of rare talent, and as simple and candid in character as the majority of his countrymen are crafty and astute.

Still, the baron, in spite of the three hours which he devoted every day to the practice of the violin, could never attain the faculty of playing with correctness; and his harmonical hand was continually entangled in difficulties, and made havoc with the doleful-sounding flats.

Fiorello was almost in despair. At length, the baron one day, throwing his violin on the floor, cried out, in a rage, "Yes; I have already restrained myself too long! But, patience; I am determined that these cursed flats shall bother me no longer!"

"What is it you mean, my lord?" said Fiorello, in astonishment.

"Why, I mean to say," replied the baron, "that this very night I will make a motion in the House of Lords, to oblige musical composers from henceforth to leave out all those infernal flats from their music, under a heavy penalty."

"Ha, ha!" said Fiorello, bursting into laughter. "The proposal will be a pleasant one."

"It will at least have a good moral effect, sir," replied the baron, with dignity. "Have we not a statute against profane swearing?"

"Certainly, my lord."

"Well, then, were it not for these vile flats I should not have broken it, for my own part, more than a thousand times since I commenced the practice of the violin."

It never appeared, however, that the baron carried his threat into execution.

One day, when the baron, after three years of close application, had come to handle the bow passably well, and could execute with tolerable correctness a solo of Jarnovichi (leaving out the flats), he declared to Fiorello that he had made up his mind to give his friends a taste of the firstfruits of his newly-acquired talent, and he accordingly directed him to make arrangements for a concert for the ensuing Saturday.

By order of the baron notes of invitation were sent out to Princes of the Royal Family, to the grand dignitaries of the United Kingdoms, to the Speakers of the two Houses of Parliament, and to the Lord Mayor of London. So well known in high life were the foibles and eccentricities of the baron, that each one took a malicious pleasure in accepting the invitation.

The day appointed for the concert at length arrived. Fiorello was very thoughtful; and at breakfast, spite of the repeated invitations of the baron's niece, a sprightly girl of sixteen, with whom he sat at table, scarcely swallowed a mouthful.

"What ails you, my good master?" said Miss Betsy to him.

"Alas! miss," replied the poor musician, "I fear that his lordship will compromise this evening my twenty years of honourable professorship."

"What! is that all, Signor Fiorello? Is not your reputation already sufficiently established? Take my advice, place yourself on the side of the laughers, and,

believe me, they will be the most numerous party this evening."

Fiorello, in spite of the encouragement of Miss Betsy, repaired to the rehearsal with much fear and anxiety. When the time for the commencement arrived, the baron, carrying his head very erect, mounted the stage prepared for the solo players, and without waiting to see if the others were ready, went to work in a most pitiless manner upon the piece he had selected for his *début*.

It was a frightful charivari. But the musicians were paid to find out great talent in their patron, and the applause he received, although given with a degree of *emprossement* which might seem a little ironical, made him the happiest of mortals. So far all went on well; but when in the evening the baron saw among the invited guests the brother of the king, an excellent violinist, and his cousin, the Duchess of Cambridge, who had the reputation of being one of the first musicians of the day, he was seized with an insurmountable panic, and ran to find Fiorello. But the professor had departed about noon, and his servant could not tell what had become of him.

"Come on then," said the baron, "the die is cast! I must play, cost what it will! I will at least, however, make use of the fiddlestick of my master, who, without the least regard for my reputation, has abandoned me at this critical moment in such a shameful manner."

The concert commenced with a magnificent chorus of Handel, which brought forth immense applause. Then La Mengotti warbled in a divine manner an air of Paisiello, and was conducted back to her seat in triumph. The order of the programme now designated the solo of the baron. Trembling from head to foot, he took his place and bowed profoundly to the august assemblage; while the orchestra attacked the overture, which usually precedes those *morceaux* which are designed to give *début* to a virtuoso. To the astonishment of all present, the baron executed the opening part of the concerto with a vigour and precision that was marvellous. The audience, who had come with the intent of laughing at their entertainer, were lost in perfect amazement. But still greater was their astonishment when the baron executed, with consummate taste and skill, a delicious vitanello which was set in the midst of the greatest difficulties of his piece, like an odour-breathing violet in the midst of a bunch of thorns. All arose with one accord; handkerchiefs waved in the air, and the name of the Amphitryon of the entertainment was mingled with the most hearty *vivats*. The poor baron experienced a sensation that he had never before known; his limbs trembled beneath him, and his forehead was covered with huge drops of perspiration.

The next day the *valet-de-chambre* of Baron Baygo, while arranging the instruments which had been used at the concert, observed that the hair of a valuable bow was covered with a thick coating of candle-grease. Astonished at this phenomenon, he carried it to his master, who, equally puzzled, sent for Fiorello, and, holding up the bow, said: "Here, my dear master, is your fiddlestick; it was of great service to me last evening, I assure you, for without it I should not to-day have carried my election as Speaker of the House. Leave it as a token of remembrance, and accept this as a mark of my esteem."

Thus saying, he slipped into the hand of Fiorello a draft on his banker for a hundred pounds. "But explain to me," added the baron, "how comes the hair of the bow in such a condition?"

Fiorello hung down his head, without replying.

"Oh, uncle!" cried Miss Betsy, "I will tell you all about it. Last night, during the concert, Signor Fiorello was hid behind the screen; and it was he who made all the beautiful music, while you were scraping the fiddle so hard with a fiddlestick that made no noise!"

For a few moments the baron stood confounded.

"Marvellous effect of self-love!" at length he exclaimed, for with all his foibles he was at bottom a man of sense. "So excited was I last evening that I really thought it was myself who executed those beautiful pieces. But come, I must not quarrel with you, my dear Fiorello; and I beg leave to double the amount of this draft, for the sake of the stratagem which has saved my reputation as a virtuoso. But I see plainly that I must stop here, and play no more upon the violin, lest this affair should get wind."

The baron kept his word; he gave up for ever his favourite instrument; but in order to make himself amends he diligently collected, from time to time, all the different inflections of voice of the members of the Upper House, and a curious medley it was!

Music in Paris.

THE National Academy of Music—the title by which the magnificent opera house is dignified—appears, unfortunately, to be almost in *extremis*. For the past few years the heavy expenses have far exceeded the receipts, the monthly expenditure, according to a recently-published statement, being 403,489fr., and the income 382,338fr., showing a deficiency of nearly 20,000fr. on the month's operations. During the first three months of the present year the deficit was still larger, amounting to no less a sum than 157,036fr., or £6,280 sterling.

The directorship of the Opera, vacant by the death of M. Vaucorbeil, is not yet filled up, the men most suitable for the post having declined the offers made to them, not caring to burden themselves with the heavy financial responsibilities of the position. M. Halanzier and M. Lamoureux have each declined to accept the charge offered them by the Government, the new restrictions, in addition to the old ones, to be placed upon the direction being regarded as excessive. M. Carvalho, the director of the Opera Comique, has been alluded to as a suitable man, but up to the present time no one has been found sufficiently bold and enthusiastic to accept the honour, consequently this palatial opera house remains without a governing head.

The Société des Concerts Modernes, under the direction of M. Benjamin Godard, take place in the Salle d'Hiver, Boulevard des Filles de Calvaire, and at the matinée on the 17th inst. an excellent programme was provided, and executed with the skill and precision always apparent at these fashionable and popular musical *réunions*. "La Symphonie Ecossaise" (Mendelssohn) was performed in almost faultless style, and received marked approval from a large and critical assembly. One of the chief attractions was an air from "L'Africaine," sung by Mlle. Maudiret, who possesses a melodious voice of considerable power; and the graceful and finished manner with which this *morceau* was rendered stamped her as a true musician. M. Godard gave one of his own compositions—a concerto for piano and orchestra—which was executed in a brilliant manner. The same compliment is due to M. Pfeiffer for the "Tarentelle," also for piano and orchestra, it being the first time this piece has been performed in public. The fragments of "Des Erinnyes," by M. Massenet, were much admired, the passage, "La Troyenne regrettant sa Patrie," being encored. The concert terminated with Meyerbeer's well-known "Marche aux Flambeaux." The music at the concert on Sunday afternoon last, 23rd inst., consisted of selections from the best works of Meyerbeer, Haydn, Mendelssohn, Massenet, and Schumann.

M. Sarasate, the eminent violinist, has added to the golden opinions he has already won by his marvellous performances at the fourth concert at the Salle Du Châtelet. In the "Concerto pour Violon," by Mendelssohn (allegro, andante, and finale), he surpassed, if possible, all his previous displays, and entirely enraptured all who heard him. "La Symphonie Espagnole," by M. Ed. Lalo; "La Sérénade de Melancholique," by Tchaikowski; and "La Rhapsodie Hongroise," by Auer, were also executed with that evenness and precision which characterise all the performances of this talented *artiste*. One of the pieces was produced for the first time—"Le Ballet Comical de la Reine"—composed in 1581 by Balthazar de Beaujoyeux, on the occasion of some grand wedding festivities. The music, though quaint, is tuneful and spirited, affording excellent ideas of the *airs de danse* of that period. The little song of the "Clochettes" gave especial delight and satisfaction. The orchestra was of its usual excellence, and the performance of "La Symphonie Pastorale" (Beethoven) and the prelude of "Carmen" were rapturously applauded, the latter being redemanded—a request which could not be complied with, as another piece, "La Sequedille," had already been commenced. "The Dragons d'Alcala" is very popular, the orchestra having to repeat it, a fate which always awaits it wherever it is played efficiently.

The new operetta, "Rip," was produced on the evening of the 11th inst. at the Folies-Dramatiques, and met with a very favourable reception. It is founded on the well-known legend, with some slight innovations, and the authors of the adaptation, MM. Meilhac, Gille, and Farnie, have made good use of the materials on which the operetta is based. The composer, M. Planquette, has written some melodious and graceful music. The

trio in the first act, "Mes enfants, sachez qu'en mariage," is particularly delightful, and the romance in the second act, "Pour marcher dans la nuit obscure," as well as the finale, "Il s'endort," deserve particular mention. M. Brémont was a capital Rip, and sang his music well, and Mme. Scalini, Mme. Milly Meyer, M. Simon Max, and M. Delausnay, in their respective parts, acquitted themselves well in the display of their vocal abilities.

An operette fantastique, "Le Château de Tire-Larigot," has been produced at the Théâtre des Nouveautés, and is one of the most amusing and striking musical pieces seen or heard for a long time. The words are clever and pungent, the authors, MM. Ernest Blum and Raoul Toché, deserving considerable praise for the happy way they have treated a peculiarly funny story, in which there is no plot, but is increasingly interesting from first to last. If the libretto is good, so also is the music, and the composer, M. Gaston Serpette, has added another link to the chain of his musical successes. The operetta may well be termed "fantastique," for such it is in the true sense of the word—the music, the costumes, the scenery, the words, and the *mise-en-scène* generally are admirable, and as comical as can well be imagined. The *corps dramatique* in this latest Paris success deserves all possible praise, the four principal characters being ably filled by MM. Albert Brasseur and Tony-Riom and Mlles. Jeanne Andrée and Juliette Darcourt. The last-named lady has an excellent voice and sings with much good taste and ability. A *duo bouffe* "Comme le temps passe" sung by MM. Brasseur and Barthelier, when they, as varnished portraits, step down from their gilded frames is highly amusing, as is also their song about their genealogical tree, "En dix-sept cent soixante-neuf," both of which are evidently adapted to please the Parisien's musical taste. The *duo du voyage* is sung by M. Albert Brasseur and Mlle. Jeanne Andrée with much spirit and vivacity; and some couplets are warbled by the latter very charmingly while in the *ascenseur*, or lift, which, as it goes up, is suddenly transformed into a balloon. The *grand duo*, in which M. Barthelier and Mlle. Andrée take part, and also that of M. Albert Brasseur and Mlle. Darcourt, are displays of really good vocalisation. The music throughout is very melodious and pleasing, and many of the tuneful *morceaux* are in all probability doomed to the undignified popularity of being chanted or whistled by all Paris, possibly London also. The *tout ensemble* is perfect and complete, and authors and artistes alike deserve commendation.

Mme. Marcella Sembrich, a charming Russian *chanteuse*, increases in popularity at each successive appearance in new characters. Her triumphs as Lucia in Donizetti's opera, "Lucia di Lammermoor," are as well known to the majority of the *élite* of English society as to the residents in Paris. Her beautiful voice, on her recent assumption of this part, appeared even more sonorous and powerful than before, resounding throughout every part of the splendid *salle* of Les Italiens, one of the handsomest in the Parisian capital. In the aria, "Reguava Silenzio," she sustained the high D in *alt*, and in the cadenzas ran as high as *Mi*, to the admiration of all who heard her. The quintette in the second act afforded her another opportunity of exhibiting her great vocal powers, for in this she took a clear high *do dièse*, or C sharp, and finally eclipsed all her previous efforts by her skillful performance in the mad scene of the final act. The air with flute obbligato, not only won a *bis*, but the charming songstress was recalled over and over again, each time receiving splendid floral tributes in admiration of her conspicuous abilities. Signor Novelli, as Sir Edgar di Ravenswood, proved himself worthy of the high reputation he has gained, and MM. Lauwers, Jauffenberger, Déjean, and Mme. Jarsi were equally praiseworthy. The music was finely executed, and Signor Gialdini, the talented director of the orchestra, contributed in no slight degree to the great success on the opening night of this favourite opera-house.

The latest and most striking performance of Mme. Sembrich was in Rossini's opera, "Il Barbiere di Siviglia," in which she appeared as Rosina; M. Victor Maurel, Figaro; M. de Reszke, Basilio; and Signor Perugini, Count Almaviva. The performance of Rosina was highly finished. M. Victor Maurel has a splendid baritone voice, which he uses wisely and discreetly, and in the cavatina, "Largo al Factotum," he displayed his great talent to advantage, as was also the case in "An un dollar della mia sorte," which he sang capitably. Of Signor Perugini much could be said, his *début* on the 15th inst. fully realising the expectations of those who

have patiently awaited his advent. He is a young American of great promise, having studied under the best of instructors, and wherever he has appeared he has won golden opinions from competent judges, who speedily recognised his abilities as an artiste destined to shine in the foremost ranks of the operatic world. He had much to do as the Count, but all was exceedingly well done, and he soon showed he was a thorough master of all matters pertaining to his profession. M. de Reszke was faultless as Basilio, and it has been remarked that such a representative of that character has perhaps never before been seen in Paris. He sang the music of his part in a superb manner, especially "La Calumnia è un venticello," which, from a musical and dramatic point of view, approached as near perfection as possible. The absence on this occasion of Signor Gialdini was noticeable, but his post was ably filled by Maestra Conti.

The revival of "Roméo et Juliette" at the Opera Comique will take place early in December, and at the same time, a new piece, which has been for some time in rehearsal, "Le Médecin Malgré Lui," will be presented. There is some excellent music in both pieces. The *début* of M. Ismardon in the character of Sganarelle is looked forward to with considerable interest.

Verdi's "Ernani" was given at the Italiens on the 11th inst. The chief representatives were M. Novelli, as Ernani; M. Bolcione, Don Carlos; M. de Reszke, Silva; M. Paroli, Riccardo; M. Saporetto, Iago; Mme. Violetti, Elvira; and Mme. Decortelibera, Giovanni. Mme. Valda was too unwilling to appear as Elvira, much to the disappointment of all, and Mme. Violetti, who took her place, did her best with the music of the part. The latter lady has a voice of large compass, but she occasionally errs in her method of using it, and on this occasion it was particularly noticeable, although every allowance should be made on account of the shortness of the notice given her. M. de Reszke made his reappearance on this occasion after a long absence from Paris, and was heartily welcomed.

Mme. Giulia Valda's *début* at the Italiens on the first evening of this month, as Oscar in Verdi's "Un Ballo in Maschera," is deserving of special mention, the purity of her voice and her graceful action having secured her a veritable triumph. Mme. Valda has an excellent voice, soprano *sforzato*, of peculiar power and richness, which she knows well how to make the best use of. There was a vast improvement in her style and manner since her appearance last season, which was particularly noticeable throughout, and in the quintette "Escherzo" she created quite a *furor*, carrying away the honours of the evening. The singing in the first act of "Difenderla Vogli' io volta la terra" was refined and artistic, and she at once gained the admiration of the whole of the vast assembly. Her rich and picturesque costumes as the Page were the theme of general admiration. M. Victor Maurel was absent through indisposition, his part being undertaken by M. Bolcioni, of whom little need be said. Great expectations had been excited as to the *début* of Mme. Violetti in the character of Amelia, but these were not realised, as her performance was only of a very mediocre description. M. Petrowich has a commanding presence, but his good looks far outweighed his singing, being exceedingly nervous; nevertheless, he displayed indications of superior talent, which time probably will more fully develop. The orchestral accompaniments were very effectively executed.

The revival at the opera of M. Ambroise Thomas's "Françoise de Rimini," on the evening of the 12th inst., was an event possessing more than ordinary interest. When produced two years ago it was only moderately successful, although the late M. Vaucorbeil made lavish outlays in order to ensure a gratifying result. Several alterations have since been made, which have much improved a work possessing many features of super-excellence. Mlle. Adèle Isaac sang the music of Francesca well and correctly, but her general style is not by any means captivating; Mlles. Figuet and Vidal rendered valuable service in all they did, and MM. Lassalle, Sellier, and Gailhard, each of whom are highly accomplished vocalists, merit high eulogiums for their skilful representations. The *mise en scène* is magnificent, and the *divertissement*, in which Mlle. Mauri reigns supreme, is a very attractive part of the opera. There is some very melodious music in the score, and M. Ambroise Thomas has again proved himself a thorough musician.

PARIS, Nov. 25.

T. W. H.

Letters from Our Correspondents.

ABERDEEN.

NOVEMBER 24TH.

THE first note of the season was struck by Mr. Charles Hallé, from whom, accompanied by another favourite, Mme. Neruda, the city is now favoured with an annual visit, thanks to the enterprise of Mr. James Macbeth. The programme was of the high-class order usually presented by these talented artists, and it is needless to add the performance was both instructive and pleasurable.

Another event of importance during the past month was a Ballad Concert by Mme. Patey and party, the accompanist being Signor Tito Mattei. Although nothing specially attractive was submitted, the entertainment was, on the whole, enjoyable, the famous contralto having been in excellent voice.

The first to take the field among the local societies was the "Philharmonic" (orchestral), on the 18th inst. With the exception of the importation of a bassoon from the South, the members dispensed on this occasion with foreign aid. The chief items in the programme were the "Prometheus" (Beethoven) and "Heimkehr" (Mendelssohn) overtures, Haydn's No. 13 Symphony, and two movements of Mendelssohn's Concerto in D minor, the piano part in the last named being ably contributed by the conductor, Herr Reiter, who also officiated as soloist in the "Tänzer" March, and a group of four interesting pieces of his own composition. For a first performance the orchestra made, in several respects, a fairly creditable appearance, though by no means faultless.

A noticeable feature was the continued improvement displayed by some of the instruments, principally by the double basses, the brace of horns, and, in the matter of tune, the oboe. The second strings remain the weak part of the orchestra, and something ought to be done to strengthen that important wing. The season thus commenced includes other two concerts, and this suggests the remark that the comparatively limited period in which these are given leaves little enough time for the due preparation of the exacting class of works generally essayed by this society. The next event is announced for the 8th prox., when the Tonic Sol-Fa Institute promise a performance of the "Elijah," a work they have already presented. The soloists are Miss Kemble, Miss Layton, Mr. Levetus, and Mr. Bridson. The band will be led by Mr. Rae, Mr. Dawson presiding at the organ.

Later on, the Glasgow orchestra of over eighty members, under the conductorship of Mr. Manns, pays a second visit to the town, the date being Christmas Eve.

Following this, the Choral Union present their annual performance of the "Messiah," while immediately after, it is reported, the "Dundee Children" give, for what purposes of art we know not, another performance of the same oratorio. Glad to see the children again, of course: but either the Choral Union or the little strangers stand to suffer financially on account of the unfortunate, and surely unnecessary, proximity of the two performances. This points, however, to a certain briskness in these dull times in things musical, if not to a somewhat hazardous rivalry.

GLASGOW.

NOVEMBER 24TH.

THE musical season will fairly set in on 9th prox., when Mme. Minnie Hauk will "assist" at the inaugural concert of the Glasgow Choral Union. Time was, and that not very long ago, when the orchestral concerts provided by our leading musical organisation received but scant encouragement. Really wonderful progress has, however, been made during the last few years, and perseverance in furthering the interests of musical art in our midst has at length brought its reward. The guarantors, for example, have already been repaid one-half of the losses sustained when symphonies and kindred compositions for orchestra meant an array of empty benches, and a large sum now stands at the credit of the society. As more than local interest attaches to the operations of the Choral Union, these facts ought to be known and

kept in view by struggling societies throughout the country, if only as a stimulus to renewed energetic efforts. The artistic success scored in the past need not at this hour, be emphasised, and it may be taken that the executive, ably aided by the conductor, Mr. August Manns, will again give an excellent account of their stewardship. Commercial depression is telling its unpleasant tale on the banks of the Clyde, but, notwithstanding Paterfamilias' brusque protests about the "bad times," it is gratifying to be able to announce that in all circumstances the subscriptions to the eleventh series of concerts are large and encouraging. Readers of this journal already know the leading features of the scheme. It is therefore unnecessary to again refer to the many good things in store for local musical folks.

What may be termed the West-end Branch of the Abstainers' Union's Saturday Evening Concerts was opened on the 1st inst. On that occasion St. Andrew's Hall assumed an air of business in gratifying contrast to last season's experience. That was discouraging enough, but the management pluckily resolved to persevere. The dwellers in the West have at length perceived that an excellent form of entertainment has been brought to their doors. More, note has been made regarding the agreeable disposal of the Saturday evenings (available after the exodus from summer quarters) which precede the popular concerts of the Choral Union. The inauguration was auspicious in every way, and when I mention that Mme. Patey and party supported the concert, it will be conceded that Mr. Airlie's initial card proved a trump one. The favourite contralto won, as of yore, the heartiest recognition; so, also, Miss Anna Williams and another old friend, Signor Tito Mattei, who, by the way, returns to Glasgow very soon to fulfil an engagement with Mlle. Marimon. At the second concert of this series Mr. Sims Reeves appeared, when, it goes without saying, the accommodation of the hall was taxed to its utmost capacity. The veteran was evidently nursing his voice for his last song, "Tom Bowling," and if his previous efforts left an impression of disappointment on the majority of his audience, that was eventually dispelled. In Dibdin's ever-green ditty Mr. Reeves was simply his "old self." His party included Miss Marion McKenzie, Madame de Fonblanque, Mr. Gilbert Campbell, and Miss Nettie Carpenter, a juvenile violinist of great promise, whose technique and tone very speedily gained her no ordinary attention. Mr. Emile Berger gave his valued services as accompanist, assisting again at the concert on the 16th inst., when the artistes included Madame Georgina Burns, of the Carl Rosa Opera Company, and Mr. J. T. Carrodus. Both of these old favourites had a cordial reception, and Mr. W. Nicholl, a new tenor, had no reason to be dissatisfied with his friendly greeting. Further study is, of course, absolutely necessary, and no one, we venture to believe, knows this better than the promising new-comer himself.

Miss Agnes Liddell gave her second annual concert on the evening of the 4th inst. The night was a somewhat "wild" one, and, in these circumstances, the turn-out at the Queen's Rooms was singularly good and fashionable. The fair concert-giver was heard to excellent advantage in Tosti's "Good-bye," and other items in the programme were well sustained by Messrs. Bantock Pierpoint (bass) and Galrein (violinello) and Mlle. Hetta Lippmann (pianoforte). Signor Alberto Visetti was announced as conductor, but was unable to appear. His place was, at the last moment, taken by Mr. Emile Berger, and with much acceptance.

The *cachet* of success, stamped, undoubtedly, the couple of concerts recently given here by Mr. John Muir Wood. The first of these took place on the evening of the 7th inst., when Dr. Charles Hallé and Mme. Norman-Neruda drew to the Queen's Rooms a very large and representative audience. It may, indeed, be said that on no previous occasions have those favourite artistes appealed to their Glasgow friends with so much advantage. Dr. Hallé created a genuine surprise by reason of the fire and energy he infused into Liszt's Rhapsodie Hongroise in D flat (No. 12); while in Ernst's Fantasia, on airs from "Othello," his accomplished coadjutor again showed her unrivalled command over her instrument. For Mr. Muir Wood's second concert he had secured the

services of Mme Christine Nilsson and party. Much interest centred in the reappearance here of the great Swedish vocalist, after an absence of six years or thereabouts. St. Andrew's Hall was simply crowded, and as the ideal Marguerite stepped on the platform she was greeted with all the cordiality due to an old friend. How she sang Beethoven's incomparable "Ah perfido," and the "Jewel Song" from "Faust," and how she acted in her interpretation of the last-named, it were needless to narrate. Nor were the audience less impressed by her share in the duet, "La Luna Immobile," from Boito's "Mephistofele." Here she was joined by Miss Hope Glenn, and with all her well-known art. Other items in the programme comprised Parker's new song, "Jerusalem"—a weak imitation of Gounod's "Nazareth," and in which even Signor Foli failed to interest—and violoncello solos by M. Hollman. Signor Bisaccia officiated as conductor, and to the entire satisfaction of everybody concerned with a concert which will not readily be forgotten in those parts.

From the neighbouring burgh of Paisley it is gratifying to hear that the response to the Guarantee Fund of the local Choral Union has been highly encouraging. This is a happy omen, and, without doubt, the season 1884-5—particulars of which have been already announced in the MAGAZINE OF MUSIC—will prove an interesting one. Another Free Church in Glasgow has gone in with the organ movement, for on the evening of the 18th inst. an instrument, built by Mr. Auguste Gern, was opened in Westbourne Church. Mr. Alfred J. Eyre, of the Crystal Palace, Sydenham, gave his services on the occasion. The "Rose of Sharon" is in rehearsal by Mr. W. M. Miller's Tonic Sol-Fa Choral Society, with a view to performance in February next. The "Glasgow Society of Musicians" has begun well, the roll—limited to sixty members and forty associates—being quite full. At the inaugural dinner, which took place on the 1st inst., an agreeable evening was spent under the chairmanship of Mr. Julius Seligmann. There was much good music, including a couple of string quartets admirably played by Messrs. Daly, Cole, Gallrein, and Woolnoth. A new song (in MS.) by Mr. Allan Macbeth made a distinctly favourable impression, and we ought to hear more of the highly promising composition (so well sung by Mr. Black) by-and-by.

Mr. E. L. Knapp, the popular lessee of the Royalty Theatre, retires from that position at the end of next month, and to the regret of his many friends in Glasgow. Musical folks hereabouts have reason to remember kindly Mr. Knapp's efforts in bringing north the best available opera companies. He has again secured the Carl Rosa troupe, who opened this evening a twelve-nights' engagement. The opera was "Carmen," Mme. Marie Rose personating the heroine, and with all her well-known artistic success. Boito's "Mephistofele" is underlined as also "Favorita" and "Mignon."

DUBLIN.

NOVEMBER 24TH.

ON the 28th ult. a concert in aid of the funds of the Meath Hospital, which, unfortunately, much needed assistance, was given at the Antient Concert Hall. Sir Robert Stewart conducted, and good vocal contributions were given by Mrs. Scott-Gennell, Miss Mary Russell, Mr. Bapty, tenor, and Mr. Gualan Kelly, bass. Chopin's scherzo in B flat minor was ably played on the pianoforte by Miss Kruger, R.I.A.M.

On the 5th inst. a successful and well attended concert was given by the Dublin Amateur Orchestral Union, Mr. William Telford, Mus. Bac., conducting. This Society aims at replacing the old Dublin "Philharmonic," and it has already made good progress towards fulfilling the functions of that society in a worthy manner. Its band of between forty and fifty performers is chiefly composed of amateurs, including several young lady violinists. The orchestral programme was light and calculated to please a general audience. The chief feature of the evening was Beethoven's E flat concerto, called the "Emperor," the pianoforte part in which was played by Miss Ella Rosenthal, an amateur, with rare ability. There were also some vocal contributions. On the afternoon of Saturday, the 8th inst., the Dublin

Chamber Music Union, now consisting of M. Billet, pianist; Herr Lauer, violinist; Mr. Richardson, second violin; Mr. Griffith, viola; and Herr Rudersdorf, violoncello; gave the first concert of the tenth season of the Union, in the drawing-room of the Antient Concert Rooms. The artists played in excellent style Mendelssohn's trio in D minor for piano, violin, and violoncello; Haydn's string quartette, Op. 76, No. 1; and the romance, Op. 63, of Kirchner, for violin and piano. Herr Rudersdorf played a violoncello solo consisting of Hebrew melodies, with great finish, and M. Billet played on the piano Chopin's fine polonaise in F sharp minor in a most commendable manner, giving a reading of it which was dignified, truthful, and undisfigured by the exaggeration which so frequently passes for "the correct thing" in the interpretation of Chopin's music.

On the afternoon of Tuesday, the 11th inst., there was a pupils' concert in the rooms of the Royal Irish Academy of Music, Westland Row, at which there was some excellent pianoforte playing and also violin solos. On the 14th inst. the first of Messrs Cramer and Wood's series of subscription concerts was given in the Antient Concert Hall. There was a crowded audience, which was representative of the best educated musical circles. The artists who appeared were Mr. Joseph Maas, Madame Trebelli, Mr. Clifford Balle, Mlle. Anna Lang, of Stockholm, violinist, and Mr. Thomas Martin, pianist. Mr. Maas was in splendid voice, and had to yield to an encore. Madame Trebelli's superb singing produced a like effect. Mlle. Lang's playing was much appreciated. Although power of tone is not a marked characteristic, yet her extraordinary execution, truthfulness of intonation, and general mastery over the difficulties of the instrument give promise of a great future for her. One of her pieces was a fantasia on themes from "Faust," by Sarasate, the Spanish violinist. In this, towards the close, the waltz theme, the original key of which is D major, is introduced in G major, and thereby robbed of half its brilliance. Mr. Thomas Martin is a young Dublin artist. He played with faultless finish and technique the C minor study of Chopin, and the same composer's interesting and difficult fantasia in F minor. On the following day the same artists appeared at an afternoon concert held in the same place, at which Mlle. Lang made a still more powerful impression by her playing of a ballad and polonaise by Vieuxtemps.

BRADFORD.

NOV. 24TH.

CONCERTS have been so numerous in Bradford during the past month, that little more can be done beyond a bare chronicle of them. On the 24th ult., the Bradford Festival Choral Society gave its autumn performance to an enormous and easily-satisfied audience. On this occasion no large work was produced, but a number of well-known glees and part songs were sung with remarkable power and finish. There were also solos from Miss Annie Albu, Miss Howard Dutton, and Mr. Seymour Jackson. Miss Albu displayed a facile and polished operatic method in selections from Bellini and Donizetti, and the Manchester tenor greatly charmed the audience by the remarkable sweetness of his voice. The following week (the 31st ult.) the twentieth season of the Subscription Concerts began. The history of this institution has been somewhat chequered, but it now stands on an assured footing. The number of season subscribers is far greater than in any previous year, the best seats in St. George's Hall, being in fact, all taken up. The concert alluded to was orchestral, Mr. Hallé's band furnishing the performers. The chief item of the programme was Raff's pictorial symphony "Lenore," played for the second time at these concerts, and producing a marked effect by its unceasing stream of melody, its picturesque instrumentation, and its graphic realisation of Bürger's poem. Madame Albani, who reappeared in Bradford at this concert, after a long absence, made an astonishing vocal display in two airs from Donizetti; and also sang an air from Benedict's "St Peter." Mr. Hallé, who is more than admired by all musical souls in Bradford, who indeed, regard him in the light of a personal friend, played the lovely Romance and Rondo from Chopin's concerto in E minor.

On the 7th inst. the Canadian cantatrice was succeeded by the "Swedish Nightingale." Mme. Christine Nilsson was accompanied by a goodly retinue, but her own performances were, of course, the prime attraction. She chose her selections well, and sang them magnificently. Beethoven's great scena, "Ah perfido," she

gave with grandly-tragic force, and the ever-welcome "Jewel Song" with mingled brilliancy and reflectiveness. The other vocal artists were Miss Hope Glenn, Mme. Zemari, and Signora Parisotti and Foli. Instrumental solos were contributed by M. Hollmann, who did wonderful things with the 'cello, and Signor Bisaccia, who played one of Liszt's piano rhapsodies.

An excellent chamber concert (which, however, secured only a woefully small audience, on account of its clashing with the concert of the Girls' Grammar School) was given by Herr Hense, a musical professor in the town, on the 14th inst. With the assistance of MM. Risegari and Vieuxtemps, he presented Beethoven's Trio in E minor (Op. 70, No. 2) and Bargiel's Trio, Op. 26. The latter is a somewhat dreary work, and of portentous length; but the Beethoven selection can never fail to charm. What can exceed the heartfelt loveliness of the second *allegretto* or the fearless march of sequences, and the brilliant elaboration of the *finale*?

Another work of note included in the programme on this occasion was Greg's sonata for piano and 'cello, Op. 36. The first two movements strike one as laboured and inconsequential, but the last is undeniably delightful, making use of exquisite Scandinavian melodies, and welding them together with rare poetic fancy. Minor events have been performances of Barnby's "Rebekah," and of Cowen's "Rose Maiden," by the choirs of two chapels in the town. On the 19th inst. Aptommas gave two harp recitals, but although he played with his usual marvellous skill, he was only very indifferently supported.

EXETER.

MR. FARLEY SINKINS'S Concerts, the character of which I indicated in my last letter, proved a great success. Each was very numerous attended, especially that of the evening, when there must have been over 3,000 persons assembled in the Victoria Hall. The artists engaged were all of established reputation in their respective branch. These included Madame Valleria, soprano; Madame Enriquez, contralto; Mr. Joseph Maas, tenor; Mr. Barrington Foote, baritone; Signor Bottesini, the famous solo contra-basso and gifted composer; and Mlle. Anna Lang (Stockholm), a clever and exceedingly promising violinist. It is almost needless to add that this brilliant company of artists charmed the audiences, and were applauded unstintedly. Mr. Farley Sinkins has arranged for concerts of hardly undiminished excellence this month (December.) His enthusiasm and enterprise in this connection, are certainly deserving of the hearty encouragement he receives from his fellow-citizens.

Mr. Barré D. Bayly's first concert this season took place at the Royal Public Rooms on Nov. 10, and were a complete success. Miss Henden Warde, Mons. Hollmann, Herr Gustave Ernest, and Mr. D. J. Wood, Mus. Bac., were among the artists who appeared.

The organ recitals at the Victoria Hall are being continued by Mr. D. J. Wood (Cathedral Organist) to the popular delight, as evidenced by the large attendances. Mr. Farley Sinkins, Mr. Ferris Tozer, Mr. F. Dison, and some local amateurs have so far appeared as vocalists at these recitals.

BIRMINGHAM.

NOV. 25TH.

DURING the present generation Birmingham has not seen a more dull commencement of the concert season than this year, nor is there much hope that there will be an increase of activity during the winter. The institutions looked to for the production of novelties have given up their struggles with difficulties, and the surviving organisations do not appear to be deriving benefit from the lessening of competition. On the 30th ult. the Festival Choral Society began its twenty-fifth series of oratorio concerts with an excellent performance of Mendelssohn's "Elijah." The principal vocalists were Mme. Valleria, Mme. Enriquez, Mr. E. Lloyd, and Mr. Ludwig—an excellent quartet, the over-demonstrative style of Mr. Ludwig being the only unsatisfactory matter in the solo department. It was in the choruses and in the accompaniments, however, that the triumphs of the evening were achieved. The society's choir has been increasing in strength for some years, and the members now number more than 350. With such a body of chorallists, and with a band of about seventy instrumentalists (some of the principals being leading London artists), it may be supposed that the full numbers of the

score would be grandly presented, and saying that, excepting at the Triennial Festivals, more effective renderings have never been heard here is not bestowing an undue measure of praise. The society's subscription list is not, however, as good as it was last season.

On the 6th inst. a concert was given at the Midland Institute in continuation of the series commenced on the 4th ult. Up to the present these concerts have been given on Saturday afternoons; but by request of some of the subscribers a trial was made of a Thursday evening. The persons for whose edification the Institute entertainments were organised have never displayed much appreciation of the labours of the committee, and, judging from appearances, the change of time will not bring about any good result. The programme was supposed to be "Madrigalian," but the vocal examples included only two old English madrigals, the other pieces for the choir being a part song by Dowland (a specimen well known to members of elementary singing classes), and five productions by composers of the present century. Another anomaly was the introduction of an excessive quantity of pianoforte music, contributed by the accomplished young artist, Mr. Richard Rickard. The pianist apparently regarded the occasion as a "Pianoforte Recital" with vocal "reliefs," for he played seven solos, one of which occupied more than twenty minutes.

On the 17th inst. Messrs. Harrison gave their second Subscription Concert at the Town Hall. The vocalists were Mme. Albani, Miss Annie Marriott, Mme. Trebelli, Mr. Maas, and Mr. Santley; and the instrumentalists Mr. R. Rickard (pianoforte), Mr. Barrett (flute), Herr Otto Fernhardt (violin), Mr. Stimpson (organ) and Mr. F. Cliffe (conductor). The programme was uninteresting, being made up of a succession of hackneyed ballads, opera songs, and instrumental pieces. Of course, what was done, was done well, and the hall was crowded. Almost every piece brought about a recall of the artist engaged in the exposition, and the irresistible *encores* were followed by examples still more hackneyed than those set down in the programme.

The Saturday Evening Concerts for the People of the Birmingham Musical Association have been continued weekly, variety as regards programmes having been judiciously provided. Large audiences have been attracted, and the objects for which the entertainments were established are being satisfactorily secured.

On the 11th inst. death took away a member of the musical profession who has for nearly half a century held an honourable place in the art circles of the Midlands. As a violin soloist, a quartet player, and an orchestral leader, the deceased, Mr. Henry Hayward, was highly and justly esteemed. Twenty years ago he was one of the finest players in the country, winning renown by his masterly style and devotion to the classical schools of music. A few years ago he was attacked by paralysis, but he was able to continue his duties as a teacher, and he will be remembered by many of the best players hereabout as a painstaking and kindly instructor, and by the musical public as an industrious contributor to their pleasure.

SHEFFIELD.

SIGNOR BOTTESINI played at a concert given by Mr. John Peck in the Albert Hall on the 5th inst. The great contra-bassist had not been heard in the town for nearly a quarter of a century, yet the reception given him was almost enthusiastic. His playing showed the most complete mastery over an unwieldy instrument. The tone, though not strong, is mellow and sweet, and always true. The compass is very extensive, and the professor's command of the harmonics wonderful. His selection was entirely from his own works, and included "Elegia" (No. 2), *Thème de Paesello* ("Nel cor più non mi s'ento"), and Fantasia on "I Puritani." Mlle. Anna Lang, a violinist from Stockholm, played with great taste, and in Vieuxtemps' "Polonaise" showed fine tone and executive skill. She joined with Signor Bottesini in the latter's Grand Duo Concertante, and a delightful performance resulted. Mr. Maas sang gloriously, and his rendering of Handel's "Deeper, and deeper still" and "Waft her, Angels" was something to be remembered. His subsequent ballad singing was highly successful. Miss Ella Lemmens, Madame Enriquez, and Mr. F. Sinkins were the other singers who contributed to an enjoyable concert. Mr. Harvey Lohr was the solo pianist and accompanist.

On the 11th inst. Mr. Walter Bache gave a pianoforte recital at the rooms of the German Piano Agency at the

West-end, using for the purpose one of Bechstein's instruments. The attendance was more select than numerous. Mr. Bache's choice was of thoroughly classical pieces, being the following:—Bach: Organ Fugue (transcribed by Liszt); Beethoven: Grand Sonata in E flat, Op. 27; Chopin: Ballade in F minor, Impromptu in F sharp, Andante Spinato and Grand Polonaise in E flat; Bulow: "Canzonatura," "Lacerta"; Liszt: Etude in D flat, Etude in F minor, "Chasse-neige," "Feux-follets," Hungarian Storm March. Mr. Bache's playing had its merits, but the general result was not as successful as had been anticipated.

The first concert of the Collegiate Orchestral Society's season took place on the 12th in the Collegiate Hall, Broomhall Park. The place was crowded by a large and fashionable audience. Mr. Samuel Suckley conducted. The programme was of vocal and instrumental music, and its performance was most praiseworthy.

There have been Saturday evening popular concerts during the month at the Albert Hall and the Duke of Norfolk Corn Exchange, at which the performers have been chiefly local.

LEEDS.

DURING the last month several of the most interesting concerts have taken place, the first being that known as the "Leeds Church Schools Choral Festival," the proceeds of which are always devoted to the funds of the Local Board of the Church Schoolmasters and Schoolmistresses' Benevolent Institution, of which the Rev. Dr. Gott, the Vicar of Leeds, is the President. The programme was chosen with great care and judgment, and consisted of the following pieces:—Part I. (Sacred). Hymn: "Thou art coming" (W. H. Monk); Anthem: "The radiant morn hath passed away" (Rev. H. H. Woodward); Hymn: "Jesu, Sun of Righteousness" (Sir G. A. Macfarren); Anthem: "I will sing of Thy power," with tenor solo—effectively sung by Mr. Harrison of Armley (Sir A. Sullivan); Carol: "Sleep, Holy Babe!" (Rev. J. B. Dykes), and grand chorus, "Worthy is the Lamb" (Handel). Part II. (Secular). Part song: "Awake! awake! the flowers unfold" (Henry Leslie); German melody: "Lorely"; Duet: The Maybells and the Flowers" (Mendelssohn); Solo and chorus: "With a laugh as we go round"—solo being most chastely sung by Mme. Emilie Clarke (Sir W. Sterndale Bennett); Four-part Song: "Drops of Rain" (J. Lemmens); Patriotic Song: "England, Freedom's Home" (Hopkinson); Part Song: "With the Spring" (Dr. Stainer); and Finale, Song and Chorus: "Good Night, Farewell"—solos by Mme. Emilie Clarke and Mr. Westerman (Dr. Garrett). Every number of this programme was gone through in the most admirable manner under the skilful direction of Mr. J. W. Young, of Wakefield, who, as a conductor of children's concerts, has no equal in this part of England. Dr. Creser, organist of the Leeds parish church, in addition to accompanying the pieces very ably throughout, played two solos on the grand organ, viz., Prelude and Fugue in B minor (Bach), and Mendelssohn's "War March of the Priests" ("Athalie"), the latter being vociferously redemanded, as were many of the vocal items. The choir numbered upwards of 750 voices (boys, girls, and adults), and the concert was a complete success.

Madame Christine Nilsson visited Leeds on the twelfth and sang in a concert at the Town Hall, promoted by Messrs. Cramer and Co., London. The attendance was not so large as was anticipated, the prices being too high in the present depressed state of trade in the town and district. Madame Nilsson's contributions were: Grand Scena, "Ah, Perfido Spargiuro," with the succeeding Aria, "Per pietà non dirmi addio" (Beethoven), Legende Valaque, "La Serenata" (Braga), with violoncello obbligato beautifully played by Mons. Hollman; and the "Jewel Song" (Bijou Air) from Gounod's "Faust." Being encored for a most superb rendering of the two latter pieces, the Swedish *prima donna* responded by singing with exquisite taste a "Lullaby" by Harriet Young, and a lovely Folksong entitled "Dalvisa," which was very fascinating in the way she gave it, and the audience applauded her enthusiastically. Signor Foli divided the honours of the evening with the fair Swede, he being in grand voice. The Signor finally interpreted a new sacred song by Henry Parker, "Jerusalem," and Piusini's "I fear no foe." He was of course recalled after each, and in response to the latter magnifi-

cantly declaimed "I am a roamer," from Mendelssohn's "Son and Stranger."

Madame Mathilde Yimeri, Miss Helene Arnim, and Signor Parisotti were the other vocalists, the ladies acquitting themselves satisfactorily, but the gentleman only very indifferently. The first-named sang with good taste, *Lieder*, "Du bist wie eine Blume" (Rubinstein), "Der Kleine Postillon" (Abt), and the Serenade, "Parais à la fenêtre" (Grieg); and Miss Helene Arnim gave a chaste rendering of Liszt's difficult *Lieder*, "Es war ein König in Thule," and also of a beautiful song of Marzials, "The river of years." Signor Parisotti essayed the Romanza "M'appari," from *Maria* (Flotow), "Close to the threshold" (Parker), and Tosti's Barcarole, "Il pescatore di Coralli," in neither of which can it be said that he was even moderately successful. The two quartets, Verdi's "Un di se ben" ("Rigoletto"), and Piusini's "Good-night, beloved," were nicely given. Monsieur Hollman's violoncello solo, "Fragments of a Concerto," by Goltermann, was encored; and he was scarcely less happy in an "Adagio" by the same composer, and in a "Mazurka" of his own. Signor Bisaccia was solo pianist and accompanist, and rendered most valuable aid in the latter capacity. His playing of Liszt's "Rhapsodie Hongroise" (No. 2) was masterly, and it was loudly redemanded.

An interesting Service of Song, at which Mr. William Carter's cantata, "Placida," was performed, took place on Sunday afternoon, Nov. 16th, in Belgrave Chapel; that place of worship being densely packed by members of the congregation and others. The solos were ably sustained by Miss Annie Woods, Mrs. Trenam, and Messrs. Briggs, Frankland, D. Billington, and R. Cooke. Mr. Frederick Clarke, who has been connected with the chapel for more than a quarter of a century, presided at the organ. The production of this melodious work for the first time in Leeds made a deep impression, and it was devoutly listened to throughout.

By far the most important event has yet to be chronicled, and that is Mr. Rawlinson Ford's Second Chamber Concert at the Albert Hall Mechanics' Institute, on Tuesday evening, Nov. 18th. The artistes engaged were Mr. Walter Bache (pianoforte), Herr Otto Peiniger (violin), and Signor Piatti (violoncello), with Miss Clara Samuelli as the vocalist. In a carefully-selected and high-class programme, Dvorak's now celebrated Trio in F minor, No. 2, op. 65 (for piano and strings), formed the most conspicuous feature; the more so, seeing that the only previous occasion on which it had been performed in this country was at the Monday Popular Concerts last March. Every movement received full justice at the hands of the three executants mentioned above, who at the close of each were applauded to the echo by a large and critical audience. Equally deserving of praise was the rendering by Messrs. Bache, Peiniger, and Piatti of Mendelssohn's delightful Trio in D minor (No. 1), op. 49; and was perhaps even more enthusiastically received because much easier for the listener to understand. To each of the instrumentalists was allotted a solo. Herr Peiniger selected an "Andante and Rondo" of the Italian Viotti, who was himself an eminent violinist and composer for the violin and cello. The young German virtuoso gave in this a masterly exhibition of his skill, as did also the veteran Piatti, in Schubert's elegant "Litanie," and in his own "Bergamasca," and, on being recalled, he delighted everyone present by a brilliant performance of a Gavotte of Bach's from his sixth cello "Suite." Herr Peiniger was accompanied on the piano by Mr. Charles Hopkins Ould, son of the well-known violoncellist, Mr. Walter Bache doing the same for Signor Piatti. There are not many better pianists than Mr. Bache and the good impression he made in Leeds on his first visit was increased to an extraordinary degree. The favourite disciple of Liszt chose two of his master's pieces, viz., "Au bord d'une Source" and "Rhapsodie Hongroise" in E flat, both of which were splendidly played and unanimously redemanded. Mr. Bache returned to the platform and gave the illustrious Abbé's "Ungarische Sturm Marsch" most artistically. Miss Clara Samuelli was as good vocally as were her companions instrumentally; greater praise than this 't would be impossible to bestow upon her. The accomplished lady sang in the best of taste and with great beauty of voice Handel's florid air from Handel's "Allesandro," "Lusinghe piu care," Spohr's "Rose softly blooming," and a couple of songs of F. Cowen, "Think of me," and Fantasia, "Kiss mine eyelids," to each of which she imparted the utmost refinement. Mr. Ford has fixed his third concert for Tuesday evening, December 16th.

PLYMOUTH.

FOLLOWING Miss Moon's opening concert on October 22, in which Mme. Alwina Valleria, Mr. Maas, and Signor Bottesal were the chief attractions, the Vocal Association on November 7th gave an excellent performance of Gounod's "Redemption," Mr. Edward Lloyd singing the tenor narrator music. The orchestra, reinforced by the principal professionals of the West, was ably conducted by Mr. Lohr, who also handled his choir with great skill; and, although applause was interdicted, it could not be suppressed at the conclusion of the parts.

The Private Choral and Orchestral Societies, conducted by Mr. Weekes, gave their first concert for the season on November 16th, the work selected being the "Elijah." Miss Ada Patterson, Miss Marian McKenzie (both former pupils of Mr. Weekes), Mr. Sidney Tower and Mr. Santley were the artistes engaged.

The performance was in every respect of great merit, the joint societies having evidently given much time and care to the rehearsals. Mr. Hele, Mus. Bac., continues to give his bi-weekly organ recitals in the Guildhall, lightening the musical fare with vocal and instrumental performances by local amateurs and professionals.

The Saturday afternoon winter performances in the Guildhall by the regimental bands in garrison have recommenced, the divisional band of the Royal Marines being the favourite.

GLOUCESTERSHIRE.

A CONCERT was given at the Assembly Rooms, Cheltenham, on November 11th, in connection with the Choral and Orchestral Society of that place. The attractiveness of the programme drew a very large audience. The programme consisted of the entire "Stabat Mater" (Rossini), "Hero and Leander," a cantata by Mr. C. H. Lloyd, and selections from the works of Gluck, Berlioz, and Handel. The interesting history of the music of Rossini's setting to the well-known Latin hymn, "Stabat mater dolorosa," and the melodic nature of that music, are so familiar to all lovers of music that no attempt at a description of either will be expected in this place. The music is not easy for the vocal or instrumental portions of the orchestra, and in the performance under notice there is little to find fault with, and very much to commend. Mrs. Hutchinson proved an excellent exponent of the soprano music, to which her fresh and full voice did justice. Miss Hope Glenn, an American young lady come to this country to win her spurs in the profession, sang the contralto music with taste, finish, and expression. Mr. John Probert, described as of "the Crystal Palace," was not so successful in the tenor music, his "Cujus Animam" being completely drowned by the band; and Mr. W. H. Brereton's well-trained and sonorous voice was displayed to the greatest advantage, especially in the unaccompanied declamatory passages.

Of the "Hero and Leander," readers of the MAGAZINE OF MUSIC will have obtained some idea from the description given under the notes from the Worcester Festival, held in September. Gloucester was particularly interested in the production of the cantata, for Mr. Lloyd, who is now organist at Christ Church College Chapel, Oxford, lived amongst us for many years in a similar capacity in connection with the cathedral, and identified himself with all things musical in the city. The story of the old-world theme of the tragic fate of the Greek lovers is well told in Mr. F. E. Weatherly's libretto, and admirably illustrated by Mr. Lloyd's graceful music. The characters of "Hero and Leander" were represented at Cheltenham by Mrs. Hutchinson and Mr. Brereton, and Mr. Lloyd could have wished for no better exponents. The chorus and band also contributed a worthy share to the great success of the cantata. "Hero and Leander" is the greatest and best work Mr. Lloyd has attempted. Having felt the ground, and been so successful, we look forward with interest to his next production.

Our own choral society is busy rehearsing for the grand concert to be given on December 5th. Dr. Gladstone's "Philippi" will be given in its entirety, as will also Mendelssohn's 42nd Psalm, "As the hart pants," and Wesley's sublime anthem "The Wilderness." The programme will also include the "Eia Mater," with full orchestral accompaniments, of Herr Anton Dvorak's "Stabat Mater," and the overture from Spohr's "Last Judgment." The first concert certainly promises to be a success.

Questions & Answers.

A SCHOLAR.—You will find full information regarding the course of training at the Leipzig Conservatorium printed in the present number.

H. R.—A portrait and sketch of Mr. A. C. Mackenzie appeared in Part II. of the MAGAZINE.

RITA.—You ask our opinion regarding your setting of Eliza Cook's verses, "The Sailor's Grave." Generally, we may say that the "emotional key-note" of the song has been very fairly caught, and that both voice and piano part are expressive, though exhibiting a certain stiffness that mark the unpractised hand. The progressions are, on the whole, inoffensive. We rather stumbled over the first bar, where the second inversion of the tonic is used to lead off—contrary to general practice. In the fourth bar there is a progression from B to E^b—not at all necessary and a little harsh. "Rita" should take example by the greatest masters, and strive until every bar is purified of any suggestion of harshness. We would not advise publication of this song, as the writer will yet do better work.

N. S. ROLD.—As you are good enough to answer questions put by students of music in your magazine, I have ventured to ask a few, and shall be very much obliged if you will answer them.

Ans. to first question:—Mr. J. Williams, Berners-street, W.

2. In Cramer's study in A flat, common time, a figure of two notes slurred is of frequent occurrence; the first note being on the unaccented beat, and the second on the accented beat of the bar. How should the accentuation be treated in such a case? Another example occurs in the prelude of Mozart's Sonata in G, No. 5 of Zimmerman's edition.

Ans.—The slurred notes.—In Cramer's study in A flat, and examp. Mozart's Sonata in G, the accent should be laid on the first note of the slur. A performer who brings into due prominence the grouping of sounds into figures, sentences, &c., indicated chiefly by the slur, is said to *phrase* well.

3. How is the accent placed when a passage moves in triplets (common time), as in Cramer's study in E minor, No. 2 of Halle's edition? Also in his study in B flat, No. 4 of Halle's edition, which is there marked 12-16 time—evidently a mistake; and in the one in D, No. 10 of Halle's edition.

Ans.—The principal accents would be placed on the first and third beats, but in addition to these, two accents and subordinate accent should be laid on the first note of each triplet. The time sig. should be 24-16 of the following study:



The study in D major, called the Bell Study, time sig. 12-16. The triplets should be accented in a similar manner.

SUNBEAM says: "Please give me a few hints as to the playing (piano) of dance music."

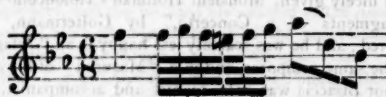
Ans. What can Sunbeam mean? We should recommend her to play the music well, keep strict time and mark distinctly the measure; by this means she will attain the most desirable end—that of pleasing the dancers.

A LOVER OF MUSIC: Your hymn tune is very elaborate, and correctly harmonized with one or two exceptions; for instance, in the seventh chord the leading note, G, occurs in the treble, and is not followed by tonic in the next chord; the same mistake is noticeable in the first chord of the last bar but one. The resolutions appear to be correct. As an exercise this hymn-tune is admirable, but for practical purposes simpler harmony would have been preferable.

MISS A. GRUCHY writes: Now that I have the opportunity I cannot resist asking you to please simplify the musical passage which I enclose, taken from "La Galante," by Hummel. The passage in question occurs on the last page of the Rondo, which is written in E flat. What I do not quite understand in that bar, and what seems quite contrary to theoretical rules, is the *turn*. If you notice the portion pointed out, you will observe

that over the sign is placed a natural, indicating that the highest note of the turn must be played natural. Now, the highest note is G, and as it is natural in the scale, why should it be marked natural in the turn? Do you not think that the natural should have been placed under the turn, so that the lowest note, which is E flat, might have become natural? Also, why should A be marked flat, when it is flat in the scale? I do not see the necessity of a flat before A, as that note has not appeared natural in the bar. I send the passage copied in music paper. If not too much trouble would you please write out the whole bar fully, as it should be played.

Ans: You are right in your supposition that the natural should have been placed under, instead of over, the turn, thus naturalizing E. The flat before A is quite unnecessary. Both of these were printer's errors, which frequently occur even in the best editions. The passage should be played thus:—



MARSTON WOOD has been so kind as to supplement our answer to one of last month's queries as follows: "In reference to the inquiries of E. M. J. in the last number of the MAGAZINE OF MUSIC, may I be allowed to suggest to that lady that the want of brilliancy in pianoforte playing of which she complains is due to the lack of *flexibility* of finger and wrist. Were the power of these developed by suitable exercises, brilliancy of execution would certainly follow. No amount of sonata playing will *train* the hand. Beethoven himself said to 'Mr. Cipriani Potter': 'No one will learn to play the pianoforte by practising my compositions, he must learn to play first, and then they will improve him.'"

E. T.—I should esteem it a favour if you would let me know what, in your opinion, is the best means of improving myself in the art of playing at sight.

Ans.—Before you begin a piece it is indispensable to make yourself familiar, first, with the time; secondly, with the key; thirdly, with the figures and passages that occur in the piece. There is no use in stopping when a mistake has been made, and returning to a passage that has been missed; this would be *practising* not *reading*, nor should you ever mind breaking down. There are hundreds of passages that consist merely of repetitions, or are variations of one chord. After a short time the student will recognise and remember these. To gain confidence in sight reading, it is well to begin with *easy pieces* and work up. We might describe the stages of development in successive reading at sight thus: First reading, all the notes have to be played. Second reading, the accents and terms of expression are to be correctly given. Third reading, the spirit and general expression of the piece can be produced.

AN agitated foreign gentleman climbed up to the editorial rooms yesterday afternoon, and, after getting his breath, said: "I wish to ask you a question. Haf you attend ze zinfonie concerts zis vinter?" The editor confessed that he had. "Vell," said the foreign gentleman, "vill you answer zees? I haf study ze music for ze last thirty year, an I sink I knows zomesing about him. Yet I go and I hear ze long zinfonie, and ze concerto on ze piano, and ze fantasie upon ze violin; an I vill confess me zat, at ze first hearing, I onderstand leedle or nossing of him. And, as I seets and leestens to ze music, I hears ze young ladees all around me, who I cannot but sink knows less of ze music zan I, who haf zo mooch study him, and zey all say 'How beautiful!' 'How mooch soul zere is in ze gomposition!' 'How grand ze devolpment!' ven, by gar, I onderstands nossing! I, myself, who haf zo mooch play ze piano and ze violin, and hear ze best music in Europe. Am I zo mooch ze fool, and is ze English mees zo mooch ze smart, r zan am I? Vill you answer me zat, my kind vriend?"

ASSISTANCE NEEDED.

To support the son of quite poor parents while apprenticed to an Organist. £50 required for four years. Reference kindly allowed to A. H. Cross, Esq. (organist), Sandringham; and G. Gaffe, Esq. (organist), St. Alban's, Herts. Subscriptions or donations thankfully received and acknowledged by Mrs. H. E. Bulwer, Stanhoe Rectory, Lynn, Norfolk.

London & Provincial Concert Dates.

[Concert-givers and secretaries of choral bodies are invited to send notices for this column. Information cannot be used if received after the 20th of each month.]

Date.	Hour.	Distinguishing Title of Concert.	Town.
Dec. 1	8 p.m.	Grand National Festival Concert, Royal Albert Hall	London
" 1	8 p.m.	Monday Popular Concert, St. James' Hall	"
" 2	3 p.m.	New Club, Austrian Band, Steinway Hall	"
" 3	3 p.m.	London Ballad Concert, St. James' Hall	"
" 3	8.30 p.m.	Musical Evening, Princes' Hall	"
" 4	8 p.m.	Madame Frith's Weekly Concert, St. Andrew's Hall	"
" 5	8 p.m.	Madame Frith's Weekly Concert, St. Andrew's Hall	"
" 6	3 p.m.	Saturday Popular Concert, St. James' Hall	"
" 8	8 p.m.	Monday Popular Concert, St. James' Hall	"
" 9	3 p.m.	New Club, Austrian Band, Steinway Hall	"
" 10	8 p.m.	London Ballad Concert, St. James' Hall	"
" 13	3 p.m.	Saturday Popular Concert, St. James' Hall	"
" 13	8 p.m.	Monday Popular Concert, St. James' Hall	"
" 16	3 p.m.	New Club, Austrian Band, Steinway Hall	"
" 17	8.30 p.m.	Musical Evening, Princes' Hall	"
" 19	8 p.m.	Sacred Harmonic Society, "Messiah," St. James's Hall	"
" 19	8 p.m.	Madame Jenny Viard Louis' Second Series of Beethoven's Works, Princes' Hall	"
" 20	3 p.m.	Saturday Popular Concert, St. James' Hall	"
Dec. 6	8 p.m.	Weekly Entertainment, People's Entertainment Society, Pembroke Hall	Battersea
" 13	8 p.m.	Weekly Entertainment, People's Entertainment Society, Pembroke Hall	"
" 20	8 p.m.	Weekly Entertainment, People's Entertainment Society, Pembroke Hall	"
Dec. 6	3 p.m.	Midland Institute Concert of Chamber Music	Birmingham
" 6	7.30 p.m.	Birmingham Musical Association, Concert for the People	"
" 11	7.30 p.m.	Mr. Stockley's Second Orchestra Concert	"
" 13	7.30 p.m.	Birmingham Musical Association, Concert for the People	"
" 17	7.30 p.m.	Edgbaston Amateur Musical Union and Orchestral Concert, at Institute	"
" 26	7 p.m.	Festival Choral Society's Annual Performance of Handel's "Messiah"	"
" 27	7 p.m.	Philharmonic Union's Annual Christmas Concert	"
Dec. 17		Bradford Subscription Concert, "Messiah"	Bradford
Dec. 11		Mr. T. Albion Alderson's Amateur Choir, "Gaul's," "The Holy City," &c.	Durham
Dec. 5		Gloucester Choral Society. First Concert of the season. Shire Hall.	Gloucester
Dec. 4	7.30 p.m.	Mr. Charles Hallé's Concert	Manchester
" 6	7.30 p.m.	M. de Jong's Popular Concert	"
" 11	7.30 p.m.	Mr. Charles Hallé's Concert	"
" 18	7.30 p.m.	Mr. Charles Hallé's Concert	"
" 20	7.30 p.m.	M. de Jong's Popular Concert	"
Dec. 12		Alderson and Brentwood's Subscription Chamber Concert, Mr. Chas. Hallé, Madame Neruda, &c.	Newcastle-on-Tyne
" 15		Mr. T. Anderson's Amateur Choir. "Advent Hymn," Schumann; "May Queen," Bennett	"
Dec. 26		Cardiff Choral Society, "Rose of Sharon"	Cardiff
Dec. 24	8 p.m.	Orchestral Concert, Augustus Manns. Music Hall	Aberdeen
Dec. 8		Glasgow Choral Union Orchestral Concert. St. Andrew's Hall	Glasgow
" 9		Choral Concert, "Elijah," St. Andrew's Hall	"
" 16		Orchestral Concert. St. Andrew's Hall	"
" 23		Orchestral Concert. St. Andrew's Hall	"
" 30		Orchestral Concert. St. Andrew's Hall	"
Dec. 10		Choral Union Concerts	Edinburgh.
" 15			"
" 22			"
" 29			"
Dec. 19	8 p.m.	Belfast Philharmonic Society. Gounod's "Redemption"	Belfast

A music teacher's bill recently presented a pathetic thought. Its last line read, "How can I leave thee for thirty-five cents."



The Magazine of Music Supplement

FOR DECEMBER CONTAINS

JESUS CHRIST IS BORN TO-DAY.
By Dr. RUSSELL.

QUEEN OF THE FLOWERS.
MUSIC BY ROBERT FRANZ. WORDS BY J. SCHROER.

SILVERDALE WALTZ.
MUSIC BY JOHN J. M. HARRISON.

THY REMEMBRANCE.
MUSIC BY F. H. COWEN. WORDS BY H. W. LONGFELLOW.



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"JESUS CHRIST IS BORN TO-DAY."

WORDS BY SARAH DOUDNEY.

MEZZO-CHORUS. JAMES RUSSELL, MUS. DOC., OXON.

1st SOPRANO. MEZZO-CHORUS. Stoop-ing from the high-est height, In - to dark-ness

2nd SOPRANO. Je-sus Christ is born to-day, Born to take our sins a-way; Stoop-ing from the high-est height, In - to dark-ness

3rd SOPRANO. Born to take our sins a-way; Stoop-ing from the high-est height, In - to dark-ness

ACCOMPT.

FULL CHORUS. MEZZO-CHORUS. FULL CHORUS.

bring-ing light: Lord of lords, He deigns to rest On a low-ly vir-gin's breast! Won-der-ful His

bring-ing light: Lord of lords, He deigns to rest On a low-ly vir-gin's breast! Won-der-ful His

bring-ing light: Lord of lords, He deigns to rest On a low-ly vir-gin's breast! Won-der-ful His

TENOR. Lord of lords, He deigns to rest Won-der-ful His

BASS. Lord of lords, He deigns to rest Won-der-ful His

After last verse only.

name shall be! Glo-ria ti-bi Do-mi-ne! Glo-ria ti-bi Do-mi-ne! Glo-ria ti-bi Do-mi-ne!

name shall be! Glo-ria ti-bi Do-mi-ne! Glo-ria ti-bi Do-mi-ne! Glo-ria ti-bi Do-mi-ne!

name shall be! Glo-ria ti-bi Do-mi-ne! Glo-ria ti-bi Do-mi-ne! Glo-ria ti-bi Do-mi-ne!

name shall be! Glo-ria ti-bi Do-mi-ne! Glo-ria ti-bi Do-mi-ne! Glo-ria ti-bi Do-mi-ne!

name shall be! Glo-ria ti-bi Do-mi-ne! Glo-ria ti-bi Do-mi-ne! Glo-ria ti-bi Do-mi-ne!

name shall be! Glo-ria ti-bi Do-mi-ne! Glo-ria ti-bi Do-mi-ne! Glo-ria ti-bi Do-mi-ne!

FULL.

2. Unto us a Child is born;
We, with pain and sorrow worn,
Listen to the angels' song
Till our feeble hearts grow strong:
In Thy presence, Prince of Peace,
All the strife of earth shall cease;
Hope and love are born with Thee:
Gloria tibi Domine!

3. Thou hast come in flesh to dwell,
God with us, Immanuel!
For Thine advent, long foretold,
Kings and prophets watched of old;
Watched, through ages that are past,
For the Light we hail at last;
Blessed are our eyes that see:
Gloria tibi Domine!

4. God hath spoken by His Son—
Heir of all things, Holy One!
When we see Thy brightness shine,
Call us brethren, make us Thine:
To the Father's house above
Lead us by the might of love;
Life eternal comes through Thee:
Gloria tibi Domine!

QUEEN OF THE FLOWERS.

Words by J. SCHRÖER.
Translated for Magazine of Music.

Music by ROBERT FRANZ.
(Op. 5. No 2.)

ANDANTINO GRAZIOSO.

VOICE.



Flow'rs in the garden, Wake to delight, Stand not so mutely, Past is the night; Oh,

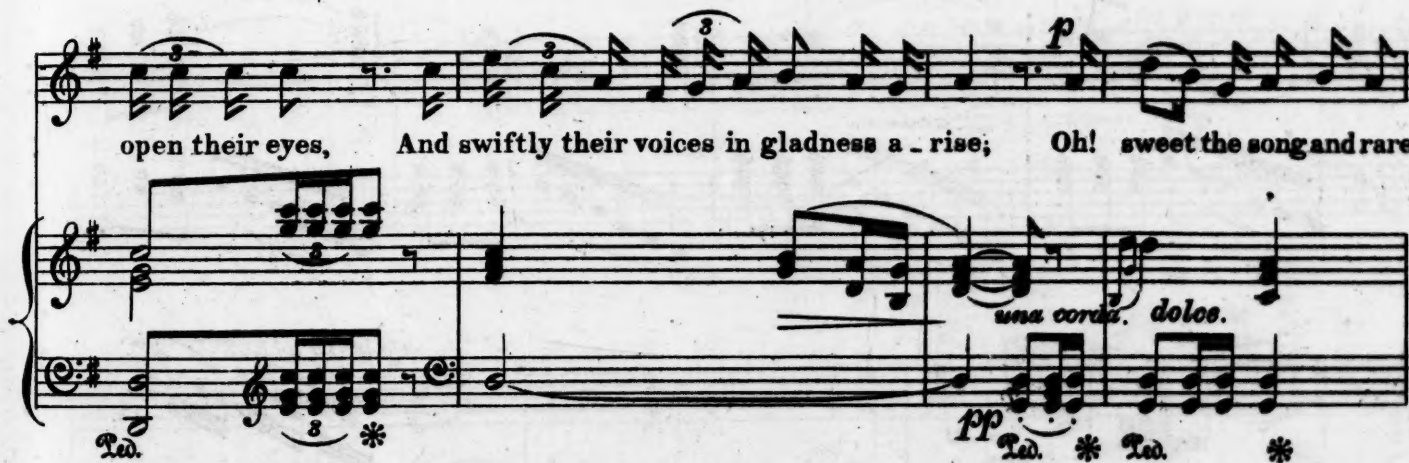
PIANO.



know what I know and see: My Love's with thee, with thee! A stir in the leaves! They



open their eyes, And swiftly their voices in gladness a - rise; Oh! sweet the song and rare,



My love is there, is there, is there!



SILVERDALE VALSES.

JOHN J. M. HARRISON.

ALLEGRO MARCATO.

INTRO.



ANDANTE.



1. *p*

First system of musical notation, measures 1-4. Treble and bass staves with piano (*p*) dynamic.

Second system of musical notation, measures 5-8. Treble and bass staves with crescendo (*cres.*) dynamic.

Third system of musical notation, measures 9-12. Treble and bass staves.

FINE. *mf* *f* *mf* *f*

Fourth system of musical notation, measures 13-16. Treble and bass staves with dynamics *mf*, *f*, *mf*, *f*.

Scherzo. *p* *f*

Fifth system of musical notation, measures 17-20. Treble and bass staves with *Scherzo.* section, piano (*p*) and forte (*f*) dynamics.

mf *f* *mf* *f*

Sixth system of musical notation, measures 21-24. Treble and bass staves with dynamics *mf*, *f*, *mf*, *f*.

dim. D.C

Seventh system of musical notation, measures 25-28. Treble and bass staves with decrescendo (*dim.*) dynamic and Da Capo (*D.C.*) marking.

2. *f* *p* *leggiere.* 8

1st 2nd *dim.* FINE.

p dolce.

8 D.C.

3. *Con espress.*

First system of a piano piece. It features a treble and bass staff in 4/4 time with a key signature of three flats. The melody in the treble staff begins with a half note, followed by quarter notes, and then eighth notes. The bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords. A dynamic marking of *p* (piano) is present at the start.

Second system of the musical score. The melody continues with eighth notes and quarter notes. A crescendo marking *cres.* is placed above the staff.

Third system of the musical score. The melody concludes with a half note. A *FINE.* marking is placed at the end of the system.

Fourth system of the musical score. The melody begins with a half note, followed by quarter notes. A dynamic marking of *mf* (mezzo-forte) is present at the start, and a *p* (piano) marking appears later in the system.

Fifth system of the musical score. The melody continues with eighth notes and quarter notes. A crescendo marking *cres.* is placed above the staff.

Sixth system of the musical score. The melody continues with eighth notes and quarter notes.

Seventh system of the musical score. The melody continues with eighth notes and quarter notes. A crescendo marking *cres.* is placed above the staff.

CODA.

f *p* *dim.* *p dolce.*

cres.

dim.

mf *cres.* *mf*

cres. *f* *p* *mf*

First system of musical notation, featuring a treble and bass staff. The treble staff contains a melodic line with eighth and sixteenth notes, while the bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and single notes. A dynamic marking of *p* is present.

Second system of musical notation, continuing the melodic and harmonic development. It includes a *dim.* (diminuendo) marking towards the end of the system.

Third system of musical notation, marked *con espress.* (con espressione) and *p* (piano). The treble staff features a series of chords, and the bass staff has a steady accompaniment.

Fourth system of musical notation, featuring a *f* (forte) dynamic marking. The treble staff has a melodic line with some grace notes, and the bass staff continues the accompaniment.

Fifth system of musical notation, marked *gva.* (glissando) at the beginning. The treble staff shows a series of chords, and the bass staff has a rhythmic accompaniment.

Sixth system of musical notation, marked *gva.* and *ff marcato.* (fortissimo marcato). The treble staff features a series of chords, and the bass staff has a rhythmic accompaniment.

Seventh system of musical notation, marked *gva.* and *stringendo.* (stringendo). The treble staff features a series of chords, and the bass staff has a rhythmic accompaniment. The system ends with a *fz* (forzando) marking and a final chord.

"THY REMEMBRANCE"

(DELIA)

WORDS BY H. W. LONGFELLOW.

MUSIC BY FREDERIC H. COWEN.

2
LENTO CON MOTO. (Key F)

p Sweet as the ten - der

fragrance that sur - vives..... When martyr'd flow'rs breathe out.....

.....their lit_tle lives,..... Is thy re - mem - - brance;

p Sweet as a song that once consoled our pain.....

The first system of the musical score. The vocal line begins with a piano (*p*) dynamic and a melodic phrase. The piano accompaniment consists of chords and moving lines in both hands.

..... But ne - ver will be sung to us a - - gain,.....

The second system of the musical score. The vocal line continues with the lyrics "But ne - ver will be sung to us a - - gain,.....". The piano accompaniment provides harmonic support.

p Is thy re - - mem - brance. *p* Now the hour of

The third system of the musical score. The vocal line includes the lyrics "Is thy re - - mem - brance. Now the hour of". The piano accompaniment features a melodic line in the right hand and chords in the left hand.

rest hath come to thee,..... *cres.* Now the hour of

The fourth system of the musical score. The vocal line concludes with the lyrics "rest hath come to thee,..... Now the hour of". The piano accompaniment features a melodic line in the right hand and chords in the left hand, with a crescendo (*cres.*) marking.

rest bath come to thee— Sleep .

dim. *p*

dim. *p*

And.

dar - ling, sleep, dar - ling;.....

pp

pp

And.

rall. it is best, it is best.

pp

rall. *pp*

And.

molto rall. *pp*

And.

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IN this age of progress, improvements upon old methods are continually being made, and music, which is one of the greatest humanising forces in the world, should take part in the advancement, and be expressed by a clear, distinct, and easy system, that the knowledge of it may be quickly attained, and within the reach of persons of every age and class.

The present system of staff notation is so difficult that thousands who commence studying, finding that they make but little headway, presently give up hope of mastering the subject, while great numbers of those who continue obtain only a half-knowledge.

To be brief, the difficulties now experienced arise from expressing the *twelve different* sounds contained in the octave, upon a stave the lines and spaces of which represent naturally but *seven*. In a return to first principles—a line and a space for *each* sound—will be found the solution of the difficulty.

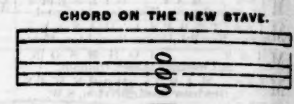
The chord of the *diminished seventh*, or *minor ninth*, is a good illustration of the perplexing nature of the stave. We give the chord in one form only, but written according to the domination of the different keys. There are practically three forms of this chord, which are written in no less than forty-five different ways. We give fifteen.

The *difficulties* encountered by performers of music and students of harmony have led to the investigation of the subject, and the designing of a *simpler* method. The new system is based upon the recognised division of the octave by the *tempered scale*. A system based on this division reconciles the theory and practice of music, and meet alike the requirements of harmony, playing, and singing.

The *tempered scale* is the one accepted division of the octave and according to this scale all music is written. Therefore, until a more perfect division is agreed upon (and we are as far from this as ever, for to alter the tempered scale and retain the works of the great masters in their integrity would be impossible) music should be written upon a stave in accordance with the scale in use, and a theory of harmony enunciated consonant with both scale and stave.

This principle we accept and proceed upon, and in bringing before the public the writing of music upon "The Keyboard Stave," it may be remarked that it destroys nothing in the composition of any work; it simply alters its representation for the better, and clearly shows the position and denomination of every sound and chord.

Chord of the Diminished Seventh or Minor Ninth on the old and new staves.



In every key it is written in the same manner

There are *twelve different* sounds in the octave, and the new system consists in writing the twelve sounds upon a stave where *each* sound is represented by a distinct line and space; each sound being thus provided for, whatever the key, modification or change of key, the representation of each sound remains unaltered.

For the sake of clearness the stave is assimilated to the keyboard of the pianoforte or organ, the position of every black key being represented by a black line, and the position of every white key by a white space, the place where two white keys join being indicated by a wider space.

THE KEYBOARD STAVE.



*Wishing you every success
Julius Benedict*

Considered in its scientific aspect, the keyboard stave alters nothing that is fundamental in any musical composition; and while the faults and difficulties of the old system are avoided, the new retains all that is of worth therein, the same notation and signs, with some few exceptions, being used; thus it agrees in many ways with the present staff notation, and a few hours' study will enable those acquainted with the old notation both to understand and teach the new. From the following comparison will be seen the advantages of the new system over the old.

A Comparison of the Old and New Notations.

A. The lines, ledger lines, and spaces have a *different* order throughout, and are therefore difficult to learn and remember.

B. The stave provides for only seven out of the twelve sounds used in the composition of music, the others being represented by signs \sharp , \times , \flat , $\flat\flat$, \natural and $\natural\sharp$, and $\natural\flat$.

C. The position upon the stave of sounds constantly varying by the employment of these signs, it is difficult to identify the sounds written upon the stave with the corresponding notes of the keyboard.

D. The twelve keys in which music is written are represented in fifteen ways.

E. The connection between the keyboard and the stave on which the scales are written being purely arbitrary, it affords no help to the student in translating on to the keyboard the notes written upon the stave.

F. Scales formed principally of the black keys of the keyboard are difficult to read and finger correctly, the player having to remember the signs denoting the black and white keys which may form the scale.

A. The lines, ledger lines, and spaces of the stave have the *same* order throughout, and are, therefore, easy to learn and remember.

B. The lines and spaces of the stave provide, naturally, for the twelve *different* sounds used in the composition of music; and the signs \sharp , \times , \flat , $\flat\flat$, \natural and $\natural\sharp$, and $\natural\flat$ are not required.

C. Each sound having one fixed position upon the stave (the stave pictorially representing the keyboard), it is easy to identify each sound written thereon with the corresponding note of the keyboard.

D. The twelve keys in which music is written are represented in twelve ways.

E. The connection between the keyboard and stave is natural, and each scale, when written upon the stave, shows its order of progression by tones and semi-tones.

F. The relative distance the fingers have to travel from one key to another is distinctly seen, the black keys being represented by the lines and the white keys by the spaces of the stave. It is at once seen whether the key to be struck is white or black. Thus all the scales may be played with equal ease.

Comparing the practical difference of the Old and New Systems for the (a) Pianoforte Player and Organist, (b) Singer, and (c) Student of Harmony, they are as follows:—

A. The stave affords no help to the player; ledger lines are perplexing and difficult to read, while accidentals, to denote change or modulation of key, add to the uncertainty; and after years of practice many performers are unable to read difficult progressions at sight, and music written in five to seven sharps or flats few care to play.

B. Sounds not having a fixed position upon the stave, and each sound being presented to the eye in continually varying forms, it is extremely difficult for performers to at once comprehend and sing the exact intervals represented upon the stave. To most singers it is all but impossible to sing from the old notation at sight. They may try to go up and down with the notes, but how far up or down is a matter of guesswork.

C. The theory of harmony requisite to explain and express the intervals, renders it necessary that the same interval should have from two to four names, and be written in a like number of ways; also that the twelve keys should have fifteen names and forms, arising from three being presented in two ways. Also twelve sounds contained in the octave have, according to the key or change of key, no less than thirty-five names and positions upon the stave, and with accidentals to denote modulation or change of key, over sixty ways of being presented. Chords composed of exactly the same notes are represented in different forms, as the above mentioned *Minor Ninth*.

D. From the above it will be seen the present system is complex, hard to understand, and presents many fictitious and discouraging difficulties to beginners, which act as obstacles to the study of music.

A. The stave being a graphic representation of the keyboard, notes written on the stave or on the ledger lines and spaces may be read with facility, and no accidentals being required to denote modification or change of key, the most difficult progressions may be read with certainty and precision.

B. Each sound having a definite position upon the stave, its absolute pitch is clearly depicted, and the relation of the one sound to another being clearly seen the correct singing of intervals after a short time becomes a matter of comparative ease, the eye being trained to measure the relative distance between any two sounds and the ear educated to recognise the particular musical effect or pitch of every sound.

C. In the new system each interval has but one name and way in which it can be written; the twelve keys or scales in which music is written, but twelve names; each of the twelve *different* sounds contain in the octave but one name, position, and mode of representation upon the stave. Chords composed of the same sounds have but one mode in which they can be presented to the eye, as above mentioned *Minor Ninth*. Therefore harmony by the new method can be learned in much less time than is required by the present system, the new system being far less intricate and much easier to comprehend.

D. In contradistinction to this, the new method is simple and distinct, easily learned, and will lessen the labour of both teacher and student, thus acting as an incentive to the study of music.

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John Dvorak



C. W. Stanford





Three Little Fairies.

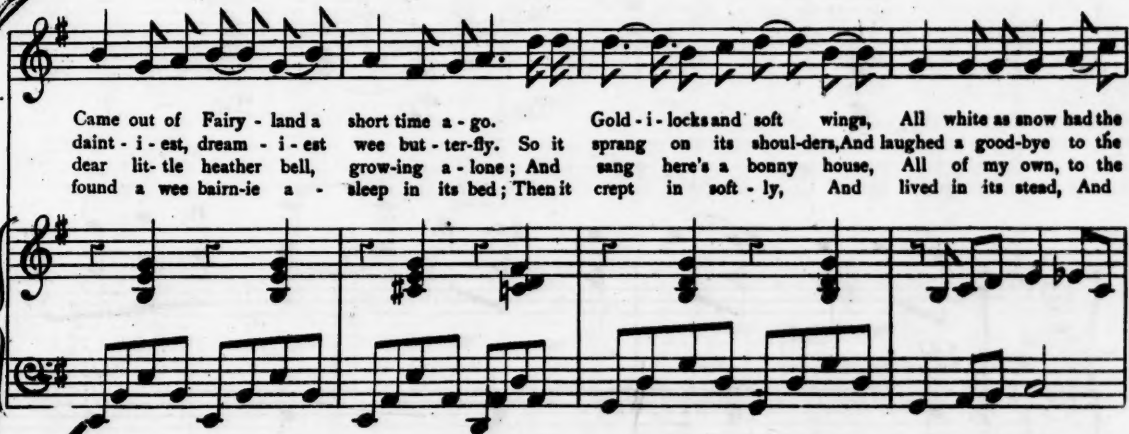
A SONG FOR TINY VOICES AND LITTLE FINGERS.

Words by MORTIMER WHEELER.

Music by GREG LONASH.



1. Three lit-tle Fair-ies, Marching in a row...
2. One lit-tle Fair-y Saw flut-ter by... The
3. The next lit-tle Fair-y Found by a stone... Till it
4. The last lit-tle Fair-y A long way sped... A



Came out of Fairy-land a short time a-go. Gold-i-locks and soft wings, All white as snow had the
daint-i-est, dream-i-est wee but-ter-fly. So it sprang on its shoul-ders, And laughed a good-bye to the
dear lit-tle heather bell, grow-ing a-lone; And sang here's a bonny house, All of my own, to the
found a wee bairn-ie a - sleep in its bed; Then it crept in soft-ly, And lived in its stead, And



Three lit-tle sing-ing Fair-ies.
Two lit-tle sing-ing Fair-ies.
Poor lit-tle lone-ly Fair-y.
I am that little singing Fair-y,



FURIANT.

ANTONIN DVORAK. Op. 12. No 1.

VIVACE. M.M. ♩ = 78.

PIANO.

f *fz* *ff* *pp* *fz* *ff*

gva-----

First system of musical notation, measures 1-4. The right hand features a melodic line with slurs and ties, while the left hand provides harmonic support with chords. Dynamics include *fz*, *f*, *p*, and *f*. A *Red.* marking is present below the left hand in measures 1, 2, and 4.

Second system of musical notation, measures 5-8. The right hand continues the melodic development. Dynamics include *p dim.* and *p*. A *Red.* marking is present below the left hand in measures 5 and 8.

Third system of musical notation, measures 9-12. The right hand has a more active melodic line. Dynamics include *pp* and *ff*. A *Red.* marking is present below the left hand in measures 9, 11, and 12.

Fourth system of musical notation, measures 13-16. The right hand continues with a melodic line. Dynamics include *fz* and *ff*. A *f* dynamic is also present in the left hand in measure 14.

gva-----

Fifth system of musical notation, measures 17-20. The right hand features a melodic line with a slur. Dynamics include *pp*. A *Red.* marking is present below the left hand in measure 17.

gva-----

Sixth system of musical notation, measures 21-24. The right hand continues the melodic line. Dynamics include *ff*. A *Red.* marking is present below the left hand in measure 21.

gva. *fz* *p* *fz*

gva. *dim.* *ff*

gva. *fz* *f* *f*

ff *marcatissimo.*

gva. *ff accel.*

gva. *ff* *fff* FINE.

Un poco meno mosso e molto tranquillo.

First system of musical notation. Treble and bass staves. Treble staff begins with a half note chord (F#4, A4) and continues with a melody of eighth and quarter notes. Bass staff provides harmonic support with chords and moving lines. Dynamics: *p dolce.* at the beginning, *pp* towards the end.

Second system of musical notation. Treble and bass staves. Treble staff continues the melody with eighth notes and quarter notes. Bass staff continues with harmonic support. Dynamics: *pp* at the beginning.

Third system of musical notation. Treble and bass staves. Treble staff continues the melody. Bass staff continues with harmonic support. Dynamics: *pp* at the beginning, *p < f* towards the end.

Fourth system of musical notation. Treble and bass staves. Treble staff continues the melody. Bass staff continues with harmonic support. Dynamics: *f* at the beginning, *p* in the middle, *pp* towards the end.

Fifth system of musical notation. Treble and bass staves. Treble staff continues the melody. Bass staff continues with harmonic support. Dynamics: *p < f* at the beginning, *f* in the middle, *p* towards the end.

Sixth system of musical notation. Treble and bass staves. Treble staff continues the melody. Bass staff continues with harmonic support. Dynamics: *pp* at the beginning, *rit.* (ritardando) in the middle, *pp* towards the end. The system concludes with a *FINE.* marking on the left margin.

The first system of musical notation consists of a grand staff with a treble and bass clef. The key signature has one sharp (F#). The music features a series of chords and moving lines in both hands. The dynamic marking *pp* is placed above the right-hand staff.

Meno Mosso

The second system continues the musical piece. It features similar chordal textures and melodic lines. The dynamic marking *pp* is placed above the right-hand staff.The third system shows a gradual deceleration. The right-hand staff has a long horizontal line indicating a sustained note or chord. The text *poco a poco rit. e morendo.* is written above the right-hand staff.The fourth system continues the deceleration. The key signature changes to two flats (Bb, Eb). The dynamic marking *ppp* is placed above the right-hand staff. The text *quasi Andante.* is written above the right-hand staff.The fifth system marks a change in tempo and dynamics. The key signature changes to two sharps (F#, C#). The text *Vivace.* is written above the left-hand staff. The dynamic markings *f* and *ff* are placed below the left and right staves respectively.The sixth system continues the fast tempo. The dynamic marking *ff* is placed below the left-hand staff.

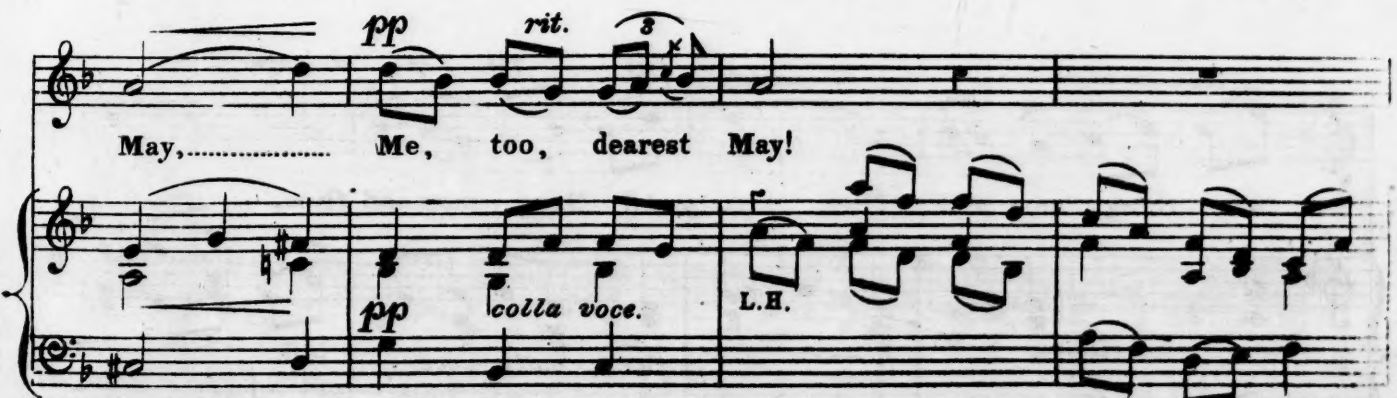
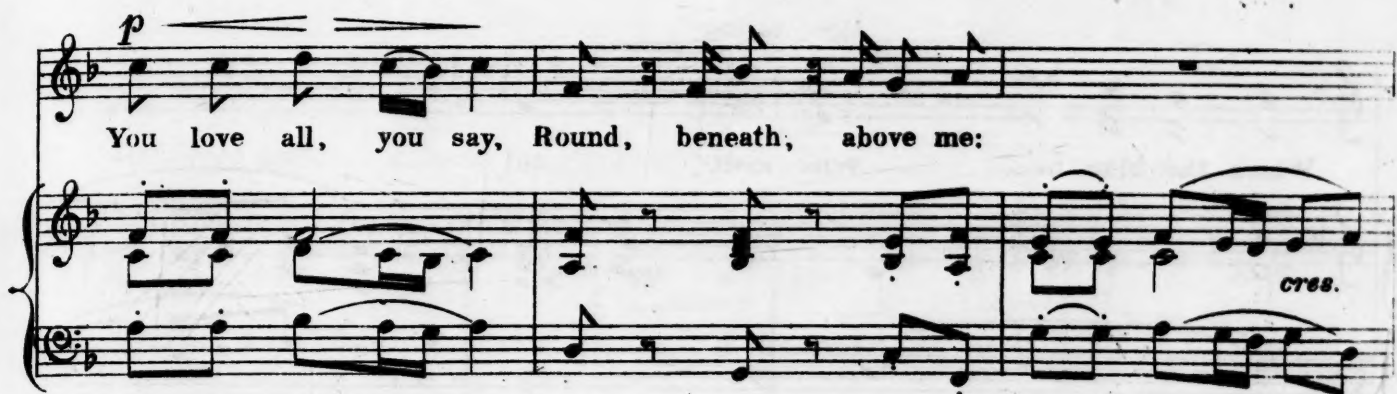
*D.C. al FINE.
ma senza replica.*

MAY'S LOVE.

WORDS BY
ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

MUSIC BY
C. N. STANFORD.

Andante
Grazioso.



sf
O world_ kiss - ing eyes

cres. *f*

Which the blue hea - - vens melt to!

sfp
I, sad, o - ver - wise, Loathe the sweet looks dealt to

sfp

pp *rit.* *a tempo.*
All . things, men and flies, All things, men and flies.

pp *colla voce.* L.H.

You love all, you say,

there-fore, dear, a-bate me Just your love,..... I pray!

Shut your eyes and hate me, on-ly me,

On-ly me, on-ly me, fair May!

MAY'S LOVE

sf
O world_ kiss - ing eyes

cres. *f*

Which the blue hea - - vens melt to!

sfp
I, sad, o - ver - wise, Loathe the sweet looks dealt to

sfp

pp *rit.* *a tempo.*
All . things, men and flies, All things, men and flies.

pp *colla voce.* *L.H.*

You love all, you say,

molto rall.

there-fore, dear, a-bate me Just your love,..... I pray!

molto rall.

a tempo.

Shut your eyes and hate me, on-ly me,

p a tempo. *cres.* *sf* *mf* *f* *p*

rall. *p*

On-ly me, on-ly me, fair May!

rall. *pp*

SILVERDALE VALSES.

JOHN J. M. HARRISON

ALLEGRO MARCATO. *ANDANTE.*

Intro. *f*

cres.

dim. *Cadenza ad lib.* *8va* *8va* *8va* *pp*

1. *p*

cres.

FINE.

Scherzo.

mf f mf f p

f mf f mf

f dim. D.C.

2.

f p *leggiere.*

cres. 1st 2nd dim. FINE.

p dolce.

D.C.

3. *Con espress.*

3. *Con espress.* *p*

cres.

FINE. *mf*

p *cres.*

cres.

cres.

Coda.

f *p* *dim.* *p dolce.*

cres.



SNOW-FLAKES.

SONG.

WORDS BY
M. M. D.

MUSIC BY
FREDERIC H. COWEN.

ANDANTE.

VOICE. *p* When-e'er a snow-flake leaves the

PIANO. *p*

cres.

sky, It turns and turns to say, "Good bye! Good bye, dear cloud, so cool and

cres.

p *p* *poco rit.*

gray, Good bye, dear cloud, so cool and gray!" Then light-ly travels on its way.

p *p* *p*

And when a snow-flake finds a tree, "Good-day" it

says, "Good-day to thee! Thou art so bare and lonely, dear, Thou art so bare and lonely.

dear, I'll rest, and call my comrades here." But when a

snow-flake, brave and meek, Lights on a rosy maiden's cheek, It starts

p

a tempo.

"How warm and soft the day, How warm and

pp

cres. Più vivo.

soft the day, 'Tis sum - - mer, 'tis sum - - mer, 'tis

Più vivo.

cres. e accel. *mf*

Red. * *Red.* *

Lento. *pp*

sum - - - mer!..... and it

Lento.

f *lunga* *p* *dim.* *pp*

Red. *

melts a - way. *Tempo Io*

pp *pp*

BALLADE.

ANT. DVORAK. Op. 15. No 1.

LENTO.

VIOLIN. *p molto cantabile.*

PIANO. *pp con Ped.*

fp *fp* *fp* *pp*

pp *dim.*

f *pp* *pp* *fz > fz >*

fp > fp > fp > dim. pp *fz > fz >*

Ped. Ped.

First system of musical notation. The upper staff (treble clef) begins with a key signature of one flat (B-flat) and a common time signature. It contains dynamic markings *fz*, *dim.*, *pp*, and *f*. The lower staff (bass clef) contains dynamic markings *fz*, *dim.*, *pp*, and *f*. Pedal points are indicated by the letters "Ped." under the bass staff.

Second system of musical notation. The upper staff contains dynamic markings *p* and *pp*. The lower staff contains dynamic markings *f*, *p*, *dim.*, and *pp*. Pedal points are indicated by the letters "Ped." under the bass staff.

Third system of musical notation. The upper staff contains dynamic markings *p* and *pp*. The lower staff contains dynamic markings *fz*, *p*, and *pp*. Pedal points are indicated by the letters "Ped." under the bass staff.

Fourth system of musical notation. The upper staff contains dynamic markings *fz*, *p*, *f*, *f dim.*, and *pp*. The lower staff contains dynamic markings *f dim.*, *p*, and *pp*. Pedal points are indicated by the letters "Ped." under the bass staff. An asterisk (*) is placed below the bass staff.

ALLEGRO AGITATO.



The first system of musical notation consists of a single treble staff and a grand staff (treble and bass staves). The treble staff begins with a piano (*p*) dynamic, followed by a crescendo leading to a forte (*f*) dynamic. The grand staff begins with a piano (*p*) dynamic and includes a *cres.* marking. The key signature has one flat, and the time signature is 3/4.



The second system of musical notation continues the piece. The treble staff features a forte (*fz*) dynamic. The grand staff includes a fortissimo (*ff*) dynamic. The musical texture is complex, with many beamed sixteenth and thirty-second notes.



The third system of musical notation shows a transition in dynamics. The treble staff has a forte (*f*) dynamic, while the grand staff has a piano (*p*) dynamic. A *p dolce.* marking appears in the treble staff. The key signature changes to two flats.



The fourth system of musical notation features a piano (*p*) dynamic in the treble staff and a pianissimo (*pp*) dynamic in the grand staff. The music continues with intricate rhythmic patterns and some sustained chords in the bass.

First system of musical notation. The upper staff begins with a treble clef, a key signature of one flat (B-flat), and a common time signature. It contains a single note followed by a rest, then a series of eighth notes with accents and a *fz* (forzando) dynamic. The lower staff, marked with a piano (p) dynamic, features a complex texture of chords and moving lines, including a *Ped.* (pedal) marking.

Second system of musical notation. The upper staff continues with eighth notes and accents, marked with *fz*. The lower staff features a long, flowing melodic line with a slur, a *Ped.* marking, and a change in key signature to two flats (B-flat and E-flat).

Third system of musical notation. The upper staff continues with eighth notes and accents, marked with *fz*. The lower staff features a complex texture of chords and moving lines, including a *Ped.* marking and a *ff* (fortissimo) dynamic marking.

Fourth system of musical notation. The upper staff begins with eighth notes and accents, marked with *fz*, followed by a *dim.* (diminuendo) marking and a *p* (piano) dynamic. The lower staff features a complex texture of chords and moving lines, including a *fz* marking, a *p* dynamic, a *dim.* marking, and a *pp* (pianissimo) dynamic. The system concludes with a *rit.* (ritardando) marking.

pp espress. fz dim. pp

pp fz fz dim. pp

Red. * Red. * Red. *

f p pp dim.

p f p pp dim.

f pp

f f pp

fz fz p pp

fz fz fz p pp

First system of musical notation. The right hand (treble clef) begins with a forte (*f*) dynamic, followed by a piano (*p*) section and a pianissimo (*pp*) section. The left hand (bass clef) also starts with *f*, then *p*, and *pp*. The key signature has one flat (B-flat).

Second system of musical notation. The right hand features a forte (*f*) section followed by a piano (*p*) section. The left hand starts with a piano (*p*) section, then a forte (*f*) section, and ends with a piano (*p*) section. The key signature has one flat (B-flat).

Third system of musical notation. The right hand begins with a pianissimo (*pp*) section, followed by a crescendo marked with an accent (<) and *fz* (forzando), then a decrescendo marked with a decrescendo hairpin and *dim.* (diminuendo), and finally a piano (*p*) section. The left hand starts with *pp*, then *fz*, and ends with *p*. The key signature has one flat (B-flat).

Fourth system of musical notation. The right hand starts with a pianissimo (*pp*) section marked *morendo.* (morendo), followed by a pianissimo (*ppp*) section. The left hand begins with a piano (*pp*) section. The system concludes with a final cadence marked with a double bar line and a repeat sign. The key signature has one flat (B-flat).

BALLADE.

ANT. DVORAK. Op: 15. N° 1.

LENTO.

VIOLIN.

p molto cantabile.

 f_z f_2 f_z

pp

dim.

121

1

pp.

PM

dim.

PM

f

F

pk

p

121

sol G.

 $f =$ f

dim.

pp

ALLEGRO AGITATO.

p

 f_z f_z fz

f4

p dolce.

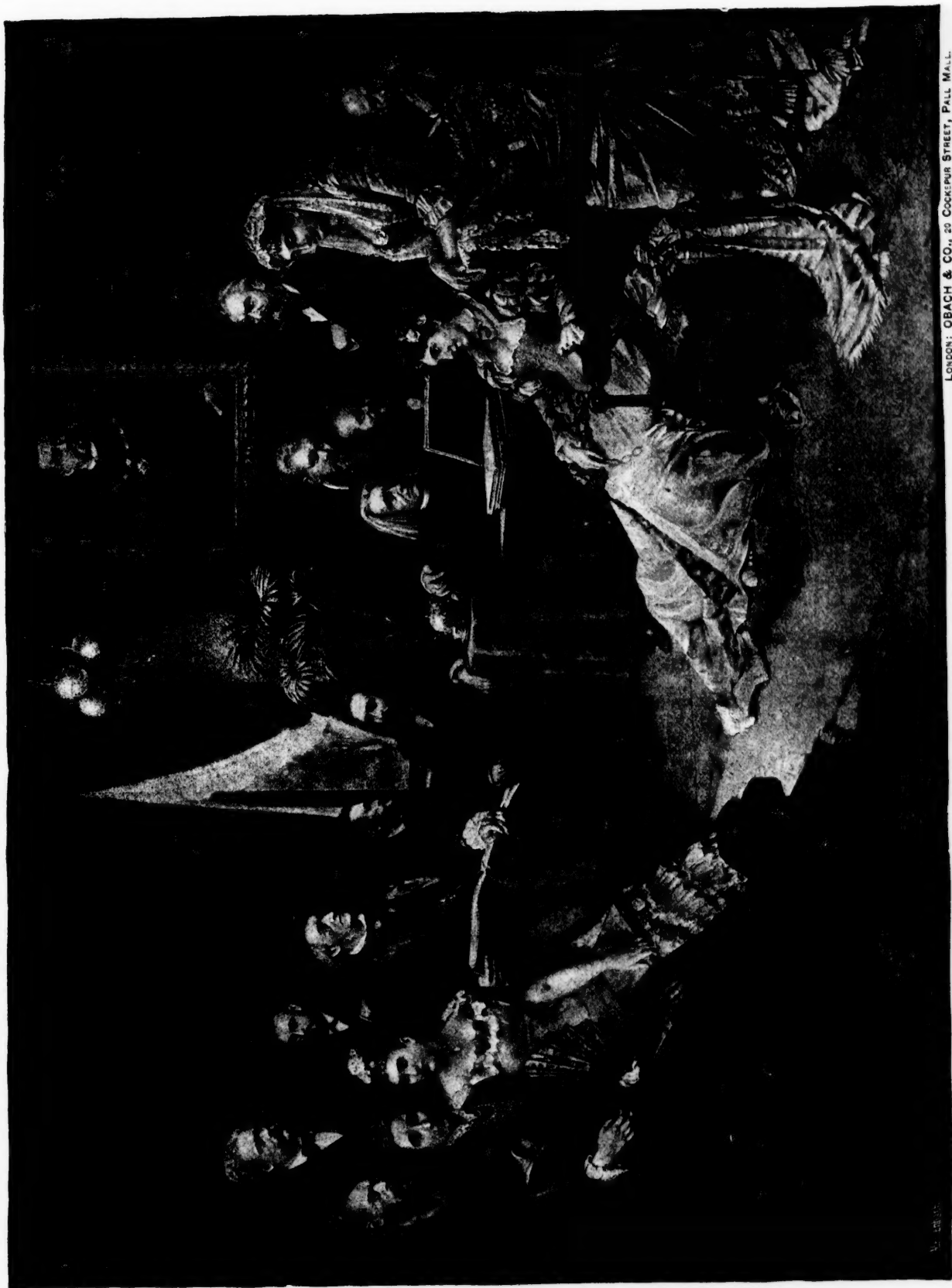
101

 f

VIOLIN.

fz fz fz fz fz fz fz fz fz fz
fz fz fz fz fz fz fz ff fz
dim. rit. p pp pp espressivo.
sul G. dim. pp f
dim. p f
pp fz fz p
pp f
p pp
f p pp
dim. f p f
pp ppp





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For

Supplement to "Harmony."

NUMBER 1



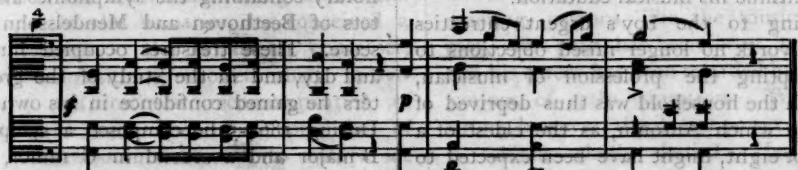
Magazine of Music.

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The Keyboard Stave.

For explanation of this simplified System of Notation see "Magazine of Music."



Wishing you every success
Julius Benedict

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Herr Antonin Dvorak.

HERR ANTONIN DVORAK, the Bohemian composer, who has slowly but surely won his way into celebrity, was born on the 8th September, 1841, in the village of Mühlhausen, near Kralup, within easy distance of Prague. His father, Franz Dvorák, there carried on rather unprofitably the combined businesses of butcher and tavernkeeper, and the family intention was that Antonin should in time be employed in the same occupations. His first musical experiences were gained in his father's house, where on holidays a band was specially engaged to perform. It is said that the boy was accustomed to stand before the musicians like one possessed, his eyes burning under the excitement of the national polkas and marches. This unusual susceptibility to music did not escape the notice of his father, who arranged that the boy should be taught the rudiments of violin-playing and singing by the village schoolmaster. In the course of two years his progress was so marked that he was permitted to play a violin solo on the occasion of a church *fête*, and this first public appearance brought him many congratulations. Thinking that his son now deserved better tuition than that of a village schoolmaster, Franz Dvorák placed him in charge of a relation in Zlonitz, where he had lessons in harmony and organ-playing from the organist, Liehmann. Here he remained till 1856, when he was sent to Böhmisch Ramnitz, to acquire the German language, as well as to continue his musical education.

Yielding to the boy's urgent entreaties Franz Dvorák no longer raised objections to his adopting the profession of musician, although the household was thus deprived of the help which Antonin, as the eldest of a family of eight, might have been expected to give in the business. But however willing, Franz Dvorák found it impossible to pay the costs of a six years' training at the Conservatorium. Accordingly the son, now in his sixteenth year, was placed in the organ school in Prague, where he studied without interruption for two years with the very best results. His parents could not longer main-

tain him, however, and he was from this time thrown entirely upon his own resources. To obtain a bare living he was forced to join one of the numerous small private bands that play in taverns and *cafés*, and in this narrowing sphere he laboured until the year 1862. It is not well when a creative mind is doomed to do the work of a day-labourer, and no wonder Dvorák regards this period as the bitterest of his life. A change not greatly for the better took place in 1862, when he became a member of the orchestra in the newly opened Bohemian National Theatre.

Under circumstances so little fortunate there yet awoke in Dvorák the desire to do original work. At this time was written his first quintet for stringed instruments, as well as numerous songs and an attempt at an opera—efforts never meant to see the light. Dvorák was well aware that something more than science must go to the making of a musician; that ease and perfection of form come only after the untiring practice of many years. In his attempts at original production he had neither competent instruction nor friendly counsel or encouragement. His strength lay in his impulse to write being joined to very active self-criticism. To the impossibility of satisfying his own high ideal may indeed be attributed the fact—surely not a little astonishing in view of Dvorák's great power of work—that his productions have remained wholly unknown until a comparatively late period of his life. Dvorák has consistently undervalued his own power—a rather rare circumstance in these times.

His opportunity came at last. Herr Bendl, an able Bohemian composer, became his friend and gave him the freedom of a musical library containing the symphonies and quartets of Beethoven and Mendelssohn in full score. These treasures occupied him night and day, and in the study of the great masters he gained confidence in his own flights. During 1864-5 he composed a symphony in B major and a second in C minor, both of which are added to his pile of unpublished writings. From this time up till 1872 he continued to fill his desk with instrumental compositions of various kinds. The theatrical connection becoming more and more burdensome, he finally severed it, and while devoting himself more fully to original composition, obtained a needed income by teaching the

piano. the acqu family c in 1873 the ma gained without manner ing to n and are

It was work, Berge, duced Thus er period o into exis his fame these ma E major Prague, phony; grand " historica Prague greater c might sa series of Mähren the com the spiri to believ that they

Dvorák ignore Through and Har bursary after H member allocatio lively in whose duality; Brahms, Berlin, of Slav d out Gern that of E

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piano. In the course of this work he formed the acquaintance of a young lady of the family of M. Cermak, to whom he was wedded in 1873. The knowledge of the works of the masters and of modern compositions gained during this period of teaching was not without its value in familiarising to him the manner of different composers. It is interesting to note that Beethoven and Schubert were, and are still, his favourites.

It was in 1873 that a somewhat extensive work, entitled "Die Erben des weissen Berges," for voices and orchestra, was produced in Prague amid general applause. Thus encouraged, Dvorák entered upon his period of production proper, and there came into existence the works which gradually bore his fame into lands beyond Bohemia. Among these may be quoted a Serenade for Strings in E major, performed for the first time at Prague, in 1876; a second and a third symphony; a trio for the piano in G minor; the grand "Stabat Mater," with orchestra; and a historical opera, "Vanda," also performed at Prague in 1876. These works bear, in a greater or less degree, the Bohemian, or, one might say, the Slav national character. In a series of songs for two voices, "Klänge aus Mähren"—the Harmonies from Moravia—the composer has, however, so fully caught the spirit of the Folk-song that it is difficult to believe, were the thing not beyond doubt, that they have sprung from his own brain.

Dvorák's own countrymen did not now ignore the natural claims of the artist. Through the recommendation of Herbeck and Hanslick, the state conferred on him a bursary for the term of five years. When, after Herbeck's death, Brahms became a member of the commission charged with the allocation of the bursaries, he conceived a lively interest in the Bohemian composer, whose compositions showed such individuality; and, on the recommendation of Brahms, Simrock, the music publisher of Berlin, commissioned Dvorák to write a set of Slav dances. These soon attained throughout Germany a popularity scarcely inferior to that of Brahms' own Hungarian dances.

Thus in his thirty-sixth year, after long struggling with adversity, Dvorák obtained the recognition which enabled him to look into the future with a calm mind. His musical energies had now unrestrained flow,

resulting in compositions that form a list too long for quotation here. Many of the works are planned on the largest scale, and the variety of form employed bespeaks extraordinary elasticity of mind. The most striking characteristic is an unforced originality, a vigour and free melody, tinged with the melancholia that belongs to the Slav temperament. Doubtless it is largely due to the fact that his music is the product of a race and culture differing from their own that English audiences find his work so instantly charming. Yet with one exception, where special dramatic ends had to be served, Dvorák has not employed a single national air. His work is penetrated by the spirit of his national music. Artist-like, he has taken what is felt to be typical; he has not simply served up existing forms open to all writers. Moreover, in the scientific evolution of his themes, Dvorák ranks with the greatest living composers. His chamber music to some extent follows the classical model; but in other forms—notably in his Rhapsodies—he has created a style of his own. To abundance of ideas and freshness of rhythm and of tone-colouring, Dvorák adds a scientific capacity for inventing and moulding form which will make him a distinct force in music.

The fashion in which Dvorák, by his introduction at the Philharmonic Concerts, during the present year, caught the affection of the public will still be fresh in recollection. Assuredly esteem for him will not be lessened when it is generally known that he has triumphed over material difficulties that would have blocked the way of a less forceful character. He was not born under a happy star, like Mendelssohn, nor had he helpful, if exacting, patrons, like the musician of the past. His path has been beset by hardships, and his career has been retarded by the imperfections of early education. To the really strong, however, the day of power and honour is seldom wholly denied; Herr Dvorák's future rests with himself, and musical art should prosper in his hands. Applause will greet his works in the principal English towns during the present winter, while his appearance at the Birmingham Festival of 1885, when his new cantata, "Die Hochzeitshemden," will be performed, is one of the most interesting of prospective events.

Charles Villiers Stanford.

CHARLES VILLIERS STANFORD was born at Dublin on September 30th, 1852, where his father, who was well known as an amateur musician of great talent, held the post of Examiner to the Irish Court of Chancery. When very young, the subject of this memoir exhibited extraordinary aptitude for music. At the age of fourteen he wrote a song, which was sung by Mlle. Tietjens during a visit to Dublin, and some of his juvenile compositions were published in his native town. His earliest instructors were Sir Robert Stewart and Mr. A. O'Leary. In 1870 Mr. Stanford came up to Cambridge, matriculating at Queens' College, where he obtained a scholarship. During his undergraduate days, though destined for the Classical Tripos, he devoted the greater part of his time to the study of music, producing a concerto for pianoforte and orchestra (still in MS.), a pianoforte suite, and a setting of eight songs from George Eliot's "Spanish Gipsy." He was by this time an accomplished organist, and having shortly after the commencement of his Cambridge career migrated to Trinity, on the death of Dr. J. L. Hopkins, in 1873, he was elected organist of that college, a post which he still retains. In the year 1872 he had become conductor of the Cambridge University Musical Society, in the constitution of which he effected an important revolution by obtaining the admission of female voices to the chorus. The results of this reform were speedily manifested in the excellent performances, under his direction, of Schumann's "Paradise and the Peri" and "Faust" (Part 3), the latter of which works was in 1875 produced by the society for the first time in England. In due course Mr. Stanford took his B.A. degree, graduating in Classical Honours, and after this he spent much of the following three years (1874-5-6) in Leipzig and Berlin, where he studied under Reinecke and Kiel. In 1877 he made his first appearance at an English Festival in an Overture written for the Three Choirs Festival at Gloucester, and subsequently performed at the Crystal Palace Saturday Concerts. At this period of his

career the influence of his German studies was strong upon him; his affinity to the modern school of Brahms was clearly shown in the setting of Psalm xlv. for chorus, orchestra, and solo voices (produced at Cambridge in 1877, and afterwards performed in London at a Richter Concert), and in the Overture and incidental music written at the request of Lord Tennyson to his play, "Queen Mary." In 1877 Mr. Stanford took the degree of M.A., and in the same year he obtained a prize for a Symphony at the Alexandra Palace Competition. This work (in B flat) was produced at the Crystal Palace in 1879, but failed to make any great mark, which is not surprising when it is considered that it was the production of the composer's student days at Leipzig in 1875. During the next few years Mr. Stanford's compositions mainly consisted of chamber music, songs, &c., but two Services—a Morning Service in B flat and an orchestral Evening Service written for the Festival of the Sons of the Clergy,—deserve passing mention as excellent specimens of the latest school of church music.

The year 1880 was mainly devoted to the composition of a grand opera, to which form of music Mr. Stanford's taste had inclined for some time past. The libretto of this work was founded on Moore's "Veiled Prophet of Khorassan," a story which, though not deficient in romantic episodes, is totally destitute of human interest. This deficiency the author of the libretto, a Cambridge undergraduate, unfortunately did not succeed in supplying, and the result was that though the work was produced in a German version with every sign of success at Hanover on February 6, 1881, and was repeated at the same place several times in the course of the season, it has never yet been heard on the English stage, and is only known to concert-goers by its effective Overture and the charming song from the second Act, "There's a bower of roses."

The death of Mr. Stanford's father, which took place towards the close of 1881, had a marked effect upon his next work, an "Elegiac Symphony" in D minor, to which was prefixed by way of motto the lines from Tennyson's "In Memoriam" beginning "I cannot see the features right." The Symphony was produced at Cambridge in 1882, and performed at the Gloucester Festival of 1883; but it has not

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yet been heard in London—a fact which seems singular, until it is remembered how little support English music meets with in the Metropolis.

A work which dates from about the same time as the Symphony is the Serenade for orchestra, first performed at the Birmingham Festival 1882, and which has since been played with great success more than once in London and the provinces, as well as in the principal towns of Germany and in America. In the meanwhile the production of the "Veiled Prophet" seems to have opened the eyes of managers and publishers to the fact that the formation of a school of English opera was something more than a chimera. The firm of Boosey and Co. accordingly entered into negotiations with Mr. Stanford to write an opera, the libretto of which was entrusted to Mr. Gilbert-a-Beckett. This work was "Savonarola," the production of which last summer, under such unfavourable conditions, will be fresh in the memories of musicians. The plot is founded partly on fact, but is mostly due to the librettist's own invention. Those who have seen the original English book are loud in praise of its poetry of diction; but as a drama it possesses the fatal defect of the interest waning instead of increasing towards the last act. "Savonarola" first saw the light in a German version at Hamburg, at Easter, 1884. The success it achieved there was so unequivocal that only those who witnessed the performance at Hamburg could account for the failure that was its fate at Covent Garden. The difference between the two performances was so marked that the opera seemed an entirely different work. It is to be hoped that at some future day a revival may reverse the unfavourable verdict then pronounced, for the work certainly contains some of the best music Mr. Stanford has written. Within a fortnight of the production of "Savonarola" at Hamburg Mr. Stanford's "Canterbury Pilgrims" was produced by the Carl Rosa Opera Company at Drury Lane, where it achieved very marked success. The libretto of this work was also written by Mr. A'Beckett, and exhibits the same excellences and, in a less degree, the same defects as that of "Savonarola." The dramatic weakness of the last act was, however, abundantly atoned for by the power and humour of Mr. Stan-

ford's music and the admirable way in which the opera was performed, and it seems likely that the work will become a permanent favourite in Mr. Rosa's repertory. Mr. Stanford's latest and, probably, best work, the "Elegiac Ode," produced at the last Norwich Festival, has been too recently reviewed in the MAGAZINE OF MUSIC to need comment. It only remains to be said that in the spring of the present year the degree of Mus. Doc., *honoris causa*, was conferred on Mr. Stanford by the University of Oxford, that he is Professor of Composition and Orchestral Playing at the Royal College of Music, and is now engaged upon an Oratorio for the Birmingham Festival next year, the title of which is to be "The Three Holy Children." The following is a list of his published and manuscript works:—

A. WITH OPUS NUMBER.

- Op. 1. Eight songs (words from "The Spanish Gipsy").
- " 2. Suite for pianoforte. 3. Toccata for pianoforte.
- " 4. Six songs (words by Heine).
- " 5. Resurrection Hymn (words by Klopstock) for chorus, tenor, solo, and orchestra.
- " 6. Overture and incidental music to Tennyson's "Queen Mary."
- " 7. Six songs (words by Heine), second set.
- " 8. The 46th Psalm, for solo voices, chorus, and orchestra. 9. Sonata. Pianoforte and violoncello in A.
- " 10. Full service in B flat.
- " 11. Sonata. Pianoforte and violin in D.
- " 12. Evening service with orchestral accompaniment.
- " 13. Three Intermezzi. Pianoforte and clarinet.
- " 14. Six songs. 15. Quartett. Pianoforte and strings in F.
- " 16. "Awake, my Heart." Hymn (words by Klopstock), for baritone, solo, chorus, and organ.
- " 17. Three cavalier songs (words by Browning) for baritone solo, and chorus (male voices).
- " 18. Serenade for full orchestra. 19. Six songs.
- " 20. Sonata for pianoforte (MS.).
- " 21. Elegiac Ode (words by Walt Whitman), for soprano and baritone solos, chorus, and orchestra.

B. WITHOUT OPUS NUMBER.

- "The Veiled Prophet of Khorassan," grand opera. Hanover, February, 6, 1881.
- "Savonarola," grand opera. Hamburg, April 18, 1884.
- "The Canterbury Pilgrims." London, April 28, 1884.
- Music to Longfellow's play, "The Spanish Student," for chorus, solos, and orchestra. MS.
- Concerto for pianoforte and orchestra in B flat (MS.) 1870.
- Ballade for pianoforte. MS.
- Trio for pianoforte, violin, and violoncello. (Franke's Chamber Concerts). MS. Quartett for strings in D. MS.
- Prelude and Fugue for organ in E minor. (Organist's Quarterly Journal for 1875.)
- Concerto for violin and orchestra in D major. MS.
- Serenade for pianoforte, four hands. MS.
- Scherzo for pianoforte. MS.
- Two motets for double chorus. MS.
- Three Graduals for unaccompanied four part chorus. MS.
- Fantasia waltzes for pianoforte, four hands. MS.
- Elegiac Symphony. MS. "To Chloris," madrigal.
- Songs:—"Irish Eyes," "From the Red Rose," "A Valentine of the year 1560," "La Belle Dame Sans Merci," "Three Old English Songs," &c., &c.
- "Dixit Dominus," by Leo. Edited from the MS. in the Fitzwilliam Museum.
- Songs of Old Ireland. Song-book for Schools.

In sorrow and in want.

CHRISTMAS CAROL FOR FOUR VOICES.

Words by THE VEN. ARCHDEACON FARRAR.

Music by J. FREDERICK BRIDGE, Mus. Doc.

Moderato. $\text{♩} = 84$.

(Organist of Westminster Abbey.)

1. In sor-row and in
3. He came with roy-al

want, A-mid the win-ter wild, The Mo-ther-maid in Beth-le-hem's Inn Brought forth her first-born
grace, His choic-est gifts to give; In ten-der-ness of love He came, To teach our souls to

Be glad, ye hum-ble souls, Sing songs up-on your way;
He came in low-ly grief, To suf-fer and to die,
Child. Be glad, ye hum-ble souls, Sing songs up-on your way; With
live. He came in low-ly grief, To suf-fer and to die, That
Be glad, ye hum-ble souls, Sing songs up-on your way;
He came in low-ly grief, To suf-fer and to die,

Be glad, ye hum-ble souls, Sing songs up-on your way;
He came in low-ly grief, To suf-fer and to die,
heart and voice re-joice, re-joice, Your Lord is born to-day! Your Lord is born to-day! To-
we might rise from sin and death, To live with Him on high: To live with Him on high, In

day, in love for you, The choirs of heav'n are sounding forth Their joy-ous Hal-le-lu-
realms of light a-bove, And join the souls His cross hath sav'd, In hymns of end-less love

2. For Him the Shep-herd band Have
4. Low lies Thy cra-dled Head, Thou

left their lone-ly fold; The star-led wor-ship-pers for Him Bring in-cense, myrrh, and
Bless-ed Child Di-vine; The wreath of thorns must twine a-round That ten-der brow of

For Him the mid-night skies Flash forth with an-gel-wings—
But love, and life, and home, Thro' Thee are dear-er far,
gold. For Him the mid-night skies Flash forth with an-gel-wings—That
Thine! But love, and life, and home, Thro' Thee are dear-er far, And
For Him the mid-night skies Flash forth with an-gel-wings—
But love, and life, and home, Thro' Thee are dear-er far,
For Him the mid-night skies Flash forth with an-gel-wings—
But love, and life, and home, Thro' Thee are dear-er far,

lit-tle Babe in man-ger laid, He is the King of kings! He is the King of kings! He
lives of mor-tal men may be As pure as an-gels' are, As pure as an-gels' are. Then

came, He came to save! Where is thy sting, Oh! bit-ter Death! Thy vic-to-ry, oh! Grave!
join their an-gel-lay; With heart and voice rejoice, re-joice, Your Lord is born to-day!

Arise, shine; for thy light is come.

Isaiah lx. 1-3.

FULL ANTHEM FOR CHRISTMAS.

EBENEZER PROUT.

TREBLE.

ALTO.

TENOR.
(8ve lower.)

BASS.

ORGAN.

Allegro maestoso.

Ped.

Ped. sempre.

(1)

ARISE, SHINE; FOR THY LIGHT IS COME.

ris - en up - on thee. A - rise, shine; for thy light is

come, thy light is come, and the glo - ry of the

Lord is ris - en up - on thee, the glo - ry of the Lord is

ARISE, SHINE; FOR THY LIGHT IS COME.

ris - en up - on thee.

ris - en up - on thee.

ris - en up - on thee.

ris - en up - on thee.

For, be - hold, the dark - ness shall cov - er the earth,

For, be - hold, the dark - ness shall cov - er the earth,

For, be - hold, the dark - ness shall cov - er the earth, and gross

For, be - hold, the dark - ness shall cov - er the earth, and gross dark . . .

p With 16 ft. stops.

and gross dark . . . less the peo - ple, gross

and gross dark . . . ness, gross dark - ness the peo - ple, gross

dark . . . ness the peo - ple, gross dark - ness the peo - ple, gross

ness the peo - ple, gross dark - ness, gross dark - ness the peo - ple, gross

ARISE, SHINE; FOR THY LIGHT IS COME

dark - ness the peo - ple: but the
 dark - ness the peo - ple: but the Lord shall a - rise up - on
 dark - ness the peo - ple:
 dark - ness the peo - ple:

Lord shall a - rise up - on thee, shall a - rise, the Lord..... shall a - rise up - on
 thee,..... the Lord shall a - rise, but the Lord shall a - rise up - on
 but the Lord shall a - rise up - on thee, the Lord shall a - rise up - on
 but the Lord shall a - rise up - on thee, up - on

Man. Ped.

thee, and His glo - ry, His glo - ry shall be seen up -
 thee, and His glo - ry, His glo - ry shall be seen up -
 thee, and His glo - ry, His glo - ry shall be seen up -
 thee, and His glo - ry, His glo - ry shall be seen up -

ARISE, SHINE; FOR THY LIGHT IS COME.

on thee, and His glo - ry shall be seen up - on thee.

on thee, and His glo - ry shall be seen up - on thee.

on thee, and His glo - ry shall be seen up - on thee.

on thee, and His glo - ry shall be seen up - on thee.

And the Gen - tiles shall

And the Gen - tiles shall come to thy light,..... and

Allegro.

And the Gen - tiles shall come to thy light,.....

come to thy light,..... and kings to the bright - - -

kings to the bright - - - ness of thy ris - ing, of..... thy

And the

ARISE, SHINE; FOR THY LIGHT IS COME.

and kings to the bright-ness, and kings to the

ness of thy ris-ing, and kings to the bright-ness, to the

Gen-tiles shall come to thy light, and kings, and

Ped.

ARISE, SHINE ; FOR THY LIGHT IS COME.

light, And the Gen - tiles shall

And the Gen - tiles shall come to thy light,.....

Gen - tiles shall come to thy light, shall come, the Gen - tiles shall

Gen - tiles shall come..... to thy light, the Gen - tiles shall

come to thy light, and kings to the bright-ness, the bright-ness of thy

to thy light, and kings to the bright-ness, the bright-ness of thy

come to thy light, and kings to the bright-ness, the bright-ness of thy

come to thy light, and kings to the bright-ness, the bright-ness of thy

cres. ris - ing; And the Gen - tiles shall come to thy light,..... and

cres. ris - ing; And the Gen - tiles shall come to thy light,

cres. ris - ing; And the Gen - tiles shall

cres. ris - ing; And the Gen - tiles shall come to thy

cres.

(7)

ARISE, SHINE; FOR THY LIGHT IS COME.

10

kings to the bright - ness of thy ris - ing, of thy
and kings to the bright - ness, the bright - ness of thy
come to thy light, and kings to the bright - ness of thy
light,..... and kings to the bright - ness of thy

ris - ing; And the Gen - tiles shall come to thy light,..... and
ris - ing; And the Gen - tiles shall come to thy light,..... and
ris - ing; And the Gen - tiles shall come to thy light,..... and
ris - ing; And the Gen - tiles shall come to thy light,..... and

kings to the bright - ness of..... thy ris - ing.
kings to the bright - ness of thy ris - ing.
kings to the bright - ness of thy ris - ing.
kings to the bright - ness of thy ris - ing.

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PRIZE COMPETITION.

FIFTY GUINEA Piano, patent Sostenente, by Brinsmead, will be given as a Prize for the best Musical Novelette, either original or selected, with at least six musical quotations, from any source, which seem most fully to express in the language of music the ideas or situations contained in the story. The Novelette should not exceed in length two to three pages of the "Magazine." The Musical quotations should be kept within four bars. Pieces in competition should be written on one side of the paper, and must reach the Editor not later than 15th February for announcement in MARCH NUMBER.

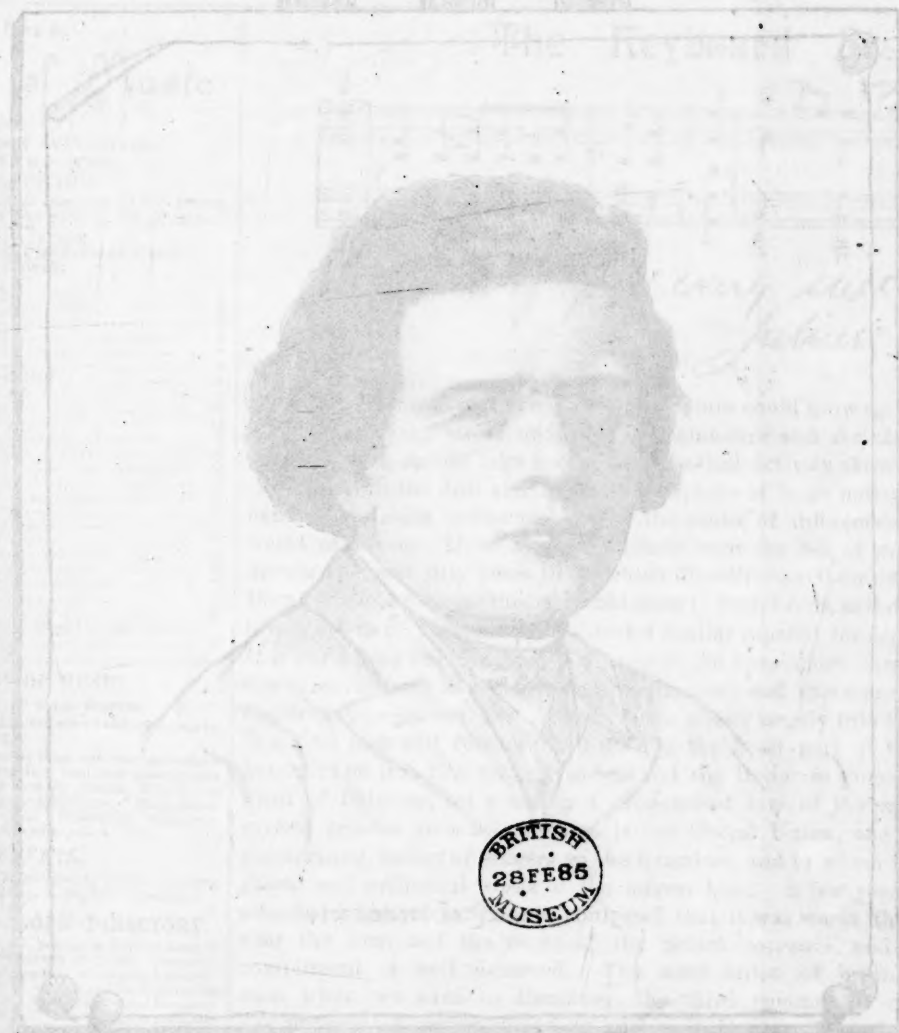
TEN GUINEAS will be given for a Song.

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Particulars of Second and Third Competitions are given in Part for January, which will also contain Prize Song, "THE PRINCESS OF THULE."

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Journal of the Musical Society of London
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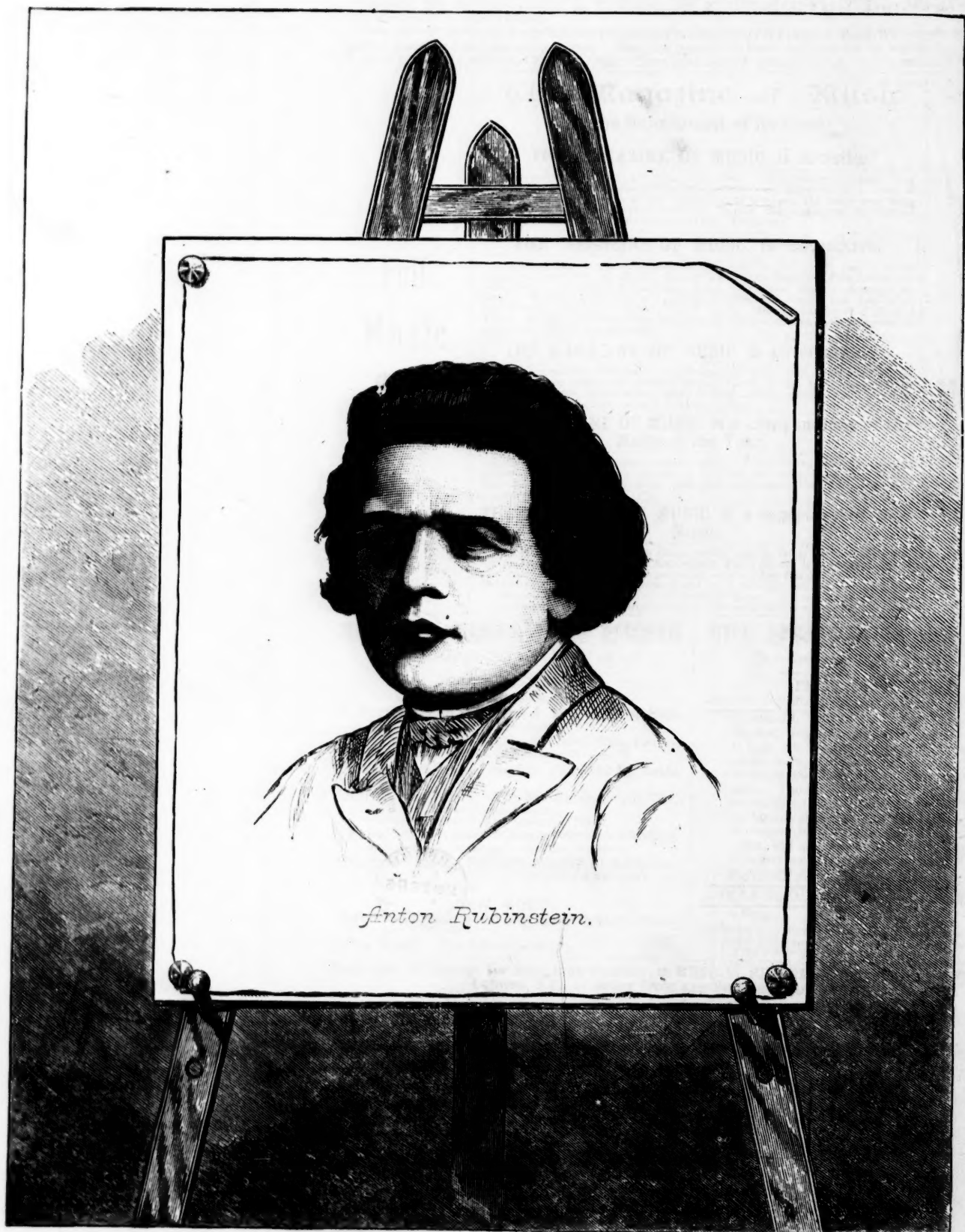
BRITISH
28 FEB 85
MUSEUM

MUSIC COMPETITION

The Musical Society of London has decided to hold a competition for the purpose of encouraging the study of music among the young people of the country. The competition will be held in the year 1885, and will consist of a series of examinations in the various branches of music, including singing, piano, and organ. The prizes offered are of considerable value, and the competition is open to all who are desirous of improving their musical knowledge and skill.

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Anton Rubinstein.

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The Phill
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A Scotch
Prize Con
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